To E. C. Paterson
from
W. P. P.

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SCOTLAND OF TO-DAY

OLD EDINBURGH—CANDLEMAKER ROW

SCOTLAND OF TO-DAY

BY

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WITH TWENTY ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR BY
FRANK LAING
AND TWENTY-FOUR OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE

THIS book purports to give a picture, distinct and coherent if only in outline, of the Scotland of to-day. Its institutions, its education, its religion, its art, its literature, its games, its wit and humour, even its food and drink, have been described and criticised. Almost inevitably, the picture has been painted with regard to the contrasting characteristics of England—the predominant partner, to use a term of the day: the points of difference have been noted, whilst the similarities are taken for granted rather than emphasised.

The book is partly addressed to the intelligent and inquisitive stranger, who desires to know something more of this exceptional country and people than it is possible to find in the bald record of the guide book. It is also hoped that the Scotsman at home and the Scotsman abroad may be interested in a picture of their fatherland as it is. In the description of the towns and the scenery, more prominence has, therefore, been given to the human than to the antiquarian element. Again, attention has been confined to places of the first importance and to such districts as possess marked characteristics, or are noteworthy for their scenery or their memories.

While the sketch here attempted is that of modern Scotland, it is drawn of necessity with a background of the past. In few countries are the memories of bygone

centuries so potent. Many still talk and think of Bannockburn as a battle of yesterday. Robert Burns is dead and gone over a century ago, but his present influence is that of a living person, and disputes as to his life and work are among the questions of the hour. The tragedy of Mary Stuart, the aims of Knox, the ancient dispute between Church and State, the Jacobite legend, the Covenanting legend are still topics that awake keen feeling, sometimes, alas! angry passions. A picture of Scotland that ignored controversial themes would of necessity be colourless. It was necessary to discuss these, and an honest and fearless attempt has here been made to set down the truth about them as it appeared to the writers.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

PAGE

THE EVOLUTION OF THE SCOT 1

CHAPTER II

THE KIRK AND ITS STORY 20

CHAPTER III

EDUCATION IN SCHOOL AND COLLEGE 35

CHAPTER IV

THE LAW AND THE LAWYERS 56

CHAPTER V

ARCHITECTURE, ECCLESIASTICAL AND OTHER . . 69

CHAPTER VI

PAINTING AND PAINTERS 84

CHAPTER VII

LITERATURE 96

CHAPTER VIII

PAGE

"EDINA, SCOTIA'S DARLING SEAT" 114

CHAPTER IX

THE KINGDOM OF FIFE 129

CHAPTER X

IN LOTHIAN FIELDS 146

CHAPTER XI

THE LOTHIAN SHORE 160

CHAPTER XII

THE CITY OF ST MUNGO 174

CHAPTER XIII

THE CLYDE 191

CHAPTER XIV

BURNS AND THE BURNS COUNTRY 202

CHAPTER XV

THE LEGEND OF THE COVENANT 218

CHAPTER XVI

YARROW AND TRAQUAIR 235

CHAPTER XVII

PAGE

THE BORDER AND THE SOLWAY 247

CHAPTER XVIII

STIRLING AND PERTH 265

CHAPTER XIX

DUNDEE 282

CHAPTER XX

THE GRANITE CITY 288

CHAPTER XXI

A HIGHLAND SURVEY 295

CHAPTER XXII

A NOTE ON CAITHNESS 310

CHAPTER XXIII

ROUND THE ISLANDS 316

CHAPTER XXIV

SPORTS AND PASTIMES 330

CHAPTER XXV

MUSIC, OLD AND NEW 344

CHAPTER XXVI

PAGE

SCOTS FOOD 355

CHAPTER XXVII

SCOTS DRINK 364

CHAPTER XXVIII

SCOTS WIT AND HUMOUR 372

CHAPTER XXIX

THE SCOT ABROAD AND THE STRANGER IN SCOTLAND . 385

INDEX 391

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

IN COLOUR

OLD EDINBURGH—CANDLEMAKER ROW	*Frontispiece*	
IONA	*To face page*	14
THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE	„	66
STIRLING CASTLE	„	82
THE CASTLE, ST ANDREWS	„	142
THE OLD CHURCH AND NUNGATE, HADDINGTON	„	150
THE BASS ROCK	„	172
GLASGOW CATHEDRAL	„	186
SHIPBUILDING ON THE CLYDE, GOVAN	„	196
WILLIE'S MILL, TARBOLTON	„	210
FAILFORD BRIDGE	„	214
INCHMAHONE, LAKE OF MENTEITH	„	268
PERTH FROM BARNHILL	„	278
TIDAL BASIN, DUNDEE	„	282
THE FISH MARKET, ABERDEEN	„	290
LOCH AWE	„	304
JOHN O'GROAT'S HOUSE	„	312

SKYE FROM LOCH ALSH . . . . . *To face page* 318

CURLING . . . . . „ 334

GOLF AT ST ANDREWS . . . . . „ 342

IN MONOTONE

A HIGHLAND FUNERAL, BY SIR JAMES GUTHRIE „ 26
From a Photograph by Messrs Annan, Glasgow

MARISCHAL COLLEGE, ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY . „ 48
From a Photograph by Messrs Valentine, Dundee

THE TRIAL OF MADELEINE SMITH AT EDINBURGH, JUNE 1857 . . . . . „ 62
By permission of Messrs Sweet & Maxwell

THE COURT OF LINLITHGOW PALACE . . . „ 70
From a Photograph by Messrs Valentine, Dundee

JEDBURGH ABBEY . . . . . „ 76
From a Photograph by Messrs Valentine, Dundee

SIR ALLISTER MACDONELL, BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN . . . . . „ 88
From a Photograph by Messrs Annan, Glasgow

THE BLIND FIDLER, BY SIR DAVID WILKIE . „ 94

DAVID HUME, BY ALLAN RAMSAY . . . „ 100
From a Photograph by Messrs Annan, Glasgow

JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE, EDINBURGH . . . „ 116
From a Photograph by Messrs Frith, Reigate

RAVENSHEUGH CASTLE, BY THE REV. JOHN THOMSON OF DUDDINGSTON . . . . „ 134
From a Photograph by Messrs Annan, Glasgow

THE CROSS, GLASGOW . . . . . *To face page* 176
From a Photograph by Messrs Valentine, Dundee

THE MARTYRS' MONUMENT, GREYFRIARS CHURCH-YARD, EDINBURGH . . . . . „ 220
From a Photograph by Messrs Valentine, Dundee

COVENANTING PREACHING, BY SIR GEORGE HARVEY . . . . . „ 232
From a Photograph by Messrs Annan, Glasgow

ST MARY'S LOCH . . . . . „ 238
From a Photograph by Messrs Valentine, Dundee

NEWARK CASTLE . . . . . „ 240
From a Photograph by Messrs Valentine, Dundee

HERMITAGE CASTLE . . . . . „ 252
From a Photograph by Messrs Valentine, Dundee

THOMAS CARLYLE, BY JAMES M'NEILL WHISTLER „ 264
From a Photograph by Messrs Annan, Glasgow

WICK HARBOUR IN THE FISHING SEASON . . „ 314
From a Photograph by Messrs Valentine, Dundee

LOCH CORUISK, SKYE . . . . . „ 320
From a Photograph by Messrs Valentine, Dundee

THE OLD MAN OF HOY . . . . . „ 326
From a Photograph by Messrs Valentine, Dundee

NEIL GOW, BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN . . . „ 352
From a Photograph by Messrs Annan, Glasgow

THE PENNY WEDDING, BY SIR DAVID WILKIE . „ 356
From a Photograph by Messrs Annan, Glasgow

LORD JUSTICE CLERK BRAXFIELD, BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN . . . . . *To face page* 380

From a Photograph by Messrs Annan, Glasgow

THE SCOTS GUARD OF OLD FRANCE . . . . „ 384

From "Scots Men at Arms and Life Guards in France" by William Forbes Leith. By permission of Mr W. Paterson

SCOTLAND OF TO-DAY

CHAPTER I

THE EVOLUTION OF THE SCOT

Differences between the Scots and English Borderers—English and Scots characteristics — Scots accent and dialect — Braid Scots, how acquired—Slow progress of the Anglian speech—Spread of Anglian speech did not imply predominance of Anglian element in the race—Inferences to be drawn from struggle for Scots Independence — General unanimity of the people against English aggression—The leadership of Wallace—The Celtic element—Other elements—The Picts—The Goidelic Celts—The Picts of Galloway—The Brythonic Celts—The Dalriadic Scots—St Columba—The Scoto-Pictish Kingdom —Theory of Professor Rhys, its plausibility—Anthropologist conclusions—The Highlander and the Lowlander—Characteristics of the Strathclyde Welsh—The Highlanders in Covenanting times—The "Wee Frees"—The influence of environment—Influence of the struggle for Independence—Intercourse with the Continent—Contradictory qualities of the Scots—The Scot's cosmopolitanism—The Scot's relations with England.

THE curious visitor to Scotland should he travel by the Midland Railway can hardly fail to be struck by the marked difference in physiognomy bearing and dialect between the railway servants or other Cumberland natives on the Carlisle platform, and their Scots cousins at the next halting place—Dumfries if his destination happen to be Glasgow, and Hawick if he be bound for the Scots capital. Should he also break his journey at Carlisle and either of the two Scots towns a ramble through their streets would more than confirm his impression. Though the Hawick accent is not quite that of Dumfries, the idiosyncrasies of the inhabitants of either town are as distinct from those of the townsmen of Carlisle, as are, say, those of the townsmen of Holyhead from the townsmen

who greet the English traveller as he lands on the quay at Belfast. Or should our visitor elect to travel by the East Coast route, he would, if a North of Englander, hardly fail to observe the interesting fact that Berwick-on-Tweed, though long claimed by the Scots as theirs, is peopled by inhabitants who are recognisable as Northumbrians. In appearance and speech they are markedly different from the townsmen say of Dunbar or Kelso, even although the district in which these towns are situated was at one time included in Anglian Northumbria.

But it is not merely in the towns of the Border, most of them some miles from the dividing line, that the national differences are palpably manifest. Cross the Border wherever you may—by the bridge over the Tweed at Coldstream, at a little distance from which is the English village of Cornhill, by the Cheviots near Carter Fell, by the Sark bridge near Gretna, or by boat over the Solway (a remarkably thrilling experience), and you speedily realise that you are in the country of a new people, a people in many respects quite unlike those from whom you parted, not so many minutes before, on the other side of the historic magic line. True, throughout England, as throughout Scotland, and indeed Ireland, though its case is peculiar, there is of course a great variety of *patois*. Its immense variety becomes specially manifest in a walking tour through either of these countries ; it is most interesting to watch the gradations of change as one journeys northwards, southwards, eastwards or westwards. Doubtless, also, the accent and dialect of a Northumbrian or Cumbrian differs as much from those of a native of Surrey or Devon as they do from those of a South of Scotlander. It is the suddenness of the great difference that renders it so striking : the people on the one side of the Border are from their speech, manner and appearance at once recognisable as Scots, and on the other side we are im-

mediately amongst a people with the characteristics that stamp them as English.

When, however, we come to enquire as to the characteristic differences between the two peoples we are treading on delicate ground. A nation's ideal of what is good and beautiful or desirable is mainly self derived. It prides itself chiefly on its special peculiarities, some of which its neighbour nations are apt to regard as faults. The mercurial Frenchman is merely bored by the phlegmatic Dutchman, and finds little that he can appreciate in the methodical German; while both these solid Saxon peoples are apt to despise in the Frenchman the grace, cleverness and *aplomb* which they cannot rival. In like manner, even the comfort and plumpness of their "auld enemies" the English was deemed by the Scots a fit matter for ridicule, and obtained for them the soubriquet of "Pock Puddings." On the other hand to the Englishman the leaner appearance of the Scot was suggestive of beggarliness, and his more prominent cheek bones, and hardier and dourer expression seemed to confer on his features a certain comical austerity. All such opinions are from certain points of view natural, but can any of them be quite correct? Is there in such a matter any absolute canon of taste? Does not the yellow or black man think the white man quite as funny looking as the white man thinks them?

Happily it is not necessary for our present purpose to offer an opinion as to whether the Scots or English type is the handsomer. It is sufficient to state that there is a pretty distinct Scots type, and that the typical Scot is less smooth and sleek of aspect than the typical Englishman, of sparer habit and with a more marked, if not ruder, cast of features. Of the Scots of the north-eastern seaboard General Booth—who, apart from his other gifts, is a close observer of physical as well as other human characteristics—lately remarked that he "was particularly struck with their remarkable physique. As a class they

do not look as if they had time to fatten themselves. They were a tall, gaunt, weather-beaten type of men who looked their work." It may be that the characteristics which so impressed General Booth prevail more in the north-eastern than in the other districts of Scotland. They may indicate partly a local racial peculiarity, and they may be partly accounted for by the snell air of the north-eastern seaboard: in the western regions where a moister and milder air prevails, and there is a certain difference in the racial mixture, the gauntness is not so manifest; but as a rule the Scot tends to spareness of habit and irregularity of features.

And while there is this marked difference in the physical peculiarities of the two peoples, the difference of nationality is also evidenced in the character of their speech. Great though the variety of accent and dialect may be throughout Britain, there is a distinctively English and Scots type, just as in the neighbouring Hibernia there is a distinctively Irish type. In Ireland the mellifluous varieties of brogue are borrowed, of course, from the varying local modes of pronouncing the native Erse; just as a Scotsman or Englishman or Irishman is apt to talk French or German with his own native accent, and a Frenchman or German English with French or German modulations. In the accent and idiom of the Scots Highlanders who have learned their Scots, or rather in many cases their English, at a comparatively recent period, Gaelic idosyncrasies are very manifest, but the influence of the original language becomes greatly modified in the case of Highlanders who have migrated to the Lowlands. As for the Lowland Scot who, in some districts, has possessed the Teutonic language for over a thousand years, the question as to how he got it or what process of transformation it underwent in the course of time, is a matter rather of conjecture or inference than of positive knowledge.

The language, now known as "Braid Scots," is really, a kind of English. It derives from a Teutonic speech which was the language of larger Lothian when this district of south-eastern Scotland formed part of Northumbria. With the cession of Lothian to Malcolm II. in 1018, the influx of Saxons at the time of the Norman conquest, and the partial Anglicising of the Scots royal line by inter-marriage with that of England, the Teutonic speech, latterly affected by Norman influences, gradually overspread the whole of Lowland Scotland. By the fourteenth century it had fully established itself as the recognised official language—the language of the court, of the parliament, of the laws and of literature. But this written language evidently differed a good deal from the spoken Teutonic speech—though how far it did so it is impossible to say. Some idea of the character of the vernacular slang may be gathered from the more abusive verse of Dunbar and others; and Gavin Douglas recognised a "Scottis" speech, "braid and plane," which differed from the "Sudroun" used by Chaucer and other English poets, though he found this vernacular insufficient for his poetic uses, and eked it out not only with "Inglis" words, but with Latin and French coinages. But since the time of the Reformation the old spoken language has been greatly modified by the influence of English; and there is therefore now insufficient internal evidence to determine how far it was merely an imported language—a language gradually acquired by races accustomed to another tongue. Nevertheless it is certain that beyond the boundaries of Lothian the progress of the Teutonic language was comparatively slow—so slow as to indicate that to the bulk of the inhabitants of Scotland it was alien.

Thus we find the poet Dunbar, taunting, so late as the sixteenth century, the Carrick Walter Kennedy, in the famous "Flyting" between the two poets, as a mere "Ersch Katterane" from whom it would be vain

to expect any knowledge of the niceties of Anglian speech :—

> "I take on me, ane pair of Lothiane hippis
> Sall fairer Englis mak, and mair parfyte
> Than thou can blabbar with thy Carrick lippis."

Thus the presence of the Anglian speech in Scotland by no means proves that the bulk of the Lowland Scots are of Anglian descent. But more than this, it does not necessarily imply that the bulk of the inhabitants of Lothian are of Anglian descent. Until the eighth century the Lammermoors formed the northern boundary of Anglian Northumbria ; but this did not necessarily mean the displacement of the original inhabitants of these districts ; while the later southern raids of the Scoto-Pictish kings probably led to a considerable evacuation of Anglian settlers from the southern districts of what is now known as Scotland. Nor is it probable that the later predominance of Anglian nobles led to any great reflux of Anglian settlers. It had more to do with Scots designs on Northumbria ; and it, probably, had in the end, no more effect in Anglicising the Scots people as regards race than had the succeeding predominance of Norman nobles in supplanting the native races by Norman settlers. It is reckoned one of the great achievements of Donald Bain that in 1093 he drove all the English out of his kingdom ; but this may not mean more than that he drove out the English nobles, and their retainers. In any case he did not drive out the Anglian language and all those who spoke it ; and we must therefore infer that it was spoken, at this time, by a large part of the community that was not of Anglian descent ; while the bulk of the community that were of Anglian descent and sympathies were driven out.

There is something suggestive almost of wizardry in the imperceptible mysterious manner in which a language asserts its sway over races, sometimes wholly in opposition

to their predilections and inclinations. Deeply, for example, though the Irish have resented English domination, they could not, and cannot, withstand the gradual insinuating influences of the English language which, be it remembered, they were not directly compelled to learn; and the attempted Celtic revival, whatever its influence may be, is not likely to oust English from its lingual supremacy. Yet the leaven was introduced by a comparatively small number of English settlers. Without, also, any great migration of Lowlanders to the northern uplands of Scotland, the Teutonic speech is now spoken throughout the length and breadth of the Scots Highlands; and though the influence of the pastor and the schoolmaster counts for much, still whatever they effected was done without the necessity of introducing a racial mixture.

It would thus appear that the mere Anglicising in institutions and languages of Lowland Scotland, does not help us very far in determining the racial character of the country. Over against this we have to place a certain peculiarity in the accent which seems to point to a certain radical difference in race, and to the previous use at one time of another language by the bulk of the progenitors of the Lowland Scots. A radical difference of race seems also to be indicated in the character of the struggle for national Independence. This struggle was the prolongation of a feud between the Scoto-Pictish and the Anglian kings. Now one monarch was the aggressor and now the other. The Scoto-Pictish kings made repeated efforts to extend their territory southwards; the Norman-Anglian kings became fired with the great ambition to make themselves masters of the whole of Britain. In neither case was the question originally one of right. It was merely one of might, however this may have been disguised by technical plausibilities. But a notable peculiarity of the struggle was that the Scoto-Pictish dynasty had become

partly Teutonised, and that latterly a great part of Lowland Scotland was under the feudal superiority of Anglo-Norman nobles—nobles who also frequently held land in England. One naturally asks if the larger, or even a large, percentage of the inhabitants of even Scotland south of the Forth and Clyde were Angles, how could they be depended on to resist the aggression of the Anglian kings? If it be replied that they followed their feudal superiors, the answer to that is that they really did not do so, for the fact was that while the Scots or Northern bias of the nobles could not be depended on, the Northern bias or, as it came to be, the patriotism of the people was the unconquerable influence from which the resistance to Southern aggression derived its strength.

The great revolt from Edward I. or rather the northern resistance to his attempted domination, was neither begun nor led by the nobles. It was specially the resistance of the commonalty led by Sir William Wallace who was merely the son of a baron. Whatever the original motives of Wallace in placing himself at the head of the movement he could win support for it only by appealing to the patriotism of the people ; and his great gifts, or his previous achievements as a freebooter—if freebooter he was—would have availed him nothing but for the wave of national enthusiasm that floated him into power.

Highlanders and Lowlanders were on the whole at one in their resistance to English aggression. Necessarily there came ultimately to be a sharp distinction between the Lowland Scots who had been gradually leavened by Anglo-Norman civilisation, and the tribes of the Highland regions whose chiefs had resisted the Anglo-Norman feudalism, and who retained both the ancient Celtic civilisation and language. But, so far as the commonalty was concerned, such separation in sentiment as there was, was, in all likelihood the growth of centuries, and it hardly developed into enmity or alienation. Not much can be inferred from

a few ludicrous allusions to the Highlanders by some of the old Scots poets, as by Dunbar in the *Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins*, or by Montgomery (probably) in his squalid account of *How the Hielandman was made*; for to the more civilised portion of the community the primitive habits and speech of the dwellers in the remote and mountainous regions were bound to assume a more or less grotesque aspect.

The common seal of the burgh of Stirling appended to the burgher's oath to Edward I. has been adduced as evidence of the contempt of the Lowland Saxon for the Highland Celt as early as 1297; but this interpretation of the devices and inscriptions on the seal is quite a mistaken one. On it the inhabitants north of Stirling Bridge are depicted as Pagans armed with spears, those south of it as Christians armed with bows, the inscription above the spearmen being *Hic armis bruti Scoti stant*, and that above the bowmen *Hic cruce tuti*. A distinguished historian gives for *Bruti Scoti* the unceremonious rendering of *Hieland brutes*; but the Highlands of Scotland do not extend south to Stirling Bridge. The spear, moreover, was the natural weapon of the Lowland Scots as the bow was that of the English; and somehow it escaped the attention of this translator that at the very time the Stirling burghers were affixing—mainly we must believe by compulsion—this emblematical seal to their oath of fealty to Edward, the *bruti Scoti*—Lowland as well as Highland "brutes," or, as the *Scalacronica* has it, the Scots commonalty — were assembling under Wallace for their great feat at this same bridge. The *bruti Scoti* with their spears were on the English before they could make a proper Christian use of their bows and arrows. Indeed Wallace by means of the *bruti Scoti*, thus scornfully depicted on the common seal of Stirling, gained the signal victory, which may be said to have laid the foundation of Scots Independence.

Of course Scotland in the time of Wallace, and even

later, was not quite unanimous in its opposition to the English. Long after Wallace the Lords of the Isles asserted an independence of their own against the Scots kings; and in order to maintain it were quite prepared to encourage the English kings, up to a certain point, in their aggressive designs against Scotland. Other private feuds and jealousies caused also occasional internal dissensions. The Picts of Galloway, for example—hereditary enemies of the Brythons of Strathclyde, who had invaded the country of the Goidels from the south—were naturally opposed to the royal pretensions of the Carrick Bruce; the Bruce and Balliol rivalries introduced another disturbing element into the councils of the Scots; and later the Douglases, rivals of the Stuart kings, not unfrequently acted a semi-traitorous part towards their country; but from the time of Wallace the bulk of what came to be known as the Scots nation were inclined to forget their internal quarrels and antipathies in the resolute determination to resist at all hazards the Anglian aggression.

When we consider therefore not only the physical and mental peculiarities of the Scot and the character of his linguistic accent, but the nature of the struggle for national independence, the greatest likelihood seems to be that the Anglian admixture in the racial blood of the Lowland Scot is not as a rule very considerable. This seems to be the likelihood even as regards that part of Lowland Scotland which at one time formed part of Northumbria. It is in itself more than conceivable that what predominance of Angles there may at one time have been there, disappeared during the years of varied strife between the Scoto-Pictish and the Anglian kings; and in the character and history of the inhabitants of that part of Scotland there is apparent evidence of this.

If then the Lowland, no more than the Highland, Scots can properly be termed Sassenachs, must we conclude that the Scots of the present day are mainly

of Celtic descent? This is a question more easily asked than answered; but were we certain that the people known as the Picts were Celts, it would be answered practically in the affirmative. In the seaboard districts there is doubtless a large admixture of Danish and Norse blood; and, for some centuries after the ninth, Norwegian jarls held possession of the Hebrides and Skye, as well as Sutherland and Caithness. The Norse who settled there became ultimately Celticized; but the Norse element in these regions is probably the predominant one, if not so predominant as in the Orkneys and Shetlands, the inhabitants of which were not recelticized but spoke the language of their conquerors, until they gradually acquired Scots, probably within the last four hundred years. But except in the north-western and far northern regions, the Norse element is a very subordinate one; and the bulk of the inhabitants both of Lowland and Highland Scotland are, most probably, either mainly of Celtic descent or a hybrid mixture of Celts and aborigines.

The answer to the question as to who were the aborigines depends largely upon the answer we give to the question, Who were the Picts? And unhappily we are here in the region rather of conjecture and inference than of positive knowledge, though there is much to be said for the theory of Professor Rhys that a large proportion of the Picts are neither Celts nor even Aryans. According to this theory the descendants of the neolithic inhabitants of Britain to a considerable extent held their own against the invading Goidelic Celts who settled in Scotland about the same time that they overran Ireland. Though he does not regard the word *Picti*, which properly refers to the habit of colouring the body, as distinctive of race, he is of opinion that it came to be used more strictly of the non-Celtic natives. These non-Celtic natives he supposes to have occupied, in the time of the Romans, practically the northern half of Scotland from beyond the Mounth. In

regard to the far northern tribes there is more or less uncertainty; but he would identify the aborigines with the powerful tribe of the *Mœatae*, inhabiting Mearns, Angus and the eastern part of Fife, with the *Taexali* who peopled Aberdeenshire, and with the *Vacomagi* whose country lay to the westwards and included Banff, Nairn, Elgin, and the eastern portions of Inverness. The Caledonii in the more central regions of the country including Atholl and Gowrie—"from the neighbourhood of Loch Long to the Tay, and down its basin to the North Sea"—he regards as Goidelic Celts, who, probably at an earlier period, occupied the whole of Southern Scotland, partly subduing the aborigines and partly driving them northwards and eastwards. These Goidelic Celts were again, in their turn, driven north by the intrusion of Brythonic Celts from the south. The so-called "Picts of Galloway"—who were either Goidelic Celts or Celticized aborigines—thus became severed from the Goidelic Celts or the aborigines of the northern regions. The Brythonic Celts, who at the time of the Romans occupied nearly the whole of Southern Britain, and with the exception of Galloway, had taken possession of the whole of Southern Scotland were afterwards—by the formation of the Anglian kingdom of Bernicia — confined to the more limited territory known as Strathclyde, which includes Dumfriesshire, Ayrshire, Lanarkshire and Dumbartonshire, their chief seat being at Dumbarton. Being, by the great victory of Ethelfrith at Chester in 613, cut off from their southern kinsmen, who were gradually driven southwards and westwards into Wales, they ultimately made common cause with the northern people against Anglo-Norman aggression; and they became peculiarly identified with the wars against the Edwards, from the fact that the two great captains of Scots Independence, Wallace and Bruce, were, whatever the character of their lineage, of Strathclyde birth.

About a century before the Strathclyde Welsh were cut off from their southern kinsmen, certain Irish settlers—Goidelic Celts with whatever aboriginal admixture—had begun to take possession of the romantically beautiful but not otherwise enticing coasts of Argyllshire. Those western regions of Scotland were probably but thinly populated; and they were seized practically without opposition. Here the invaders formed what is known as the Kingdom of the Dalriadic Scots, who, backed by reinforcements of their kinsmen from Ireland, were soon able to assert themselves as a power to be reckoned with by the other inhabitants of Northern Britain.

The part played by the Dalriadic kingdom was, however, ultimately a greater than a warlike one. The Dalriadic Scots had a determining influence on the future fate of Scotland mainly through their connection with an event, which, now surrounded with the glamour of the past, assumes possibily a more romantic aspect than it really possessed. This was the settlement of their fellow countryman, St Columba and his companions, in a few wattled huts on the lonely Iona. Here St Columba founded a missionary college, for the emissaries of which he succeeded in obtaining admittance amongst the earlier Goidelic settlers on the mainland. It was not the first Christianising institution in Scotland, for Columba was preceded by Ninian the Apostle of the Galloway Picts and the Brythonic Kentigern, whose name is specially associated with Glasgow, was his contemporary; but the mission of Columba is distinguished from the other two missions by its striking and farreaching political results. It is impossible here to discuss in what sense Columba was a political ecclesiastic, or how far he made use of force for the advancement of the gospel of peace or to what extent mere worldly ambition blended with the other and nobler motives that dictated his religious crusade; but the main significance of his mission, so far as concerned the future

of Scotland, consisted in the reconciliation he effected between the Dalriadic Scots and their Celtic kinsmen.

If we adopt the theory of Professor Rhys, these Celtic kinsmen were the Caledonii; and it was through their conversion to Christianity and consequent fusion with the Dalriadic Scots that the Celtic influence grew to be predominant in what came to be known as the Scoto-Pictish kingdom. But according to him their power did not become so dominant as the transmission of their name to Scotland would lead one to suppose. It was mainly by alliance with the earlier Goidelic settlers that they made themselves, or rather their Celtic influence, formidable and determinative. In the opinion of Professor Rhys the term *Scoti* included not merely the Dalriadic Scots but their Celtic allies. It was simply the Latin word for Goidels; and we might thus freely translate "Scoto-Pictish" as "Goidel-Aboriginal."

If in this theory there may be much that is disputable, there is a good deal that is plausible; and while it is in effect supported by the conclusions of Anthropologists it harmonises better than other theories with the characteristics of the Scot. Anthropologists are disposed to reckon the Celtic element at 50 per cent., the aboriginal element at 30 and the Norse and Teutonic elements at 20. The proportions, of course, vary in different parts of the country, but in no part probably of the Lowlands is the Teutonic element the prevailing one. The likelihood is all against the theory that the bulk of the Lowland Scots are merely a sort of barbarous Englishmen—merely Teutons with a peculiar kind of outer skin, and a certain hardness of aspect, manner and habit, produced by centuries of struggle with cold northern blasts and chronic poverty. On the other hand it may, with some show of reason, be maintained that the characteristics of the Scot—his special defects and his peculiar virtues—are traceable to the fact that while, in his case, the Celtic element is more prevailing

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than any other, it has been considerably modified, even in the Highlands, by another element, and that racially there is really not so very much difference between the Lowlander and the Highlander.

The Highlander of the Central districts may be of more purely Goidelic blood than the Lowlander say of Berwickshire, Aberdeen, Fife, Forfar or Kincardine, where the Aboriginal or the Aboriginal with a Norse or Anglian blend may be the prevailing element; but in the western and north-western Highlands Celtic blood is largely mingled with Norse; and probably the most purely Celtic region of Scotland is the region of the Brythons, the region of the Strathclyde Welsh, a variety of Celt differing considerably from the Goidels. The Brythons seem to have driven the Goidelic Celts and the aboriginals northwards, and to have completely colonised the district of which they took possession. In their physical appearance, their cast of mind and their moral characteristics, the natives of Strathclyde bear a closer resemblance to the inhabitants of the Principality than do their neighbour Scots of the Highlands or the more eastern Lowlands. The Strathclyde Scot is less logical, less strictly honest, and more ardent and emotional than the Scot either of the more northerly or the more easterly districts. If less superstitious than the Highlander of the remoter regions, he revels more in mere religious excitement. It is a significant fact that this Strathclyde region was the stronghold, or, as it might be otherwise put, the hotbed of the Covenanting movement. The Covenanting Scot was of essentially the same religious type as the Welsh Methodist. The western whigamores of Covenanting times have their analogues in the Welsh dissenters of to-day. The western and south-western Scots have always been more noted for their pietism and their politico-ecclesiastical zeal than their brothers of the eastern counties. In the former regions the anti-patronage movement was particularly

strong as those familiar with the poems of Burns can hardly fail to discern. The "wabsters" and "souters" of Kilmarnock were as zealous ecclesiastical radicals as the most fervid of modern Welsh quarrymen. This Strathclyde region is even now the great stronghold of dissent. Proportionately to its inhabitants dissent is a good deal more powerfully represented in Glasgow than in the eastern capital.

As for the Highlanders, they were in Covenanting times little better than Pagans; and, as late as 1678, what came to be known as the "Highland host"—or as Wodrow terms them, "a barbarous, savage people, accustomed to rapine and spoil"—were employed by the governments of that conscientious persecutor, James VII. and II., to overrun and devastate the Convenanting shires. But, wonderful to tell, the descendants of this same "Highland host," now form the chief nucleus of that class of religionists known as the "Wee Frees," who are, in fact, the only strictly conscientious believers in the doctrines of the Westminister Confession now surviving in Scotland, and the main upholders of that simplicity, or rather lack, of ritual for which the Covenanters—whom their forefathers so ruthlessly spoiled—bled and died. But the wholeheartedness with which they have accepted what was the early Puritanic faith of the Lowlands seems to support rather than discredit the theory of a strong kinship of race. Apparently they are now in very much the same stage of religious development as many of the Lowland Scots of the sixteenth century. On the other hand "Moderatism" in Scotland has prevailed, perhaps, most in those districts where there was a large admixture of the aboriginal element. "Moderatism" is the very antipodes of Evangelical-Puritanism. It is hardly a Celtic characteristic. But for the possibility that it is a product of civilisation rather than savagery, might we not plausibly have accounted for it as a kind of relic of the neolithic period—

when the inhabitants of Britain had not even come under the spell of Druidism?

So much for the racial elements of the Scot. But his racial characteristics have been much modified in various ways by his environment and his peculiar history. The influence of environment—climate, circumstances, occupation—on the physical, mental and moral characteristics of a nation is a matter that is being more and more brought home to us through the degenerating effects of certain aspects of town life; and the part played by climate and circumstances in the formation of new national types is also unmistakably manifesting itself in the colonial settlements of white men all over the world. It was inevitable that the mountainous regions of Scotland should accenuate the imaginative and superstitious tendencies of the Highlander, and equally so that the pure cold air of the uplands and the free out-of-door life should stiffen his constitution. Through a long succession of hardy ancestors he has thus inherited the physical stamina which is essential to the prosecution of energetic enterprises—which strengthens the courage and the will to face perils and contend successfully with difficulties. On the other hand the strenuous struggle for subsistence in the Lowlands has promoted habits of prudence and adaptability, and has also increased the capacity of endurance, resolution and perseverance.

The successful maintenance of independence against England had also its effect on the Scots national character. It fostered a sense of national pride, which though tending, amongst the more artless, to assume the form of a rather offensive conceit, is, in itself, a national asset of almost priceless value. Then the long conflict with England has made the Scot more a citizen of the world than he would otherwise have been. The friendly alliance with France left its mark on the laws, customs, and social institutions of the country; and from the

manifold intercourse with other European countries he reaped a variety of advantages. His close university connection with the Continent to some extent atoned for the lack, for some centuries, of thorough intellectual intercourse and sympathy with England; and he found in Continental countries other forms of scope for the exercise of his talents and activities, which were denied him in the poor and barren country of his birth.

By reason both of his mixed ancestral origin and his peculiar history the Scot is not unfrequently a bundle of contradictory qualities—greedy and generous, worldly and pious, practical and idealistic, prejudiced and open-minded. It is perhaps in the many-sidedness of his character that his main strength lies. No one is more completely a citizen of the world in the sense of being to all men all that he finds it advantageous to be; and here the Celtic element in his blood has stood him in good stead. During the long centuries of conflict and hardship at home he developed a peculiar cosmopolitanism which has, in a manner, become hereditary; and on the Continent the memory of centuries of friendly intercourse with him has left a tradition that is fragrant still. "The Scot," lately affirmed Professor Lodge of Edinburgh, himself an Englishman, "largely in consequence of his past history, was still more cosmopolitan, and less obtrusively insular than the English." . . . "This distinction between Englishmen and Scotsmen, which had always been, was still visible to European peoples. At times when Englishmen had been, whether deservedly or undeservedly, unpopular on the Continent, an exception had been made in favour of the Scottish people."

For the Englishman, it may be said that he had no such urgent reasons to cultivate cosmopolitanism as the Scot. If he has not, more than the Scot, found his own country sufficient for him, he has made himself the predominant partner of the British Empire, and in a manner succeeded

in binding the Scot, the Irishman and the Welshman to his chariot wheels. All the while, the Scot has continued unostentatiously to utilise the predominant partner for his own particular benefit. Soon after the union of the crowns he began to make himself very much at home in the country of his "auld enemie"—even at a time when his presence was far from welcome; and latterly he has made himself as serviceable and comfortable in England as he has contrived to be elsewhere. He has proved himself a more successful invader than his "auld enemie" of the byegone centuries. There are possibly now more persons of Scots descent in England than there are in Scotland; and the closer connection between the two peoples has, from almost every point of view been a mutual advantage.

CHAPTER II

THE KIRK AND ITS STORY

Change in Scots religious life—History of the Scots Church—The Disruption—Influence of German thought on Scotland—The Robinson Smith case—Other heresy hunts—Union of the Free and U.P. Churches—Its legality questioned—Decision of the House of Lords—Its results—The Established Church—Theory of Presbyterian government—The Episcopal Church—Sabbath keeping past and present—Reasons for its strictness—The future.

ACCORDING to the reports of the churches themselves the Faith seems to be in a bad way in Scotland. The attendance at public worship does not keep pace with the growth of the population: the falling off becomes more marked year by year. Scholars are also less numerous at the Sunday Schools, nor are so many children baptised. Sunday becomes more and more a day of secular relaxation. These things would not strike the stranger however intelligent. Sunday, even as it is, appears to him as kept with unreasonable strictness. His churchgoing is probably to hear some famous Preacher who is sure of a large audience—under any circumstances. He must go deep below the surface and make himself acquainted with a confused and distracting Church History before he can appreciate present day religious conditions and tendencies. There is in truth a great change and to appreciate it something must be said as to the state of things prior to the Disruption of 1843, perhaps the last distinctive movement in purely Scots history. A word will suffice for the early centuries. Columba came to Iona in 563 and died there in 597. Crowds of tourists still visit "that illustrious island once the luminary of the Caledonian regions," to repeat Dr Johnson's famous words,

but the faith of Iona has no real effect on the modern Scots Church. From there indeed Christianity was spread over Scotland and the North of England, and this Christianity under the influence of Margaret wife of Malcolm Canmore was pressed into the orthodox Roman pattern. But in 1560 the thread of continuity was cut clean through, for in that year the Reformation in Scotland became a legal accomplished fact. It was thorough and complete,—total reversal of the old order—the replacement of Catholicism by Presbyterianism. The ensuing century and a half was occupied by a curious see-saw. The Stuart kings whom Scotland had given to England were anxious to introduce Episcopacy after the English pattern into their old kingdom. "Presbyterianism agreeth as well with monarchy as God with the devil" said James I. Charles II. pronounced it "no religion for a gentleman." They established the Anglican form twice, and twice it was abolished as the State Religion till the Revolution settlement in 1689 finally gave Presbyterianism the victory. Then a new warfare arose. It seemed of the essence of Presbyterianism that the people should choose their own Pastors, but in 1712 the Patronage Act gave the right of presentation to the livings to the great landed proprietors. This Act was received with bitter discontent and it resulted in a number of secessions, the last and most influential of which dating from 1843 created the Free Church.

Here as before the sole tangible cause whereon the lay mind could fix was that congregations were forced to accept a minister from a patron instead of choosing him for themselves. That this was magnified into an attack on the "Crown rights of the Redeemer" was only the pretty way of ecclesiastical disputants. Those who know modern Scotland find themselves unable to conceive the possibility of a new Disruption on an equal scale. Even at the time the seceders were taunted as martyrs by mistake. In 1874 free election was given as a matter of

policy by Lord Beaconsfield, who understood little of such things and cared less for them, to a church scarce at the time craving the boon. Yet like many events in Scots history the Disruption of 1843 compels one's admiration for other than the principles involved. Ministers and people sacrificed much for conscience sake, and they built and managed their church with prudence and determination as well as self sacrifice. Moral enthusiasm and intellectual energy were quickened. A zeal for truth, a resolve to sacrifice material gain for spiritual ends was engendered with results whereof the fathers of the Disruption never dreamed. The new wine was destined to strain to bursting the old bottles. A new generation arose eager for knowledge and ready to apply in novel ways the maxim that truth was to be sought before all else. The Free Church did everything to encourage learning and research and a large portion of her ablest youth were trained for her ministry. On such men the atmosphere of a great modern university worked a sudden change. Many felt as if dragged from a quiet valley and thrust into the thick of a strenuous fight: all the difficulties and perplexities of modern thought burst at once on the student.

One potent disturbing force must here be specially noted. The study of German literature and German thought, which Scott and Carlyle did so much to foster, has powerfully affected modern Scots intellectual life. The Scots were ever a nation of philosophers. Hutchinson and Reid have something provincial about their thought, but Hume has taken rank as one of the world's great thinkers. Kant felt and acknowledged his power and in turn the cloud built as well as cloud capped towers which not only Kant but Fichte, Schelling, and above all Hegel evolved, were explored with eager interest by the ingenuous Caledonian. As a theological student he was interested in German Biblical criticism; but the most orthodox Teutonic critic was comparatively destructive,

and none could deny that in this matter Germany had gone deeper and worked harder than any other land. Orthodoxy itself must go there for facts, and a period of residence at a German university became a necessary complement to the student's career. How petty the ancient points of contention seemed to the new race of scholars! They raised the previous question, that is they inquired into the exact truth of statements which had been assumed as axioms by all the churches of Scotland. Were the Scriptures verbally inspired, how far were miracles to be accepted, what must the Christian faith become under new conditions? It may be said that not for the first time were these questions asked, but it was the first time they were asked from Scots Pulpits and from Scots Professorial chairs, and it was only when so asked that the Scots people gave them ear. With startling suddenness the old questions went forthwith out of date. The orthodox made a determined stand; they attempted to drive out the new men from their midst and a long series of heresy hunts engaged the attention of the nation. To chronicle these is not our purpose, but something must be said of the most famous, that of the late Mr Robertson Smith, Free Kirk Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Literature at Aberdeen, whose views on the Bible, expounded in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and elsewhere, caused the utmost commotion.

Smith had been made a Professor at the early age of 24. He had led a secluded life, had been privately educated, had studied in Germany and was not a man of robust health. It is not unfair to assume that in his early years he had little knowledge of men as distinct from books—indeed it is said that he was astonished at the ferment he raised; he had been so strenuous and devoted a scholar that the last results of research had become pure commonplace to him. He was lighting (he thought) a common candle, not packing an infernal machine against the

bulwarks of Zion—as his opponents judged. The man himself was both unduly decried and unduly exalted. He had enormous powers of acquisition, was sharp and quick and had little other interest in life except research: he had no touch of genius, was nothing of the orator, and had no real skill in such words as rule the hearts of men. Yet day by day newspapers published and the people read columns of matter dealing with more or less abstruse points of Old Testament criticism. "Strange tastes," commented the stranger. Smith was finally got rid of and gained renown elsewhere as an oriental scholar.

The fight was not ended by one dubious victory *Primo avulso non deficit alter.* The new school rapidly increased. It had the support of the younger and abler of the clergy and of the more intelligent laity, and in time it grew skilled in so promulgating its views that violent collision was avoided: indeed the theological penal statutes were framed under so different a condition of things that it was hard to apply them to the new heresies. Thus the pother caused by the *Scotch Sermons* (1880) in the Established Church, by the Marcus Dods and A. B. Bruce cases (1890), and the G. A. Smith case (1902) in the United Free Church all ended in more or less dense smoke. They had a strong family likeness. Some amiable and popular professor, no doubt prompted by sincere conviction, propounds doctrines about Inspiration, or Miracles or the Trinity which seem to men of the older school to rank him with Voltaire. The book of lectures, or sermons or what not runs through many editions and the heretic's name is in everyone's mouth. Then some injudicious divine, the early tradition strong within him, brings the subject before the authorities, a committee investigates the *fama*, there is interminable discussion, everybody praises the heretic as a truly sincere Christian, the committee blame him as incautious, this charge he readily and very genially admits and modifies here and there some of

his statements, but without materially altering his position. Then by a great majority a motion is carried advising him to be more cautious, affirming generally the verities of the Christian faith, and stating that there is no cause to proceed further. The obvious effect of all this is to give more and more liberty of statement. Possibly the position of the Scots Broad Church party is false, possibly its adherents have no real answer to the taunts of inconsistency and bad faith hurled at them by the adherents of the old school, possibly having gone so far they ought to have gone further. However this may be, the spread of Rationalism is assured, and this must go on tempering the theological zeal of the Scots people.

A curious accident, if it can be called such, which befel the Free Church in 1904, and of which the effects will long be felt, must now be told in simple language. Whether the decision of the House of Lords on 1st August 1904 be right or wrong, it can at least be made intelligible. The judges who finally decided the case declared that they did so on the simplest principles, applied in the simplest manner. Certainly there was no pretence for stating that they attacked the spiritual independence of the Church. But to our story. The remarkable note of all Scots secessions was the declaration that those who came out really were the Church, and that those who remained in were faithless to principle. At the Disruption the Free Church sounded this note as strongly as ever. Its leader was Dr Chalmers one of the greatest of Scots ecclesiastics. Profoundly conservative in many ways, he was passionately devoted to the doctrine of the State Establishment of religion. His co-religionists held this as firmly as himself. The Church which then sprang into being declared in her Standards her adherence to this principle. Of all this there is no doubt. Then came the question of degree. Was the doctrine of Establishment vital or non-vital to the constitution of the Free Church?

A small but significant incident shewed the opinion of the early leaders. A Glasgow Bailie who was likewise an officer of the Free Church took the chair at a disestablishment meeting. He was promptly deprived of his office in that communion. Half a century went by and the Free Church changed in many ways not directly connected with theology. Its financial arrangements were during that period a great success and it shewed—as indeed has been abundantly proved elsewhere—that a non-Established Church may not only be strong and vigorous in wealthy districts but may support itself in poor ones also. Then, as ministers are only men, there was something galling, it may be surmised, in the superior and securer position of the Established preacher who was of similar education and origin. Also the rank and file more and more said among themselves, "*We* support our ministers, *they* ought also to do so." Be this as it may, the opinion in favour of disestablishment finally dominated the Free Church, and motions in favour of it were carried at the General Assembly. Now there existed another body in Scotland almost as big as the Free Church, formed of the union of various sets of seceders and known as the United Presbyterians. They had long held the disestablishment principle strongly, and there was really nothing to distinguish them from the majority of the Free Church. It was natural that a union between these two bodies should seem a desirable thing. The "U.P's." as they were called were practically unanimous. The great majority of the Free Church seemed in favour of the union. Subsequent events shewed that this feeling was not so strong as it appeared. A large body were rather cold in the matter; they seemed to feel that they were joining themselves with people a little below themselves in ecclesiastical and perhaps even in worldly position, but it was difficult to voice those sentiments clearly, and the zeal of their leaders, especially the all-powerful Dr Rainy, carried them away.

"A HIGHLAND FUNERAL"
BY SIR JAMES GUTHRIE

The consequence was that on 31st October 1900 the two churches were joined under the most enthusiastic and effusive expressions of delight. There was a minority of irreconcilables in the Free Church. These were estimated by their opponents as "24 out of 1100" "most of them resident in the Highlands of Scotland," so they added with a curious touch of Lowland contempt for the northern part of the kingdom—a hint that as it was the poorest and most backward so it was naturally the most unintelligent part of the country. But this little band was at least determined. It was backed up by an enthusiastic though small body of laymen, and as early as 14th December of that same year 1900, they commenced process in the Scots Law Courts affirming that they were the Free Church, that as such they were entitled to the whole of the property, which they therefore claimed. A long legal struggle at once began which we cannot follow with any detail. It may be mentioned that the threat of this had stopped the union on several previous occasions. In former days the minority had been larger: they had been led by the energetic Dr Begg an eloquent and skilful advocate, a man possessed alike of some knowledge of the world and some touch of humour. But year after year they had grown smaller, till now they seemed to consist of a knot of hopeless obscurantists, Calvinists of the most rigid persuasion, who reproduced in modern life the doctrine and thoughts of the Covenanters. The majority had taken an opinion, the best opinion they could get. Unfortunately all their advisers were Scotsmen though not Scots lawyers. The result shewed that lawyers of another nationality would look at the matter in a different way. The position of the minority then was this. You, they said to their opponents, have proved false to the constitution of the Free Church in two respects, (1) you have renounced the establishment principle, (2) you have departed from strict adherence to the Confession of Faith. This last

it ought to be explained, referred to a Declaratory Act of 1892, which relaxed to some slight extent the strictness with which ministers bound themselves to the Calvinistic formularies of the Church. It excited little attention at the time and would not of itself have provoked legal proceedings. At first the majority were completely successful. The Judge of first instance, Lord Lowe, gave his decision in their favour. On the 4th July 1902 the second division of the Inner House of the Court of Session affirmed this judgment. Then the case went to the House of Lords where it had a curious fate. It was widely believed that of the six Lords who first heard it, three were for and three against, which would have meant an affirmation of the judgment, but before judgment was delivered one—Lord Shand—died. The case was reheard with two additional Judges, and by a majority of five to two, the claim of the minority, the "Wee Frees" as they were called in Scotland, was successful.

It seemed for some time as if chaos had come again in Scotland, yet the manner in which it was received shewed the enormous difference that fifty years had made in Scots thought. There was no question of going out again into the Wilderness, as to give them their due the "Wee Frees" had been prepared to do. On the other hand the Government shewed itself much more sympathetic than any previous Government had done. Of course the victors were jubilant: their claims had been derisively scorned by the other side, and some of them now declared that no stick nor stone, not one penny of the money was to pass from their hands. Those defeated did not show a very humble spirit; they pointed out truly enough that their opponents were utterly unable to administer the six millions which fell to their lot, that they could not fill a tenth of the churches which they claimed as their property, that they must sink under their load of gifts. The judgment itself not unnaturally was attacked in the severest

terms. As to that judgment a few words of explanation rather than of criticism may be permitted. When a new society religious or otherwise is called into being, its founders must of necessity, if it is to possess property, state the conditions under which this property is to be held. It seems natural that the founder of a religious society should affirm that its property is to be possessed by those who hold certain definite dogmas ; yet all churches would admit that difference of opinion in small matters is permissible, and surely in churches more than any other institutions. Now here it was practically certain that the United Free Church varied in some points from the old Free Church. Were these variances vital, had the original founders made them vital, and meant them to be vital? That was the whole question. To say that the Law Courts should not have interfered in such matters is absurd. The legal documents embodying the constitutions must have been drawn with a view to their interpretation and support. No doubt the founders might have reserved to their successors the power to make almost any change in their constitution. They did not do so. The true explanation of the difference of opinion between the Scots and English Courts would seem to be this:—The Scots Judges had in their mind from childhood the Disruption as interpreted by the fifty years that followed. They had seen proved in practice what was deemed essential and what was not, and they rested their judgment upon this knowledge. The English Law Lords came to the subject without knowledge and without local association. Of necessity they transported themselves back to the time of the Disruption, and they scanned the documents under which legally the Free Church came into being with an eye not diverted by anything that happened after. On the one hand it may be said that their duty was to take a high and dry, strictly legal view, and to leave other changes to the wisdom of Parliament. Again it might be urged

that it was permissible for them to consider in the light of fifty years' experience what things were essential and what not. Had this last view been acted on, the decision of the Scots Judges must have been affirmed. But the other view prevailed with the majority.

The rest of the story is very brief. A Royal commission was appointed to take evidence and try to bring the parties to an amicable understanding. All negotiations for settlement proved abortive, and in 1905 the whole property of the Churches was vested in Commissioners who were to divide the funds in the way that seemed most in accordance with the will of the original donors and so as to give the fullest scope to their intentions. Naturally where the successful but smaller body could do the work, it was preferred; where it could not, the defeated majority would be the parties to whom to turn. No one can deny that the blow to the Church was terrible and that in many ways. There was a loss of prestige in the confessed necessity of the appeal to Cæsar to redress the iniquity of the judgment; also the system of finance adopted by the Free Church had been almost too perfect. It had raised vast amounts by what is called its Sustentation Fund, a fund assessed and collected with the exactness and sternness of a legal rate. When the Church sentiment was strong it was possible to do this; people paid unwillingly but they paid. But a great number of causes all at once began to change this. The members were less attached to a defeated and so far discredited cause. It was a heartless task to go on collecting sums whose destination a legal decision might alter. Everything seems to show that in the future the great seceding body will find itself crippled for want of resources.

To some extent the Established Church will reap a benefit. It is the same in doctrine and government; it is easy and tolerant; it is not under the dire necessity of levying huge contributions from its members. Yet it will probably share with its sisters in the decline of the

theological spirit in Scotland. Scots Presbyterianism staked its all on the old doctrines. However true Milton's famous gibe may be that new Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large, it is no less true that in theory at least the preacher claimed no peculiar sanctity: he was but the teaching elder and sat as president with the ruling elders, the elected laymen in the Kirk Session which guided the destinies of each congregation. In the higher courts of Presbytery, Synod and General Assembly, there was the same mixed assemblage of clerics and laymen. And the old Scots worship was bare and simple to excess: thus there was no ritual or ornamental observances to occupy the mind. Of all forms of faith Presbyterianism is the easiest to lose. True a form of ritual has been introduced especially into the Established Church, but it has not yet been developed to any notable extent, and it is open to the criticism that it is not a growth of the soil, but a poor imitation of the Anglican article. Instrumental music however has caught on in all the Scots churches. Mr Andrew Carnegie has supplied organs almost as liberally as he has supplied libraries and sacred concerts are much in vogue.

But what is the present position of the Scots Episcopal Church? It is certainly very much in evidence. One hundred years ago it was a poor and almost despised community, now it is the fashionable church. It has splendid cathedrals, ornate services administered to large congregations. But even yet Scotland does not take it quite seriously; it does not affect in essentials the national life, its popular name of the English Kirk still brands it as an exotic, something apart from the actual work of the nation. It is less national now indeed than when it consisted of a small remnant persecuted by the Government because of their adherence to the exiled though feared and hated house of Stuart. The great body of the aristocracy are adherents of this Communion. They are baptised, married and buried according to its rites, although at the

same time they lend to the Established Church their more or less constant support. When Scots people become wealthy they gravitate towards Episcopalianism, and it is also believed, justly or not, that when they wish to take things easy from a religious point of view they move in the same direction.

The most prevalent manner in which all those tendencies act on the national life is to make the keeping of Sunday less strict. One significant fact may here be given. When tramways were first introduced into Scotland no one thought of running them on Sundays, and those who could not pay for cab-hire were forced to plod from one end to the other of the great towns. Little by little a feeling grew up in favour of their use. The churches were against it, and so were the local civic authorities, but these last consented to take a plebiscite which in each case was in favour of the innovation: thus in Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dundee and Kirkcaldy the tramways run the whole week through ; the practice is not one that lends itself to abuse, the majority of those who opposed have now quietly submitted to the change and use the facilities now offered them quite as readily as their more progressive fellow citizens.

Within the memory of people still living the Sabbath day was observed with Jewish exactness. Except in case of dire necessity or for the direct purpose of Church going, it was wrong to walk or to travel, to visit friends, to cook food, to do any sort of work or to indulge in any form of enjoyment. A certain character of awful solemnity and even physical discomfort brooded over the day! There were two sermons in the churches, each from three quarters to an hour long. These discussed points of Calvinistic theology and were listened to with considerable attention by crowded congregations. The creed of Calvinism was held with intense conviction. All biblical criticism and study was defence or explanation, not investigation and analysis. It would be an interesting story to trace the rise of the Scots

Sunday. No doubt it began at the Reformation, but it came to be kept with a strictness which the Reformers never urged; probably it was at its highest and strictest at the first half of the last century. When once the ideal was established it was a mark of righteousness to become stricter than one's neighbour, and thus the ideal of observance was perpetually raised. Here the peculiar note of exaggeration which we find in the Scots intellect comes into prominence, not so much in carrying things to their logical conclusion as in pushing them to the extremest point. But this strictness was aided for the very same reason and from quite another point by the extravagant orgies of the sabbath breaker. Dismally conscious that he had broken one commandment he made little account of violating a few more; he deliberately abjured decent speech and behaviour. The dog had got a bad name and he did his best to deserve it. Sunday excursions by rail or steamer were scenes of riotous excess. If any considerable body of the community had for a considerable time shown the example of a quiet and rational mode of Sunday enjoyment, it is scarce likely that Sabbatarianism could ever have gone to the excessive point it did. When a Scot went abroad and found whole families decently yet thoroughly enjoying themselves on a little very indifferent beer and a great deal of very excellent music on the day of rest, he felt a certain confusion of mind, causing him to readjust his views on many points. But with the advance of Broad Church views, dead certainty has almost vanished from Scots theological life. With the growth of culture, of wealth and intelligence theology could not occupy so prominent a place.

> "The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
> To haud the wretch in order."

But the most of mankind *are* wretches, the old doctrines are disappearing and the old modes of thought are changing,

and on these Scots Presbyterianism staked what was almost its vital existence. As already remarked, it has no complicated services or ritual to occupy the mind. In no age of the world has the populace thronged churches to hear moral discourses or scientific lectures. In a more freethinking age, long sermons, dull Sundays, narrow modes of life seem a discipline as hard, as repulsive, as useless as that of the treadmill. The Church is still strong and it seems impossible to believe that she can disappear or that Scotland will ever look upon the Christian faith with the covert hostility of France. The tendency rather will be for her churches to become as those of Germany or Holland, scholarly, enlightened, rational, neglected, and then the very essence of the national life will suffer change. But here we leave the region of fact for that of speculation. We can note that the present is in this direction a time of speedy and incessant change, that men are drifting away from their former landmarks, but it is not for us to attempt to say exactly whither.

CHAPTER III

EDUCATION IN SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

Before the Reformation—Foundation of Universities—Act of James IV.—Reformation provision—Lack of Education in remote districts—Inadequate provision for Teachers and squalid character of Schoolhouses—Character of the teaching—Gradual improvement—Lack of Education in the Highlands—Influence of the Disruption—The School Board system of payment by results—The new system—Secondary Education—Chequered history of the Universities—Character of in Nineteenth Century—Present character—Need of reform—The professorial and tutorial methods—Social life.

THE notion entertained by some that the zeal of Scotland for education dates from the Reformation is very far from warranted. From the twelfth century onwards, writing, reading (the reading of writing) and arithmetic were taught by the monks in schools connected with the monasteries; and there were also some sort of—to use the jargon of to-day—Higher Grade schools, which, later, became the Grammar Schools of the burgh. Some of the nobility and gentry were in the habit of boarding their sons with the monks, who were also prepared to give instruction to those desirous of it; but how far in those early times education was common among the freemen, not to mention the churls, cannot be determined. In addition to the town schools there were what were then termed Art Schools, which had a *Trivium* of grammar, rhetoric and dialectic, and were preparatory for the *Studium generale*, the name by which the University was then known. It may be that one of the main purposes of the Art School was to supply recruits for the churches; but it was also evidently intended for the sons "of the freeholders that are of substance," and those above that rank.

Presumably many churchmen had no further training in letters than that obtained in the Art Schools; and, in any case, for the *Studium generale* the Scots student had, for some centuries, to go to England or abroad. Probably it was the outbreak of the War of Independence that induced David, Bishop of Moray, to found in 1320 the Scots College in connection with the University of Paris, which was frequented by many Scotsmen even after the foundation of the University of St Andrews (1413), Glasgow (1450), and Aberdeen (1495). Indeed the custom of Scots students to complete their studies in a foreign university was very prevalent even in the sixteenth century and later; nor is it even yet by any means discontinued.

The unsettled condition of the country owing to the chronic dispute with England must have greatly interfered with educational progress; and there must have been considerable neglect of at least the more advanced forms of education when, in 1494, James IV. got Parliament to pass an enactment that "all barons and freeholders that are of substance put their eldest sons and heirs to the schools, frae they be six or nine years of age; and to remain at the grammar schools until they be competently founded and have perfect Latin. And thereafter to remain three years at the schools of art and jure, so that they may have knowledge and understanding of the laws, through the which justice may remain universally through all the realm; so that they who are sheriffs or judges ordinar [justices of the peace] under the king's highness may have knowledge to do justice, that the poor people should have no cause to seek our sovereign Lord's principal auditor for every small injury." But it is to be observed that what is here prescribed for the eldest sons of barons and freeholders is the fullest course of education—apart from the *Studium generale*—that the country could provide; and it represented relatively a more complete course than that provided in the present Secondary Schools of Scotland. Moreover

the act implied that the means of education were there, and being there they were probably largely taken advantage of.

Writing in 1498, Ayala, the Spanish Ambassador, tells us that there was a good deal of French education in Scotland, and many spoke the French language; "for all the young gentlemen who have no property, go to France and are well received there." That the young gentlemen were educated in French implied that they were otherwise pretty well educated; and although the higher culture and learning may have been mainly confined to the churchmen, the fact that at the time of the Reformation, there were laymen of such acquirements as Henry Balnaves, George Buchanan, Erskine of Dun, the elder and the younger Maitland—to name but these—is evidence not only that the Act of 1494 had by no means remained a dead letter, but that many of the sons of the lesser gentry were accustomed to continue their studies at a *Studium generale*, either in Scotland or abroad.

The provision made, or proposed, by the Reformed Church for education was little more than a reconstruction of the old system, the machinery of which had been destroyed by the abolition of the monastic orders. It is even questionable whether the new organisation, for many years, was as effective as the old one, though it started with the immense advantage supplied by the invention of printing. A good deal about the character of Reformation education might have been gathered from the school books, but none of those used in the early Reformation schools survive—the only evidence we have on this subject, being a list of fifteen books, which William Nyddry had licence to print.

At the Reformation, a new organisation had to be formed, and a teaching staff supplied from a new class of recruits, who at first must have been far from plentiful. Moreover the Church had to get the wherewithal to support

them. It lacked the independent endowments of the old Church; and the article on education in the Book of Discipline is virtually an appeal to the civil magistrate for the money to "float" the scheme. The Church authorities preface their application by the quaint explanation that "God hath determined that his Church here on earth shall be taught not by angels but by men." Men being in need of bodily support could hardly be expected to teach for nothing. Moreover, education by men, unlike the ancient miraculous "illumination," was but a slow and tedious process, and had to be prosecuted systematically. The Church authorities—who, as under the old regime, assumed the management of education—deemed it, therefore, necessary that every several church should have a schoolmaster able to teach grammar and the Latin tongue, "if the town be of any reputation." But with the "upland parishes" all that was proposed, and indeed all that was possible, was that the reader or minister should instruct the children or youth of the parish "in their first rudiments and especially the catechism." How far, or in what way, this proposal was carried out we have no information. Until recent times, copies of the catechism for schools were prefaced by an alphabet and an arrangement of syllables. Probably this was the "rudiments" that the preacher was expected to teach. It may be that in this way, the children managed, somehow or other, to master the catechism, which was the purpose the Church had mainly in view. In these upland parishes neither writing nor arithmetic were then of any practical use; and there was nothing to read but the Bible, of which probably but few in the uplands possessed a copy. In "towns of any reputation" much more of course than this was necessary; and the means were probably found, especially in the coast towns and villages, for a fairly good system of elementary education. Further the Book of Discipline proposed that in "every notable town" a college

should be erected "in which the arts, at least Logic and Rhetoric, together with the tongues, should be read by sufficient masters—that is to say, they simply proposed the revival of the old Art Schools; and they also, further, proposed the "replenishing" of "the schools called Universities with those that are apt to learning."

In 1616 the Privy Council enacted that there should be a school in every parish throughout the country; but in the middle of the century large districts, although they were becoming fairly populous, were unprovided with a school, and were without any means of education, except those of a sporadic character. Nor—though a great impediment to educational progress had been removed by the cessation of the covenanting persecution—was the Act of William and Mary of 1696, much more effective than the one passed eight years previously. Besides enjoining the erection of a school in every parish, the act fixed the schoolmaster's salary—to be paid by the heritors—at a minimum of 100 merks (£5, 1s. 4½d.), and at a maximum of 200. Even allowing for the cheaper price of the common necessaries in those days, the minimum salary was hardly a living wage, and the maximum left the refinements of life entirely out of account. But shabby as were the provisions of this Act, it remained a dead letter in many of the remoter rural districts; and until after the '45 the majority of the Highland parishes were without any provision for education. Indeed, though nominally and legally Christians the Highlanders as a rule were still dominated by their old primitive pagan beliefs and in a condition of almost primitive innocence of the arts of civilized life. "Knox," writes Mr Mackay, in his *Urquhart and Glenmoriston* (1893), "was two hundred years in his grave before Urquhart and Glenmoriston could boast of a parochial school," and where schools were established it was sometimes found impossible to induce scholars to attend them. Thus in Mr Macpherson's *Social and Church*

Life in the Highlands (1893) we find it recorded that Mr Arthur Gregory—evidently quite an efficient schoolmaster — resigned, in 1732, his office of parish schoolmaster of Alvie, on the ground that he had no scholars, and that it was evident "there was no further use for him."

Frequently the teacher's salary failed to reach the minimum appointed by the law, even when supplemented by small school fees, and by perquisites such as those levied from the boys for permission to bring the cocks for the great cock fighting saturnalias on Fasten E'en and other occasions. *Ex officio*, the schoolmaster was precentor, but he might have perquisites for acting as session clerk and registrar, and sometimes also as beadle and even as grave-digger. It was also a very common custom for his wife to have a small shop; though the idea of John Wilson of Tarbolton—satirized by Burns in *Death and Dr Hornbook*—of "adding medicine to his little trade," and giving advice "in common disorders gratis," was doubtless quite an original one.

As for the schools—or the buildings or apartments used for this purpose—their character and condition were usually quite in harmony with the poverty-stricken circumstances of the teacher. Originally many of them could have been little better buildings than the stone and turf shanties occupied by the majority of the population. When a better class of building was erected it was often permitted to fall into ruin; and numerous parishes never had special buildings for school purposes. A small hired apartment, a barn, a portion or the whole of the schoolmaster's own small and dingy dwelling were frequently palmed on the parishioners, in lieu of a school, by the indigent or penurious heritors. For winter fuel each country scholar was accustomed to bring a peat once or twice a week from the peatstack at home; and in cases, by no means uncommon, where there were neither forms

nor desks the child provided a bundle of rushes to be placed as a seat on the floor of the hovel.

But on the whole the condition of the elementary education of the country was by no means so bad as the squalid character of the provision for it might lead one to expect. Occasionally the office of teacher might be filled merely by an aspiring shoemaker or a crippled mason but even when, as in such a case, his attainments might be somewhat meagre, he might possess good natural abilities and a born aptitude for teaching. Not unfrequently the teacher had a University training; and sometimes men who rose to high eminence in the Church or other professions commenced their career as schoolmasters. Most candidates for the Church had, indeed, no other means of support before they obtained presentation to a living. What mainly hampered the progress of education was the dire poverty of the country; it gradually improved as Scotland, through commercial intercourse and mechanical invention, increased in wealth, and as a certain proficiency in it became more and more necessary for business purposes.

As the years went on the salary of the teacher, small as it originally was, became gradually of less monetary value, and in a memorial for an increased allowance drawn up by the schoolmasters in 1782, it was stated that 800 out of the 900 parochial schoolmasters were "struggling with indigence, inferior in point of income to 800 day labourers, in the best cultivated parts of the island, and receiving one half of the emoluments" of country gentlemen's servants. This led, in 1802, to an act fixing their incomes at a minimum of 300 merks (£16, 13s. 4d.) and a maximum of 400 merks (£22, 4s. 6d.), with a house of not more than two rooms, and a garden of not less than a quarter of an acre—a provision which a ploughman of the present day would regard with scorn. And, withal, the ideal aimed at from the Reformation, of the supply of facilities

for education in every parish, remained unfulfilled. Although from the beginning of the eighteenth century, charity schools, financed by the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, had been in operation in the Highlands, there were many districts which in 1818, were reported to be destitute of the means of education. Efforts were made, about this time, to remedy the scandalous state of affairs, but they remained for the most part ineffectual until the establishment in 1839 of a system of grants in aid from the Government; and hardly had the new scheme been in operation when the educational situation, especially in the Highlands, became completely changed by the ecclesiastical Disruption of 1843. The new Church deemed it needful, for its own preservation and prestige, to set up schools of its own, and since the majority of the Highlanders had "come out," they now found themselves better provided with the means of education than they had ever previously been.

To cope with the educational rivalry of the new Church, and that of the Subscription Schools, an effort was made in 1861 to popularise the Parish Schools and remove the dissenting prejudices against them by transferring the superintendence of the schools and the teachers from the Presbyteries to the Universities, and nominally throwing the office open to members of any of the Presbyterian churches; while it was also sought to improve the status of the teacher by fixing his salary at a minimum of £35 and a maximum of £70. The change came, however, too late, so far as removing dissenting prejudice against the "Auld Kirk School" was concerned; and practically it made no difference in the appointments of teachers. The fact was that the Free Church, like the Established Church, had its training colleges for teachers, and the Episcopalian Church had also its training college, while the divinity students of different dissenting denominations often found employment as teachers in Subscription

Schools. Indeed during the years immediately preceding the Act of 1872, about one half of the children attending the Elementary Schools of the country were educated outside the Parish School. Whatever also the variety of efficiency amongst the teachers, the average was undoubtedly much higher than it had ever previously been, while mere ecclesiastical rivalry was a good incentive to securing a good school attendance. Although a fifth of the population of school age were stated, in a return, not to be at school, this did not imply that they were quite uneducated: the proportion of totally uneducated children in the land was very small, and they were mainly to be found in the slum districts of the towns.

Whatever the defects of the old system, as regards the inducements it offered for securing teachers of proper abilities and attainments, it has been regarded by some as in certain respects preferable to the compulsory, and subsequently free, system of education by which it has been superseded. The parent's own views as to the education of his children could then be carried out in a manner that is now impossible; and, after all, the parent is (or should be) it may be argued, the best judge as to how provision should be made for his child's future career. Under the old system the parent could interfere to prevent the child being worried and overdriven by a zeal which was less concerned about its individual welfare than the teacher's own reputation as judged by the official vision of the inspector. Such a zeal was apt to make but little account either of the condition of the child's health, the peculiarities of its temperament, or the character of its mental faculties. Under the old system the clever lad had some chance for the developement of his individuality; under the new one his individuality was almost entirely fettered by mechanical routine.

If also the old system was in some respects inadequate, the over-adequateness of the new system gradually be-

came manifest, although not until after a series of what can hardly be termed aught else than experimental blunders spread over a period of some thirty years. The main characteristics of this now partly abolished system were (1) the institution of standards (no child being permitted to make further progress in any particular subject until within a year he had reached the same stage of proficiency in others) and (2) the payment of grants of money according to results, which characteristic was further aggravated by extra payment for extra subjects. It was not only a hard and fast and merely mechanical system—a system which was quite disregardful of the mental defects or abilities of individual children—but it instituted a sort of child slavery for the sordid purpose of grant earning. It can only be surmised how much was achieved during those thirty deplorable years by way of permanently injuring the health of many children, or bemusing or stunting their tender faculties by the enormous efforts that were made virtually to wring from their infant intellects the last possible droppings of Government allowance; but some evil consequences of the system soon became manifest enough. Lads who had been driven in this manner through the standards and the extras were often found to be peculiarly slow and dull when a new demand was made on their intelligence; employers who took them as apprentices were not seldom astounded at their lack of mental alertness and the inefficiency with which they performed the work of clerking or figuring.

In regard to the extras, from the nature of the case they could not be chosen so as to suit the special bent or the special requirements of the individual child, and more than all, the dull pupil who was toiling through the three "R's" found himself, equally with the alert and clever one, loaded—for financial purposes mainly—with this additional burden. There was point and sense, as well as wit, in the reported message to a headmaster of a farmer

who found his boy very defective in arithmetic, reading and writing, and was told that among other extra subjects he was being taught was clay-modelling. "If you can succeed," said the farmer, "in making my boy proficient in reading, writing and arithmetic, I think I can manage to teach him clay-modelling myself."

The fact that it took thirty years and more to convince the educational authorities that the standard and extras system was a huge mistake, somewhat lessens confidence as to the ultimate success of the system by which it has been superseded. The standards have now been abolished. In the educational arrangements more is left to the discretion of the teacher; the inspector is no longer required to appraise efficiency by means of "marks," and now occupies more the position of friendly counsellor and adviser. Any scholar may be promoted to a higher class should he or she show sufficient proficiency in all the subjects, though proficiency in less than all counts for nothing. This difficulty could be got over only by appointing special teachers for each subject; and such an arrangement, which is quite possible in all but the country schools, could hardly but tend to increased efficiency. In the suggestions issued by the Department for the consideration of teachers there is the evident intention of seeking to aid them in fostering the general intelligence of the child. The new system is to a certain extent flexible but a little indefinite; and this with the comprehensive character of its aims may tend to impair its efficiency as regards the essential rudiments. Evidently in the elementary schools the main attention should be directed to the three "R's"; anything that interferes with the proficiency in them should be discarded: the burdening of slow or delicate children with extras is gross cruelty; and besides an unhealthy child, however learned, is of comparatively little use in the world. Unhappily the general aim seems still to be to cram the child

with all kinds of superficial knowledge and to foist on it as great a variety as possible of rudimentary accomplishments, which, most likely, will never be of the smallest use to it in after life. The endeavour is still apparently being made to anticipate a great deal of its after-life, and make its infant years do work that properly belongs to the period when it is needful to specialize.

Elementary education in Scotland is also at present hampered by the inefficiency of the old Normal School system. This system of training teachers was established largely for ecclesiastical ends, and later it was tolerated simply on account of the difficulty of getting rid of it. After all, the art of teaching is not so difficult—in the case of a well-educated and averagely intelligent person—as to require such an amount of practice as that devoted to it in the Normal Schools; and they failed to turn out sufficiently efficient teachers mainly because the teachers were too much teachers. The Normal School men had learned to teach mainly in a formal, mechanical way; the individuality of some had been killed by routine; and years had been spent in acquiring badly an art which, had these years been devoted to a proper University training, might have been acquired to far better purpose in a few months.

As regards Secondary and Higher Grade schools, Scotland had for a considerable period Grammar Schools of a remarkably efficient kind, up to a certain point, in nearly every burgh of importance, each subject being under the charge of separate masters. It also possessed a number of endowed schools, as well as boarding schools and academies for children of the more wealthy classes. Since 1872 Burgh or Grammar Schools have been under school board control as Secondary Schools (partly lower grade, partly higher grade) at which fees are payable. They have so increased in number that, according to the report of 1906, "there are now few districts in Scotland where a school of

this type is not fairly well within the reach of all pupils who have the capacity to profit by the type of education given." In addition, Higher Grade Schools, at which education is free, have lately been erected in the principal educational centres.

Forming as the Secondary and Higher Grade schools do the final educational link with the Universities, on their character and aims the character and aims of the Universities must be largely dependent. At present the courses of study in the Secondary Schools is not so advanced as in the best schools in England, the only schools in Scotland that in the matter of education can be deemed quite on a level with such foundation schools as Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Winchester, Cheltenham, etc., being perhaps Fettes and Loretto. So far, however, as classics are concerned the advisability of more advanced instruction is attracting the attention of the Education Department. "Those," writes Dr Struthers in his Report on Secondary Schools for 1906, "who are gifted with a genuine aptitude for classical studies ought to be at liberty, during the three or four last years of their school life, to devote much more time to ancient languages than is usually possible at present. Nor until that principle is more widely accepted will the general level of classical learning in Scotland be appreciably raised." To secure this would involve a considerable revolution in the present arrangements, but this, for a variety of other reasons, is desirable. While the advantages of general mental training and culture should not be lost sight of, specializing in other subjects is becoming more and more necessary—the concentration of the pupil's chief efforts on those branches of study which will be of advantage to him in his prospective occupation or profession, or in his future educational course at the Technical Colleges or the University.

The history of the Scots Universities has been rather

a chequered one; and it can hardly be said that even yet, except as regards medicine and law, they quite fulfil the ideal of a *Studium generale.* The curriculum of study outlined by the Reformers in the Book of Discipline was mainly a counsel of perfection. Lack of money and of properly qualified regents inevitably prevented it being much more than this. In 1582 a new University was founded in Edinburgh by a bequest of Bishop Reid of Orkney, but it began with only one professor, and while Glasgow under the energetic guidance of Andrew Melville had now started on a career of some prosperity, both St Andrew's and Aberdeen were in a pitiable condition of inefficiency and neglect. The truth was that Scotland was hardly able to support so many Universities, and had their numbers been reduced to two—as proposed by James VI. in 1617—the chances are that even to-day they would have had a better educational and social status than they now have. The distracted condition of the country, during the great ecclesiastical and political quarrel of the seventeenth century, was also adverse to their prosperity; and while the year 1675 saw the beginnings of the great medical school of Edinburgh, University education in other subjects retained its mediæval character until well on into the eighteenth century. Philosophical thinking was cramped by the country's hide-bound religious creed, and the sciences were merely in their infancy; but branches of so-called philosophy and science were, with theology, the main topics on which the University regent—as the professor was then called—prelected. Latin was not taught. It was supposed to have been mastered at the grammar School. It was not deemed of value for its literature. There was, in fact, no interest whatever in literature as literature. Latin was mastered at the Grammar School, only so far as to enable the student in a manner to follow the prelections of the professor, for it was still deemed beneath professorial dignity to lecture on learned subjects

MARISCHAL COLLEGE, ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY

in the vulgar tongue. On the other hand Greek was a kind of University perquisite. It was not taught at the Grammar School, and not being taught there, the student at the University went little beyond the rudiments. Indeed advanced proficiency in Greek could hardly be expected even of the regent, for he was a kind of educational maid-of-all-work, and had to instruct his class in all the subjects of an arts course throughout the whole university curriculum: it was only towards the latter half of the eighteenth century that separate classes for the different subjects began to be established.

During the nineteenth century the curriculum of arts at the Universities was regulated mainly to suit the needs of candidates for the Church; or perhaps it would be more correct to say that the arts curriculum now depended mainly for its support on this order of student. The sons of the nobility and gentry who in the earlier centuries were accustomed to complete their education at their native universities have since the Union in 1707 gone more and more to England both for their school and university education. Students who entered the Universities with a view to the Church drifted sometimes into other callings or professions; and a few entered with a view to their advancement in the scholastic profession; but except for the Church demands the attendance at the arts classes would, throughout most of the nineteenth century, have been so meagre as hardly to have justified their continuance. The increased prosperity of the Universities during the latter half of the century, was, until towards its close, owing chiefly to the duplicated demand for clergymen produced by the Disruption and other ecclesiastical secessions. It was largely a deceptive prosperity, and it was not progressive, for it did not imply any increased desire throughout the country for culture and enlightenment. That the Churches should demand a previous attendance at a full arts course from all

who desired to enter on a theological training was very much to their credit; but it can hardly be affirmed that all the subjects of the arts course were equally well suited to the needs of candidates for the Church. Apparently the Churches did not give the matter very much thought. They simply, after the manner of Churches, followed "use and wont"; and by their dependence on the Churches the Universities, also, were in this manner tied to "use and wont." They continued to breathe largely the spirit of mediævalism, tempered sometimes in the philosophical classes by a speculative bent which claimed intellectual kinship rather with Hume than with Calvin.

With the dawn of the twentieth century the Universities had however begun to enter on a new phase of their history. The opening of their gates to women has, in itself, tended not a little to modify the character of their instruction. By some enthusiasts the arrival of the ladies has even been hailed as the most considerable event in University history; but there are others, who, if not disposed to look on their presence as an intrusion, are inclined to think that their educational needs would be better served by a University specially devoted to that purpose. On the other hand some may look upon the establishment of a kind of free University education by means of the Carnegie fund as marking the commencement of a sort of University millennium, while there are others who have shown themselves disposed to look the Carnegie gift-horse very critically in the mouth. A few have even been rash enough to predict that its result will be to flood the country with mediocrities; but if this be so then the mediocrities are certain to suffer from it even more than the country, and the disease in the end will cure itself. At the same time the proper method of administering the fund may not be hit on all at once. Any arrangement that tended to lower the average of ability at the Universities would be a very serious

blunder. The pecuniary assistance supplied to the student should assume the form rather of reward than of charity. Its aim should be to lure to the Universities the intellectual and moral pick of the community. Though, owing to the very complex characteristics, intellectual and moral, of human nature, no method of thus early sifting the chaff from the wheat can be quite infallible, it is plainly desirable that the great boon of a free, or partially free, University education should be confined to youths of more than average promise, and average promise not tested merely by their capacity of being crammed.

But a more complex problem than that of the ladies or that of the Carnegie bequest is that of adapting University teaching to modern professional and commercial needs. That the importance and largeness of the problem is beginning to be recognised is a good reason for hoping that within a reasonable span of years the Universities will be enabled approximately to meet the highest educational demands of the country; but meanwhile certain warring interests or warring theories require reconciliation and adjustment. On the one hand there are the special claims of the higher culture, and on the other those of the higher scientific and practical needs of the community. Notwithstanding the pæans of certain scientific enthusiasts, science can hardly be said to meet all the highest needs of the human intellect and soul, and a merely, or mainly, scientific and practical, or, as it may be termed, commercial university would be a rather lopsided, not to say mean and sordid institution. Great as have been the achievements of science not merely in promoting wealth and comfort but in assisting to broaden thought and dispel superstition, have they lessened in any degree the importance and value of history, philosophy, literature, and art? Or rather has not science widened the sphere of those allies in the work of elevating and enlightening humanity? Suggestive and inspiring though it may be, and of enthralling interest to its

votaries, science does not embrace the whole circle of human aspiration. It is only a certain class of minds that come under the full spell of its charm or that are fitted to excel in it. It seems, therefore, evident that the conflict of ideals in the universities is to be allayed rather by comprehension than exclusion, and this implies more eclecticism. The ancient Latin, Greek, or Mathematical barrier is a mere encumbrance; and it is gratifying to observe that certain of the Council of Edinburgh University have come to regard it both as a source of weakness to the University, and a hindrance to the efficiency of the Secondary Schools. Whether also the Universities ought to continue to imbue aspirants for the Church with the mild suffusion of Latin and Greek necessary for the Presbytery examinations, is mainly a question of expediency. This can hardly be now termed one of their principal purposes. It has almost nothing to do with the question of higher education; and the engagement at enormous salaries of highly accomplished classical scholars for such elementary work is little better than a farce. If the teaching of classics is to be retained the possibility of a more advanced study of them should surely be placed within the reach of those students who are desirous of such a boon; and it may be that one professor aided by tutors would suffice to meet the needs of all the Scots students who cherish advanced classical ambitions.

But the full proficiency of the Universities seems to demand also reform both as regards vacations and methods of instruction. The peculiarity of the Scottish Universities as distinguished from those of Oxford and Cambridge is their six months' session, and their professorial or lecture system of instruction; and it is becoming more and more evident that both are a hindrance to their efficiency. Up till now the poverty of many students almost demanded a summer vacation of six months, for it was during this vacation that they

managed to earn a portion of the wherewithal to support them during the University session. Happily the Carnegie trustees are alive to the advantages of the three term session; and since more than one of the Universities regard the innovation with favour, its adoption by all the four Universities can hardly be long delayed. The few summer classes, a sort of speculation of the University lecturers, are a very imperfect substitute for this.

An Edinburgh professor, of entirely English training, has been bold enough to affirm that if the professorial and tutorial method "were successfully combined, so that they kept the merits of both systems and evaded their defects, the efficiency of the Scottish Universities would be doubled or trebled." On the other hand, a Glasgow professor, also of entirely English training, has lately declared that the lecture—that is the professorial—system, is, in effect, little better than an effete relic of mediævalism. Naturally the majority of the professors would prefer to retain their professorial dignity and their professorial emoluments, and likewise their professorial labours supplemented by tutors. But financially, is this possible, and if it were, is it desirable? Can the tutor be introduced without greatly circumscribing the sphere of the professor? However that may be, certain it is that the unaided or unsupplemented professorial system tends rather to a theoretical than a practical method of instruction; and the defects of the present methods as regards science have lately been made strikingly manifest by the successful rivalry of the Technical Colleges. "Several of these institutions," so laments a committee of the Edinburgh University Council, "possess an organisation and equipment of a very high order, and are capable of performing work of a University standard, and have recently shown a tendency to rival the Universities, and to compete with them both in attracting students, and in obtaining funds from national and private sources." To remedy this state of matters, the committee

suggests that the Universities should confine "future developments to pure science," and leave "its application to the Technical Colleges." But had this method been adopted in the medical classes, what would have been the result?

Then there is the new question raised by the demand of a University equipment adapted to the training of the elementary teachers; while a better understanding between the Carnegie trustees and the University authorities is urgently called for. Naturally the University authorities are of opinion that the main remedies for the present defects are a fuller thought-out autonomy, and a more liberal supply of Government grants. But is it possible for them to work out their own salvation unaided by new legislation? True, in the regulations for degrees, in the institution of new courses of study and in various other ways, they have shown an earnest desire to adapt themselves to modern needs; but are not the reforms now required of too drastic a character to be effected wholly from within? Should a fuller autonomy not be preceded by a very comprehensive system of reform effected by the State, after very thorough enquiry by a new University Commission.

Formerly, as in the English Universities, the Scottish student resided within the college walls, and the custom was still pretty common in the latter half of the eighteenth century. Thus the poet Robert Fergusson in his *Elegy on James Hogg, late porter in St Andrews University*, makes special reference to his duty of rousing the students from their slumbers in the early morning :—

> "A Johnie! often did I grumble
> Frae cozie bed fu' ear' to tumble:
> When art and part I'd been in some ill,
> Troth I was sweer;
> His word then brodit like a wummel
> Frae ear to ear."

The discontinuance of the custom is perhaps mainly attributable to the migration of the wealthier students

southwards. Small as was the sum—some £10—demanded for the minimum of board and lodging within the college, some students, with an allowance of oatmeal and other frugal necessities from home, could continue to live more cheaply outside the college walls in garret bedrooms often shared between two. One drawback of the extra-mural arrangement was that it tended largely to deprive the student of the free and full social intercourse with his fellows, characteristic of English University life. This was more especially the case in the larger Universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow; in Aberdeen and St Andrews the social intercourse of the students under the new arrangement remained in many cases practically as complete as under the old one, and more particularly when they indulged in recreations such as golf or football. In the case of the larger Universities the social intercourse under present conditions must be mainly an intercourse of small cliques. Even with the modern advantages of the University Union with its gorgeous clubroom, it may be doubted whether in many cases the social side of University life can be very fully realised in Edinburgh, owing to the very varied social positions and intellectual aims of the students. On account of the greatly altered conditions of life through the increase of town influence, the rustic student *solitaire* has become almost extinct; and though a single clubhouse is better than nothing, it hardly provides the best means for cultivating the student's social instincts. These can find their fullest and best reward within a comparatively narrow circle of congenial acquaintances. The large University Union supplies facilities for a wide and heterogeneous acquaintanceship, which if often of a superficial kind is not without its advantages; but it is to be regarded rather as the beginning than as the final and complete development of the University social movement.

CHAPTER IV

THE LAW AND THE LAWYERS

The origin of Scots Law—The Scots Law Courts and Judges—The Lord Advocate—The Sheriffs—The Sheriff Substitute, his multifarious duties—The Public Prosecutor—Criminal Procedure—The Madeleine Smith case—Romance and interest in the story—Its illustrations of Scots nature and procedure—The chief figures of the trial—The Parliament House—The Scots Lawyers of to-day —The position of the Advocate—The Law Agent and his work.

WE do not attempt in this chapter to give an account of Scots Law, or compare it with English, but a nation's legal machinery is an important part of its life, and about it something must be said. Here we shall only deal with what is most interesting and impressive. The sources of Scots Law were the Feudal system and the Roman Law, this last usually acquired in French universities, and modified by French ideas. The peculiar trend of the nation's development acting on this material, evolved the system as it now exists. At present there is little difference in the mercantile codes of North and South Britain. Legislation has gradually assimilated them by taking principles from both and fusing them with the bulk. The Sale of Goods Act 1893 is an example. Again the Appelate Jurisdiction of the House of Lords administered by one body of Judges has acted in the same direction. Thus it imposed on Scots Law the doctrine of common employment, viz. :—that the master whose servant negligently injures a fellow servant in the course of his employment is not liable to that fellow servant as he would be to a stranger. On the other hand the constitution of and procedure in the Courts, the legal terminology and the land laws are peculiar to the North

John Bright thought Scotland the best administered country in the world. Much is done there well and cheaply. The Supreme Civil Court is the Court of Session. It consists of five Lord Ordinaries or Judges of first instance; from them an appeal lies to the Inner House, which sits in two divisions, each composed of four Judges. The head of the First Division is the Lord Justice General and President of the whole Court, and of the second the Lord Justice Clerk. Thus there are thirteen judges in all; formerly there were fifteen and they all sat together on great occasions and delivered an interminable series of opinions. Hence the old time phrase the "hale fifteen" or "a' the fifteen"—a phrase you meet with more than once in Scott, but indeed you require some acquaintance with the antiquities of Scots Law truly to appreciate Scott. The President receives £5000 per annum, the Lord Justice Clerk £4800, the others £3,600 each. In England a judge of first instance has £5000 per annum.

Here mention must be made of the Lord Advocate, a great officer of state more important in fact, if not in name, than an ordinary Judge: his salary is the same as the Lord President's, and in former days nearly the whole civil administration of the northern kingdom was in his hands. As there is now a Secretary of State for Scotland he is relieved of some of his most onerous duties, but with increase of work and population if these have lessened in some directions, they have grown in others. As a lawyer his work is mainly that performed by the Attorney General in England. He represents the interests of the Crown at great criminal and civil trials. In Parliament he is expected to answer a number of questions concerning Scots administration. He is aided by the Solicitor General whose functions are mainly those of the English official. Below the Judges are the Sheriffs: these are judicial officers whose district is one or more counties, but their chief function is to hear

appeals from the Sheriff Substitute, the local resident judge of the district, usually a county, and who is usually called the Sheriff. It will be remembered that Scott was a "Shirra" of this description, and it will be noted that the Sheriff in England is a different functionary altogether. Now the stranger, English or American, must be emphatically warned against assuming that the same terms mean the same thing in North and South Britain. The Sheriff Substitute is an important person in Scotland: he does in the first place the work of a County Court Judge and more, for in personal, or as the Scots say "moveable" property his jurisdiction is unlimited. Then he acts as Stipendary Magistrate and also as a Court of Quarter Sessions, which last have here no criminal jurisdiction. Also he performs the duties of Revising Barrister and even some things that are done by Coroners in the south and all at a comparatively moderate salary, about £500 or £600 a year. In addition to his ordinary courts he presides over a Small Debt Court where small sums are recovered. The court fees are only about 4s.: if a Solicitor is employed, his authorized fee cannot greatly exceed this sum. Then there are provisions to keep down expenses, to prevent appeals in some cases and facilitate them in others. There is no resident Bar in the great provincial towns, court work being there done by Solicitors.

The purpose of these details is to show that the mass of legal work is done much more cheaply in Scotland than in England; often at a fifth of the cost or even less. Obviously this gives the Scots merchant a considerable advantage in international dealings and in times of keen competition. In criminal matters the difference is still more marked. The Civil Judges are also Criminal Judges; they go on circuit, but merely to try offences. There are Justices of the Peace, and municipal dignitaries in towns, to wit Provosts and Bailies; answer-

ing to the Mayor and Aldermen, have jurisdiction over small offences within their respective districts. In old days these officers had the power of life and death, but life was not thought much of in more troubled times. Theoretically perhaps they possess it still, but all matters of any importance are remitted to the Sheriff. It is worth noting as another curious example of the different use of the same word that a Magistrate in Scotland means a Provost or a Bailie, but not a Justice of the Peace.

The most striking difference between a Scots and English Criminal Court is the invariable presence in the former of the Public Prosecutor, usually a trained lawyer. In fact the private prosecution, so marked a feature of English justice, is entirely absent from the Scots system. When an offence comes to the knowledge of the police, they give a written report to the Public Prosecutor on which he acts. The same procedure is followed if the accused is apprehended in the first instance. One notes that it is impossible under this system to use the criminal law as a means of private oppression; for the recovery of debts, for the gratification of spite. Under it the guilty are more securely punished and the innocent are not merely safer but they are less disturbed. Acquittals are rare because the authorities do not proceed with a case unless they are confident of a conviction. In other respects the procedure reminds rather of France than England. If a man is charged with a serious offence he is, let us suppose, apprehended on a warrant, he is immediately taken privately before the Sheriff and there asked all sorts of questions by the Procurator Fiscal (as the Public Prosecutor in the inferior courts is called). His answers are thrown into the form of a narrative which he is called upon to sign; this is technically termed his Declaration; all which, it will be noted, is very much after the style of the French *Juge d'Instruction*. This Declaration is read at the trial as evidence against the prisoner. Does this seem

unfair? It can only be said that in practice it is often beneficial to the accused. If his account is satisfactory the proceedings are stopped and he is released. Indeed common sense would say if a person be innocent the thing he most desires is to give an explanation. There is no examination before a Magistrate in the English sense of the term, there is no Coroner's inquest and there is no Grand Jury save in the case of a trial for high treason, and there it was an accidental effect of the assimilation of the old barbarous law of Scotland to the law of England at the Union of the kingdoms in 1707. In contrast to the generally savage nature of the old English criminal law that of treason was curiously fair. In Scotland it was curiously harsh: even death did not save the reputation or the lands of the traitor. There were some ghastly trials where the accused was a corpse, and degradation and forfeiture followed the sentence.

One curious effect of the English system of to-day is to discount the interest of a great criminal trial by preliminary proceedings. Take the case of a murder. There is the examination before the Magistrate often prolonged and always minute, there is the Coroner's inquest equally prolonged and minute, and there is the enquiry before the Grand Jury; this is private and not very exhaustive but the other two have made every fact public property. Now in Scotland there are none of these things, nay more, the trial begins with the evidence; there is no opening speech either of one side or the other. At the last, even if there has been evidence for the defence, the Counsel for the Crown first makes his speech, then comes that for the defence and then the summing up of the Judge. The Jury consists of fifteen, a verdict of the majority is received, and besides "guilty" and "not guilty," they may say "not proven," which really means giving the prisoner the benefit of the doubt. One notes here that there is a jury of twelve in civil cases. Trial by jury in

such cases is not a very popular institution in the North, nor has it ever become an integral part of the Scots system. It was introduced as lately as 1815, is only used in a small minority of cases and occupies the Court at the end of the Session when all other business has been disposed of.

When a great criminal trial is about to take place in Scotland the interest is very keen. Although something has leaked out, it is necessarily of such a nature as to stimulate rather than satisfy public curiosity. The romantic note which is so prominent in Scots literature and song, in Scots history and scenery is very present in criminal cases, and part of this is due to the better stage effect of the complete and fresh unfolding of the story. Still, something must be due to the character of the people and the way in which they behave. There are deeper shades of colour, the passions burn fiercer, the contrasts are more marked. The career of Deacon Brodie with his double life of housebreaker and respectable citizen, a legend that so fascinated the late R. L. Stevenson, is one pregnant instance. Another is the case of Madeleine Smith, one of the most memorable criminal trials on record. As illustration and example we shall dwell on it in some detail. The actors have almost entirely passed from the scene but the permanent interest of the story remains. The trial began on the 30th June 1857. It arose out of facts which occurred in the April of 1855, two years previously. At that period Madeleine Smith made the acquaintance of L'Angelier. Though a British subject, since he was born in Jersey, he had spent a considerable time in France, had led a troubled life, and had passed through periods of privation and want. When he made the acquaintance of Madeleine he was acting as a clerk in Glasgow. He was often called "the foreigner," and no doubt he had most of the opinions and characteristics of Frenchmen of the lower middle class. The Smiths were also middle class but of a much higher position. They had

three servants and lived in considerable comfort in Blythswood Square. As soon as they discovered the intimacy between their daughter and L'Angelier they did their best to stop it but with only apparent success. It was clandestinely continued and in 1856 it had, to use a significant expression employed at the trial, "assumed a criminal aspect."

In February 1857 the girl had grown tired of her lover. She had become engaged to a Mr Minnoch, a man much older than herself, but of the same respectable position as her parents, whose entire approval was given to the engagement. L'Angelier had abated nothing of his passion. When Madeleine tried to break off, and obtain letters which she had written to him, he angrily refused and threatened to show the correspondence to her father. The letters she had written were read at the trial and were documents of a very remarkable character. Not merely did they contain expressions of the most passionate love, but of the most outrageous passion, expressed in such language as made plentiful excision necessary before they could be reproduced in print. When Madeleine found herself unable to recover those letters and saw herself threatened with exposure, she feigned a revival of her early passion for her lover, and denied the truth of the rumour as to her new engagement. Thus in March they were apparently again on the best of terms. L'Angelier believed himself loved and had in his possession letters which proved that—and a great deal more. Minnoch believed *himself* loved, and was certainly engaged to the girl with the consent of her parents who had no doubt long forgotten all about the other affair. Thus everything portended a catastrophe.

L'Angelier had been away from home, but at half past two on the morning of Monday the 23rd March, his landlady, roused by a violent ringing at her bell, found him at the door in great physical distress. He was taken in and put to bed and died in a few hours of, as was speedily discovered, arsenic poisoning. Twice previously within

TRIAL OF MADELEINE SMITH AT EDINBURGH, JUNE, 1857

a month of his death he had been ill apparently of the same complaint, and on both occasions he had recovered. It was proved that on three occasions—on the 21st February and on the 16th and 18th of March—Madeleine had purchased arsenic on statements which were admittedly false. These purchases fitted in with the second and third attacks of illness, though not with the first. But the flaw in the case for the Crown was that it could not shew that Madeleine had seen her lover within the few hours before his arrival at his lodgings, yet the poison must have been taken within that time. This lent some plausibility to the alternative theory of suicide which was urged by her counsel. It was suggested on the part of the Crown that he had visited her at Blythswood Square on that morning or on the Sunday evening before his death, and that she had given him the arsenic in coffee or cocoa. Such meetings had taken place on previous occasions, and it was not only possible, but as some thought probable, that he had seen her on this last occasion. As may be believed many ingenious arguments were put forth on one side or the other. She was said to have bought the arsenic for her complexion, and magazine articles were read from *Chambers* and *Blackwood* to shew that arsenic had been used for this purpose. There was some evidence that the deceased had threatened suicide on one or two previous occasions. It was argued also that as the letters were not destroyed by L'Angelier's death, it served no purpose to kill him. This seems untenable. With him out of the way well nigh all evidence of what had taken place between them vanished, and without the expositor the letters themselves were deprived of much point and weight, nor is it likely that they would ever have reached the hands of Madeleine's parents had L'Angelier's death been assumed due to natural causes.

A strange case indeed! The sudden lapse into immorality of a young woman carefully brought up and not

having shewn previously the slightest deviation from right living was startling, but nothing in comparison to a (suggested) terrible crime committed in the quiet hours of a Glasgow Sabbath evening. At the date of the trial Madeleine was but twenty-one. She was pleasant looking, but had a hard under jaw indicating strength of will—that without doubt she had, or else extreme insensibility, but this last in view of the passionate expression of her letters seems impossible. In truth she belonged to a certain type of Scotswoman who have shown in all ages of the country's history, a determination, coolness, courage and resolution more than masculine. In another age Madeleine Smith might well have been one of the heroic women of the Covenant!

It will not be wondered that the trial from the first excited enormous interest. If we transport ourselves back to the Judiciary Court at Edinburgh on the morning of that 30th June with the prisoner in the dock and the preliminary formalities in progress we can understand how this was. There was this tragedy of passion made more piquant by the conventional surroundings from which it had suddenly emerged. Also we must remember that here the story—but dimly surmised as yet—was to be told fully once and for all by the very actors in it. Naturally the interest in the case grew day after day not merely throughout Scotland but throughout the civilized world. The trial took nine days, finishing on the 9th July. It could scarcely have taken so long in England, but it was swollen by the admission of evidence that would not have been allowed in the Southern courts. Thus conversations in the absence of the accused, and even letters between L'Angelier and parties other than her, were allowed to be given in evidence without question. It is not meant here to criticise the abstract rightness or wrongness of this. Some authorities urge that the French system admits too much as evidence, letting in as it does almost every fact or statement which would influence a man in

ordinary life. Others affirm that the English procedure errs on the side of exclusion, demanding what is strictly material, rejecting everything else. The Scots system influenced by both has come to strike a more or less happy medium. Apart from other and more purely legal considerations the Scots method is the more interesting since it completes the story. The trial ended in a verdict of acquittal, though on the murder charge it was only "not proven," and only by a majority.

Owing to certain formalities of Scots procedure the conclusion of a criminal trial is somewhat spun out, and makes a severe demand on the accused's strength of mind. Madeleine Smith however bore herself with the same fortitude to the end, and the bright but agitated smile with which she received the result was her nearest approach to emotion. At least she did not thrust herself forward on the public although she had many temptations so to do. She lived through long years afterwards, was prosperously married, and, as far as can be judged, enjoyed a useful and pleasant existence however commonplace it might seem after the tragic excitements of her youth.

A word may usefully be said as to the eminent lawyers who took part in the trial. Moncrieff the prosecuting counsel and Inglis the defending were in the first rank of their profession. Moncrieff afterwards Lord Moncrieff was then Lord Advocate. Both he and his opponent were reproved by the Judge for expressing their individual opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner. Spite of this, Moncrieff's address was a model of careful statement and yet powerful marshalling of facts. Inglis, afterwards Lord Justice General sat for thirty three years on the Judgment seat. With the possible exception of Lord Watson who however did most of his work in the House of Lords, he was universally hailed as the greatest Scots Judge of his time, and his speech here was his most famous effort, yet its

passionate and turgid rhetoric will not meet the approval of the calm reader of to-day. Still it must be remembered that the one definite purpose was to procure the acquittal of the accused, a young girl whose life was at stake, not to declaim a legal essay on the points at issue. Some of it was an appeal to prejudice, and the attack on L'Angelier as compared with Madelaine Smith was without any real basis of truth. But it answered its purpose and that might here seem to outweigh graver blemishes. Of all these forensic efforts the summing up of the Lord Justice Clerk Hope deserves the greatest praise. Hope was thought by his fellows to have a high sense of duty, but inclined to be arrogant in his treatment of counsel, he certainly spoke with great plainness, but here he did the right thing throughout. The verdict was probably just: as the Judge said, he agreed with it though a different opinion was quite permissible. It is fifty years ago and his opinion is still the best on the case.

It is not our purpose to discuss individually either Scots Judges or Counsel of to-day. The old set, the giants of another age, live for us yet in the pages of Scott and Cockburn and are the heroes of a hundred anecdotes which set forth their wit, savage or playful, their learning and, it must be added, their debauchery. They beam on us portly and rubicund even as shadows and memories, and as unlike as possible the quiet, dignified, courteous gentlemen who have succeeded them. Let no one doubt that the men of to-day are as able and learned as their predecessors, though, like the town they live in, whilst they are a great deal more refined, they are a great deal less picturesque. The Court of Session, spite of frequent grumbles as to deficient housing, still meets in the old Parliament House to which in 1639 it removed from the Tolbooth, and there in the great hall, in truth the *Salle de pas perdus* of the Scots Bar, the unemployed march to and fro day after day and some of them year after year. It is rather a small body this Scots Bar—about 400 in all. There

THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE, EDINBURGH

are over 5000 English Barristers it may be remembered! Comparisons are odious, but some things may be said without offence. It is evident that the greatest amount of talent must be drawn southward. Two of the Scots Lord Chancellors, Lord Loughborough afterwards Earl of Rosslyn and Lord Brougham, left the Scots for the English Bar; and many eminent Scotsmen as Mr Haldane and Mr Robert Finlay and Lord Loreburn, would no doubt have been Scots Advocates had there not existed a wider field to tempt with more dazzling prizes their eager spirits. On the other hand a greater money payment is required from an Advocate than a Barrister, his scope of practice is more confined as he rarely attends any Court but the supreme Court, and he can scarce make a living at any thing else but law. Thus if the Scots Counsel does not run so high neither does he sink so low, and his average standing rank and education are of a very high class. Counsel's income and fees are invariably exaggerated. Cases of high remuneration are noted and the intervals of smaller amounts or no work are not remembered, yet payments of 100 Guineas a day are not unknown to the leading members of the Northern Bar and there are larger fees in House of Lords cases.

The career of an Advocate is a pleasant one. His holidays are frequent, his position is conspicuous, and after all he may attain as high honours as his English brother except that the woolsack is debarred him. The Parliament House is still renowned for the excellence of its stories, and there has always been a connection between law and literature in the North. Even Scots jawbreaking legal terms like multiplepoinding and process of augmentation have been set to music, and in the late George Outram's *Legal Lyrics* the reader will find the matters of the law touched on with inimitable drollery and yet without a word of exaggeration. The Scots Solicitor was long known as Writer, the name is still retained by old fashioned people and will probably

again come into use when the fashion of imitating the English term has had its day. In times within the memory of middle aged men Scots Solicitors were divided into many bodies; and those in the country could not engage in Court of Session work without admission to the special ranks of Edinburgh practitioners. An Edinburgh practitioner was in practice either a W.S. or S.S.C. The wealthy and dignified body of Writers to the Signet still enjoy the cream of the practice, and every summons (answering to the English writ) issued in the Supreme Court must be signed by one of them, a formality which is called "passing the signet." It will be remembered that Sir Walter Scott's father was a W.S. Then come the Solicitors to the Supreme Courts, a less imposing but still prosperous and powerful body. The remaining members of this branch of the profession are known as Law Agents, but they may now practice where they please and it may be said generally that they feature in most things the English Solicitor. Conveyancing is entirely in their hands; indeed the professors in that branch of the law are never chosen from the Advocates. Some half century ago Scots Conveyancing was a very curious thing indeed. In theory it reproduced the Feudal system of a past generation. From an historical point of view it was very interesting; in practical life it was cumbersome and inconvenient in the highest degree. All that has now been changed, land is transferred by simple instruments and what was best in the old system, its perfect mode of registration, has been preserved. If many of the terms still sound barbarous in the ears of a southern lawyer, the layman would find both difficult of comprehension, and his utterance would be "a plague on both your houses." But we trench too much on technicalities.

CHAPTER V

ARCHITECTURE, ECCLESIASTICAL AND OTHER

Ecclesiaticism and Art—Wreckage of Scots ecclesiastical art—Early Scots architecture—The round towers—Norman architecture—St Andrews' Cathedral—Elgin Cathedral—Glasgow Cathedral—St Giles' Church—Presbyterian occupation of cathedral choirs—Modern renovations—St Magnus Cathedral, Kirkwall—Other cathedrals and abbeys—Collegiate churches—Old Parish churches—The churches of the Reformation—Modern church architecture—Early domestic architecture—The ancient keeps and castles—Extended keeps—Residential castles of later times—The houses of the people—Modern domestic architecture—Architectural characteristics of Scots towns.

THE fortunes of Art in Scotland illustrate in a rather striking way how greatly art is dependent for its highest attainments on a special combination of favouring conditions. There may be ages in a people's annals when its artistic history is almost a blank, and when it seems to be almost dispossessed of its artistic tastes and perceptions; while, even in periods when art is diligently practised, the fit impulse for its high creative triumphs is often lacking. Doubtless this is, also, in a measure true of literature, and especially of poetry, which may be nearly defined as the art of word music. But the Fine Arts properly begin where words fail. Their main aim is to reveal to us what of the beautiful cannot be expressed in words, and they thus afford scope for the subtlest, most delicate and finest efforts of the human mind—efforts which it requires specially favouring conditions to foster. The fallacy in Tennyson's *Palace of Art* is the implication that the highest art can be other than the expression of man's highest and purest sentiments and emotions. Apparently the poem was dictated by the tradition which had so long associated art with ecclesiasticism—by the notion that an

ecclesiastical connection was needed to preserve art from corruption and decay. True, the church for some centuries exercised a peculiarly elevating influence on art. She appropriated art in a manner to herself; and there can be no question that she did so with magnificent temporary success. No institution ever afforded such splendid scope, within certain limits, for artistic effort and ambition—in architecture, painting, sculpture and music; but if the Renaissance meant anything it meant that art is wider than ecclesiasticism—wider even than Christianity.

So far as Scotland has an artistic history it is associated chiefly with her ecclesiastical art. From the time of the Reformation until recent years she appeared to cherish a violent distaste for any kind of ecclesiastical architecture that was not hideously bare and ugly; while her prosecution of art in other forms was, for long, of a very hesitating kind. In her attitude there has within the last century occurred a gradual and remarkable change; but it may be said that from the sixteenth century until recent times, her artistic history is notable mainly for the wreckage of her ecclesiastical art.

Much occasional ecclesiastical, as well as secular, wreckage was done by English raids; but the main and final wreckage was that accomplished by the great outbreak of fanatic zeal on the part of the Knoxian reformers, and by the vandalistic indifference or hostility of later Puritan generations. What masterpieces of carving, painting and sculpture perished when the cathedrals, churches and abbeys were denuded of their "monuments of idolatry," we can only faintly guess; but even as it is, Scotland's chief art treasures are, probably, what remains of her ecclesiastical architecture. By various happy chances—none of them having, however, the remotest connection with aesthetics—a few important ecclesiastical structures survive in almost their original entirety; and others, in a greatly ruined condition, are often in parts

THE COURT OF LINLITHGOW PALACE

pretty complete. Thus the development of ecclesiastical architecture in Scotland is still fairly well illustrated, though in a rather melancholy fashion.

In the early centuries Scots art, wrought by the hand, was the work, mainly, of the Celtic monks. It represented the art of abstract ornament on its smaller scale, as applied to manuscripts, dress, metalwork and carving on stone. They were especially adepts in the more elaborate forms of caligraphy, and often obtained brilliantly beautiful colour effects by ingenuity in ornamental arrangements and delicacy of execution ; but their native architecture was of the rudest description. In some of the more remote isles may still be found examples of the beehive stone churches, which were the immediate successors of the wattled structures. They represent a very primitive and quite unadorned style of architecture ; but to the Celts, after they had been more fully instructed by foreign artificers, we must ascribe the round towers of Abernethy and Brechin, as well as, probably, the square tower of St Regulus, St Andrews. These towers were built seemingly for purposes of watch and defence, and must have been the work of a people similar to that which constructed the round towers of Ireland, for the simple reason that no buildings of the kind are to be found elsewhere.

Of Norman architecture there is evidence that at one time it had a pretty general vogue. Amongst the more notable of the castles of Norman date was Kildrumy in Aberdeenshire, originally built in the form of a great circular tower, 150 feet in height, and Caerlaverock, Dumfriesshire, which, when it was taken by the English in 1300, is described in a Norman-French chronicle as "in shape like that of a shield, for it had only three sides all round, with a tower on each angle : but one of them was a double one, so high, so long and so large that under it was the gate with a drawbridge well made and strong, and a sufficiency of other defences." Bits of the finest

and most finished Norman ecclesiastical architecture are included in the more ancient cathedrals and abbeys; there is a tiny example of the Norman Arch in St Margaret's Chapel, Edinburgh Castle; but the most complete specimens of the style now remaining are those of Dalmeny Church, Midlothian, and Leuchars Church, near St Andrews, which latter possesses one of the finest extant specimens of the Norman apse.

The three principal Cathedrals—St Andrews, Elgin and Glasgow — were all founded before the wars of Scots Independence, when Scotland borrowed her architectural styles from England. St Andrews—which was about 150 years in building, and was irreparably ruined, if not so greatly demolished as is sometimes supposed, by a great Reformation mob in a day or two—was consecrated shortly after Bannockburn. It shows in what remains of its windows the transition from the round to the pointed arch, which took place during the middle period of its construction. No more woe-begone looking example of a great ecclesiastical ruin exists than its lofty turreted fragments, which serve mainly to accentuate the sadness of the great empty gaps between them, and seem to be calling down maledictions on the generations of Presbyterian Calvinists whose bones desecrate its grounds.

Elgin Cathedral, once "the glory of the whole land," was built on an almost equal scale of greatness with that of St Andrews, and most likely with a more elaborate richness of detail. Partially destroyed in 1390 by that Earl of Buchan pleasantly y-cleped "the Wolf of Badenoch," it was again completely renovated; and its ruined condition was not caused by any violent outbreak of iconoclastic fanaticism, for the "rascal multitude" in Moray were but indifferent Protestants. Certain nefarious sacrilegests, however, taking advantage of the general disrepute into which the splendid ecclesiastical structures of Scotland had fallen, made bold to make away with

much of the lead both of it and Aberdeen Cathedral; and in this fact the Scottish Privy Council found a reason for disposing of the remainder to support the soldiers of the Regent Moray. Of this act of vandalism the Regent Moray seems in the following year (1569) to have repented; for the prelates, canons and beneficed men within the diocese were then ordered to contribute to its repair "as a convenient place to convene the people to hear the Word of God." Probably, owing to his death shortly afterwards, the order was never carried out; and the Parish Church may have been found adequate for Presbyterian needs. Anyhow, the magnificent building perished mainly through neglect, though isolated acts of mutilation are recorded. On one occasion the Covenanters broke down a carved screen and destroyed paintings of the Crucifixion and the Day of Judgment; on another they demolished the "imagerie" of the rood loft; and the soldiers of Cromwell are credited with having destroyed the elaborate tracery of the magnificent west window; but those definite acts of Puritan austerity are a less melancholy comment on the lamentable condition of the nation's artistic sensibilities than the fact that this exceptionally beautiful specimen of ancient architecture was permitted slowly to perish in the sight of an apathetic, though otherwise an intelligent, community, until the fall of the great tower in 1711 made the noble structure a shattered and crumbling ruin. Not, indeed, until well on in the last century did the nation—or rather the Government—awake to a sense of the scandalous neglect which had brought about such an irretrievable calamity. The ruined heaps were then cleared away from the building, and it was put in a decent state of repair. The surviving portions are mainly those of earlier date. Though they but faintly indicate what the building must have been when it stood entire in its massive and chaste magnificence, they include some very choice examples of Early

English as well as traces of the French flamboyant. The most considerable of the remains are the fine Early English choir, and the great western entrance between two lofty towers, and having above it the window, whose tracery was destroyed by Cromwell's soldiers.

The third of the great triad of Scots Cathedrals that of Glasgow is still practically entire. At the Reformation it was of course "purged of its monuments of idolatry," and Spottiswoode testifies that but for a tumult of the crafts, and the interference of the young King, James VI. it would, in 1579 have, at the instance of Andrew Melville, been demolished, in order to supply materials for "some little churches in other parts." The congregation of the High Church continued, therefore, to utilise the choir, which they had fitted up into a sufficiently plain apartment for Presbyterian worship; and about the close of the century the Cathedral possessed a more assured guarantee against the peril of destruction in the fact that the remarkable crypts had been found at once sufficiently roomy and sufficiently gloomy to serve as a place of worship for the Barony parish, as graphically depicted by Sir Walter, in narrating how Francis Osbaldistone there foregathered with Rob Roy. Moreover the thrifty citizens found it possible in 1648, to utilise the western portion for the congregation of the outer High parish by the simple and cheap expedient of cutting the nave in two by means of a rough wall, thus at once saving their pockets, and interfering in a thoroughly effective fashion with the majestic beauty of the interior; and this hideous disfigurement was permitted to survive until so recently as 1835.

Another even more complete example of internal disfigurement by Presbyterian appropriation was that of the so-called cathedral of St Giles, Edinburgh, which, however, in Catholic times ranked only as a collegiate church. During its Protestant history it was a kind of cathedral for about five years, but this in opposition to the

will of Jenny Geddes and the majority of the Scots people. Architecturally it is but of secondary interest. Indeed, through a misguided method of exterior renovation in 1829-32, it is now, externally, such a plain ungainly hulk, that, but for its notable low Gothic spire, the repetition of an older one, it might very well be mistaken for a modern Heart of Midlothian. After the Reformation, besides being denuded of its altars and imagery, its internal beauty was sufficiently hid by its partitionment into apartments for no fewer than four separate kirks ; and at later periods portions of it were utilised for different base uses. Even in the seventies of last century three high-pewed Presbyterian kirks continued to be accommodated in its interior. As of old the High Church still occupies the choir, though not after the bare Presbyterian fashion. On the contrary, the building has been both over-renovated and mis-renovated, the preservation of the church as a relic of the past being subordinated to the desire to make it attractive as a modern place of worship.

In the case of most of the Scots Cathedrals the custom was, after purging them of their "idolatry" and defacing their ornaments, to deform the choir into an unsightly Presbyterian kirk. There successive generations of Presbyterian congregations continued to nestle, their gratification at the Puritan plainness of the accommodation being, doubtless, accentuated by the grim reflection that while the internal beauty of their own sanctuary was sufficiently hid by its new appurtenances, the remainder of the great temple of idolatry was gradually mouldering to decay. But the nation's distaste for the beautiful in architecture is hardly a theme for denunciation. The Presbyterian Scots were in several respects a well meaning and intelligent people; but their sordid and wretched dwellings were not a favourable nursery for the appreciation of Gothic architecture ; and, besides, there was ever present with them the mortal dread of a relapse into what they

were told was the awful infatuation of idolatry. For all that, however, 'twas pity that this was so. These deformed cathedral choirs were a really hideous anomaly. They displayed a grotesque ugliness that their surroundings made, in a fashion, unsurpassable. Nor, if the cataract has now been, in a manner, removed from the artistic vision of the nation, can it be affirmed of the modern attempts at restoration that their zeal is always according to knowledge. The presence of the Presbyterian congregations in the choirs of the ruined cathedrals is more or less anomalous; and by their entire removal the danger would have been avoided of disfigurement by too complete attempts to redeem the neglect of the past. A proposal lately made to renovate the nave of Holyrood Abbey—which preserves some fine specimens of Transition Norman—in order that, as in the days of Charles I., it might again be used as a royal chapel, has, for example, been objected to by highly competent authorities on the ground that the old architectural features of the building would, necessarily, be more or less sacrificed. To join in the wordy warfare engaged in by specialists, sentimentalists and churchmen on this matter would here be unbeseeming; but it is a fact that much modern Scots renovation has been merely a subtle form of defacement.

In addition to Glasgow, the only substantially complete cathedral is that of St Magnus, Kirkwall, which, in its primitive magnificence in this bare northern island burgh, makes all the more impression on the stranger from the rarity of any similar sight on the Scots mainland. For a cathedral it is a comparatively small building the total length being 217 feet, while the breadth of the nave is only 16 feet and of nave and aisles 47 feet; but its narrowness and the skilful arrangement of its pillars and arches, help to confer on the interior an imposing impression of height and length. It exhibits a variety of styles from Norman to Second Pointed; and among its more notable features are

JEDBURGH ABBEY

the ornamental carvings of the doorways in various coloured stones.

The Abbey church of Iona which in the thirteenth century succeeded the earlier monastic building represents mainly Transition Norman and Early English. The nave—all that remains—of St Machar's Cathedral, Old Aberdeen, is chiefly of interest as a unique example of the utilisation of granite for cathedrals. The style is Second Pointed; but from lack of the present day mastery over granite, the building is more notable for its fine massive lines than for its decoration. Dunblane—of which Mr Ruskin declared that he knew nothing "so perfect in its simplicity and so beautiful, so far as it reached," in all the Gothic with which he was acquainted—is mainly First Pointed. One of its chief features is the west front, with its triple window, whose contour assumes the form of a leaf, and whose adornments are leaf decorations. The foliage-covered remains of Dryburgh Abbey—whose aisle is now hallowed in the heart of the nation as the burial place of Sir Walter Scott—is mainly in the First and Second Pointed styles. So are also the picturesque ruins of Pluscardine, Aberdeenshire, the calefactory of which has been metamorphosed into a Free Church, and the dormitories of which have been utilised as a ballroom! The church of Jedburgh Abbey shows some beautiful examples of finished Norman work, and the transition into Early English is finely exemplified in the nave, which was cleared altogether of its incongruous Presbyterian tabernacle in 1815. The nave of Dunfermline Abbey Church—the ancient burial place of the Scottish kings—represents various styles from Norman to Decorated; and there is much good Decorated work in Paisley Abbey Church. All this later work is influenced by French models. From the beginning of the Wars of Independence, there was a long pause in the erection of ecclesiastical buildings; and the later ecclesiastical architecture consisted mainly of additions to, or partial reconstructions of, the

older buildings. The new architecture was chiefly the work of Frenchmen. French influence, indeed, became almost as predominant in Scots ecclesiastical architecture as it was in politics. No trace of the Perpendicular or Tudor style is to be found in Scotland; but since, of course, the later portions of the older buildings were the first to fall into decay, the French flamboyant is but rarely represented. Examples are the window of the Chapter-house of Elgin Cathedral, and the west window of Brechin Cathedral—which building was, however, badly mutilated in the early nineteenth century, in an attempt to "renovate" it for Presbyterian uses. But the main instances of French influence are Dunkeld Cathedral and Melrose Abbey, which last surpasses any other ecclesiastical structure in Scotland in the delicate and airy grace of its ornamentation.

Among other interesting monastic ruins are Arbroath, Cambuskenneth near Stirling, Culross the church of which has been lately re-renovated for Presbyterian use, Crossraguel, Ayrshire, Dundrennan on the Solway, Inchkolm in the Firth of Forth, Kelso, Kilwinning, Lindores, near Newburgh, and Sweetheart on the Nith.

Of collegiate churches there are, in addition to St Giles, Corstorphine near Edinburgh, Lincluden (in ruins) St Michael's Linlithgow, Restalrig, the richly decorated Rosslyn, Stirling, and St Salvator's, St Andrews, now used as a University chapel.

A few of the ancient parish churches still survive; but from the time of the Reformation all attempts at ornamental ecclesiastical architecture ceased, until towards the close of the eighteenth century. Most of the plain parish churches, with their small rectangular windows, as well as the still more barn-like structures of the early dissenting denominations have now, however, either been superseded, or to some extent improved. Poverty, or niggardliness, as well as lack of taste, no doubt accounted for their plainness;

and the very unpretentious character of most of the Free Churches built—mostly after one model—at the Disruption, is sufficiently explained by the difficulties of the crisis.

Within the last century, and especially the last fifty years—partly, it may be, on account of the increasing keenness of ecclesiastical competition—a great revival of interest has taken place in ecclesiastical architecture; but earnest and strenuous intentions have frequently failed to bear fruit in satisfactory results. In the olden time, the ecclesiastical architecture of the country was under the superintendence of several great masters of the art. One of these was the Frenchman, John Morrow, who, his inscription in Melrose Abbey tells us, "had in kepyng al mason werk of Sanctandraws, ye hye Kirk of Glasgow. Melros and Paslay, of Nyddisdayle and of Galway." Now, however, every congregation or kirk session or conference of heritors is a law unto itself in this matter; so that curious architectural monstrosities are almost as frequent as more or less plausible—though, in most cases, rather starved—imitations of the earlier ecclesiastical styles. Besides, it is doubtful if Scotland or any other country will ever be blessed by another age of really great and original ecclesiastical architecture. Meanwhile Presbyterian parity is of course incompatible with the erection of any building that could mimic, however coldly and imperfectly, the architectural glories of the old cathedrals. As matter of fact the only modern ecclesiastical structures in Scotland of exceptional pretensions are the graceful St Mary's Episcopal Cathedral, Edinburgh, and the very ornamental Coats Memorial Baptist Church, Paisley, both of them erected through private munificence.

The churches and monastic buildings of Scotland absorbed for some centuries nearly all the superfluous wealth, as well as nearly all the architectural and artistic skill employed in the country. For many generations domestic architecture was of the rudest description. As

we have seen the earliest form of the stronghold was probably the round tower; but towards the end of the thirteenth century large fortified enclosures began to be built, modelled on the fortresses of France and England, and consisting of massive and lofty walls of *enceinte* strengthened by towers. For a minute description of the individual characteristics of these and the later Scots Castles, the reader should consult the masterly and exhaustive work of Messrs MacGibbon and Ross, *Castellated and Domestic Architecture of Scotland*, which is very fully illustrated by plans and drawings. The majority of these ancient fortresses were rectangular in form, a few as Rothesay were oval, and a few as Kildrumy circular. Whether built or not by the English in their early attempts to master the country, they were mainly intended to afford rough but secure accommodation for considerable bodies of armed men. They were quite devoid of ornamental details, externally or internally, though at a later period halls and residential rooms after the French fashion were erected in the interior. Among the more notable were Caerlaverock and Kildrumy already mentioned; Bothwell, the noble ruins of which are picturesquely situated on the banks of the Clyde, and which became successively a residence of the Hepburns, Earls of Bothwell and the Douglases Earls of Angus; Dunstaffnage which crowns a rock at the head of the Firth of Lorn, Argyllshire; Inverlochy near Fort William, Inverness-shire; and Rothesay, on the Firth of Clyde, which was ruined by the Earl of Argyll in 1685.

From the time of the Wars of Independence extensive castles ceased to be built. Spare living and hard fighting was the rule, and the country became dotted over with small square towers or keeps, consisting only of one common room with a prison and a pit. Such fortresses were, for example, originally Lochleven Castle, associated with the early captivity of Mary Queen of Scots, and Fast Castle the stronghold of Logan of Restalrig, and the

"Wolf's Crag" of Sir Walter Scott's *Bride of Lammermoor*. Their massive walls, their bareness of all ornament, their total lack of comfortable or luxurious superfluities are standing and striking attestations both of the impoverishment of the country by English devastations, and of the stern and desperate character of the struggle against English aggression. Occasionally these keeps were extended by the addition of a wing or of two wings, as in Hermitage and Borthwick Castles, specially associated with the fortunes of Mary and Bothwell; the ruined Crookston in Renfrewshire; Morton Castle, Dumfriesshire; and Tulliallan, commanding the Forth near Kincardine-on-Forth.

When the conflict with England became relaxed, and the feudal nobles and chiefs increased in wealth and power, they began to model their dwellings and modes of living after the customs of their great ally, France. Many of the old keeps were therefore enlarged by buildings which surrounded a courtyard; or a new castle was built round the keep; or castles surrounding a courtyard were erected in new situations. The most remarkable instance of a developed keep is Dunnottar Castle, latterly the magnificent fortress and residence of the Earls Marischal, and the splendid ruins of which cover the summit of a lofty rock on the Kincardineshire coast. Other fine examples of the extended keep are Craigmillar and Crichton Castles, Midlothian; Threave Castle, Kirkcudbrightshire a seat of the Douglases and afterwards of the Maxwells; Castle Campbell—the "Castle Gloom" of the Argylls—the ruins of which (nearly everything but the keep was laid low by Montrose) crown a mound in the heart of the Ochil Hills near Dollar; the majestic pile of Kilchurn, situated at the foot of Loch Awe under the shadows of Ben Cruachan; and the magnificent ruined Edzell in Kincardineshire, the ancient seat of the Lindsays, Earls of Crawford.

Of old castles built independently of the ancient keep

the most splendid examples are Doune, Perthshire, exquisitely situated on the green sloping banks of the beautiful river Teith; and the great historic fortress of Tantallon on the coast of Haddingtonshire. On the same plan were also built the contemporary royal residences: Linlithgow, Stirling, Falkland, Dunfermline, Holyrood and Edinburgh Castle. Modelled more or less on the contemporary castles of France, all these later castles were sumptuously furnished and elaborately adorned. The main apartment was the great banqueting hall with its minstrel gallery and hung with tapestry and paintings; but there were also complete suites of luxurious residential rooms and bedrooms, extensive cellars and a domestic chapel.

After the union of the crowns, the fortified castle began to give place to a merely residential one; but though Renaissance or Elizabethan features were introduced, the architecture continued to be influenced by the old models, a prevailing characteristic being the turret decorations. All the while that the great nobles continued to occupy these magnificent residences, the lesser lairds had to content themselves with plain, one or two storied, small, square-windowed dwellings, whose only external ornament was the corbel-steps of the gables. As for the mass of the people, all, down to the middle of the eighteenth century, were housed mainly in stone and turf or mud hovels, such as those still to be seen in the remoter islands, the hovel of two apartments with a fireplace being an improvement only sparingly introduced.

With the great increase of wealth and the means of luxury that followed the invention of modern machinery, a rapid improvement took place in the character of houses, so far as comfort was concerned; but architecture, even in the case of shops, warehouses and the dwellings of the middle classes remained devoid of ornament. Princes Street Edinburgh, for example, consisted originally of a monotonous wall of plain, two-storied, square-windowed

STIRLING CASTLE

dwellings; and only within the last fifty years have the original structures been superseded, or overlaid by the present half mile of very mixed ornamentation. Nearly all the principal Scots towns have the initial advantage of picturesque situations, more particularly, Edinburgh, Greenock, Stirling, Dundee, Perth and Inverness. Glasgow, as we shall see, at one time possessed this advantage. Edinburgh, notwithstanding the increase in population, has continued to retain much of the charm of her romantic situation, but this more from good luck than enlightened intention; and the arrangement of her northern slopes with their magnificent prospects is a rather glaring example of how not to do it.

In marked contrast with the majority of English towns, those of Scotland are mainly stone-built. The materials are sometimes black whinstone, but generally white or red sandstone, and in Aberdeen and other northern towns grey or red granite. Since paint is but seldom used for the external walls, Scots towns have generally a rather hard and cold and grey appearance. Houses are more substantially built than in England; and, following the French fashion, the inhabited portion of the streets consists largely of "lands" several stories high. It is, however unlikely that the fashionable flat system of London wil ever find favour either in Edinburgh or Glasgow. Few in a Scots town now live in a "land," or flat who can live in a self-contained house, or a suburban gardened villa. The Scots shopkeeper's lady considers the suburban villa an essential step in the ladder of gentility. As for the public buildings and warehouses, their character is very similar to that in English towns. Glasgow excels most of the English provincial towns in the character of its warehouse architecture; but its full effect is often lost by the narrow character of the side streets.

CHAPTER VI

PAINTING AND PAINTERS

At the time of the Reformation—George Jamesone—Scougall—De Witt—Medina—Aikman—Ramsay—Academy of the brothers Foulis—Tassie—David Allan—Runciman—Skirving—Alexander Nasmyth—Martin—Raeburn—Wilkie—Patrick Nasmyth—Thomson—The Trustees Academy under John Graham—Successors of Raeburn and other portrait painters—Figure painters influenced by Wilkie—Later figure painters—Harvey—Drumond—David Scott—William Dyce—Sir Noël Paton—David Roberts—John Philip—Horatio Maculloch—Later Scottish Landscapists—The pupils of Lauder—The Glasgow school—The Kelvingrove Gallery, Glasgow—The National Gallery, Edinburgh—The National Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh—The future.

OF the condition of painting in Scotland at the time of the Reformation we have no record; but most of the decorative work of the ecclesiastical buildings, whether carving, painting or sculpture, was probably done by foreign artists. There was, in fact, no native school of art in Scotland: even in England it is not until the reign of Elizabeth that we hear of painters of English birth, and even then and until much later, the chief painters employed were of foreign birth and training. No portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, painted while she was in Scotland, is known to survive; and whether the court painter, Jehan Court, to whom she was accustomed to pay wages, was ever resident in Scotland cannot be determined. Caricature and other sketches of the period indicate that certain Scots possessed some rudimentary skill in drawing; and we are told that after the murder of Darnley, James Murray of Tullibardine distributed portraits of Bothwell, with the superscription, "This is the murderer of the King." However rude the sketches may have been, they were evidently recognisable likenesses of their subject; but we have no record of any further examples of native

art; and the portraits of the leading Scotsmen of the time—Morton Maitland, Murray, Knox and Buchanan, as well as the young King James VI.—were either anonymous, or known to be by foreigners.

From the time of the Reformation until the arrival of Raeburn the number of Scots painters was few; they appeared intermittently, and their performances were hardly more than mediocre. The earliest of them, George Jamesone, who, in 1620, set up as a portrait painter in Aberdeen, was an isolated and almost unaccountable phenomenon. How he became inspired with the ambition to become a painter, how he obtained his early instruction, and even where he completed his studies are matters rather of conjecture than positive knowledge. He is supposed to have been a pupil of Rubens and a fellow-pupil with Vandyck; and he must have studied somewhere abroad; but no trace of the spirit and splendour of Rubens is manifest in his work, nor does he possess characteristics that warrant the application to him of Walpole's flattering title, "the Scottish Vandyck," for though he paints with a certain delicacy and skill his work is thin and lacking in vividness. Good examples of his art are his uncle, David Anderson of Fenzeauch in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, and Sir Thomas Hope in the Advocates' Library. He was largely employed, at a small remuneration, by the Scots nobility; and he painted, among others, the fifth Earl Marischal, the first Earl of Traquair, Lord Warriston, the two great Marquises of Argyll and Montrose, and James I. and Charles I.

Jamesone, who died in 1644, was without a successor of any note, until John Scougall, about the close of the century, set up as limner in Edinburgh. Portraits by Scougall of William III., Queen Mary and Queen Anne are in the Glasgow Art Gallery. Meanwhile occurred in 1684 the painting by the Dutch artist De Witt of the imaginary effigies of 150 fabled and actual Scots

sovereigns, which the country visitor still regards with grave contemplative wonder, as his eye wanders round the long gallery of Holyrood. Four years after the De Witt achievement, the Flemish painter, Sir John Baptist Medina, arrived in Scotland with, according to Vertue, "many portraits for heads, the draperies painted, only to put the faces to them." The faces with which he vivified these clothes figures were mainly the imaginary ones of his patrons' ancestors.

But the performances—as painter either of his patrons or their ancestors—of Medina, who was withal a clever draughtsman and colourist, hardly concern us. He had a son and grandson who remained in Scotland and are often confounded; but their work is not of so much account as that of his pupil, William Aikman, who, though deficient in force and individuality, was a skilled and tasteful artist. Interesting examples of his work, including portraits of the poets Gay, Ramsay and Thomson are in the Scots National Portrait Gallery Edinburgh, and the London Gallery possesses his portrait of John, Duke of Argyll.

After Aikman Scots art had no figure of note until Allan Ramsay, son of the poet, who, despite the fame of Reynolds, became, in 1767, court painter to George III. Ramsay possessed talents that never reached their full fruition. Some of his work is characterised by an elegance and charm that might have led him very far, had he scorned more than he did the social delights of London and lived more laborious days. One of the most interesting examples of his art is the portrait of his wife in the National Gallery, Edinburgh, where there are also portraits by him of Hume and Rousseau. Aikman, Ramsay and the grandiloquent classical painter, Gavin Hamilton—who resided in Rome—were the sole painters of any note produced by Scotland in the first half of the eighteenth century; and Aikman and Scougall were dead and Ramsay

had gone to London, when, in 1753, those enlightened day-dreamers, the brothers Foulis, printers in Glasgow, opened their academy there for "painting, engraving, moulding, modelling and drawing." For some twenty years they made a wonderfully clever struggle against overwhelming odds, to found a national school of art. Though, in the end, the enterprise proved disastrous, several artists of some talent received their early training at the academy, including James Tassie, the Glasgow stone mason, who won fame as gem engraver and modeller, and of whose excellent art there are many specimens in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery; David Allan, the illustrator of the *Gentle Shepherd* and the songs of Burns, who could depict scenes in lower class life with verisimilitude and humour but knew nothing of elegance or grace; and Alexander Runciman, who became a bombastic devotee of High Art and was employed by Sir John Clerk of Pennicuick to decorate his hall with scenes from *Ossian*, which forgery was then all the rage.

Amongst portrait painters who found employment in Edinburgh towards the close of the century, were Archibald Skirving, whose crayon drawings include one of Burns and whose portrait of "Jupiter" Carlyle is in the National Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh; Alexander Nasmyth, a pupil of Ramsay, to whom we owe the chief portrait of Burns, but who afterwards took mainly to landscape painting; and David Martin, also a pupil of Ramsay, who caught something of Ramsay's style, and worked with considerable success both as engraver and portrait painter, until his fame was suddenly eclipsed by the genius of his pupil Raeburn.

On his return in 1785 to Edinburgh, after two years' study in Italy, Raeburn speedily acquired such fame that everybody who in Scotland at this time was anybody has had the good fortune to be drawn by him. The features of all Scotsmen of note, with the sole exception of Burns,

and of most of the notable Scottish ladies of his generation, have been transmitted to us on his canvas. Individuality of character was then more marked in Scotland than it was in England, or than it is in Scotland in this more mannered age, and the piquant interest of Raeburn's portraiture derives from the sitter as well as from the painter; but of what he saw Raeburn was a master interpreter. He has been excelled by none in grasp of character; if not a great colourist he showed great skill in the use of chiaroscuro; if a little prosaic, and lacking in subtlety of method, he atones for these limitations by directness and sureness of touch. He could perhaps express strength and ruggedness more strikingly than beauty and charm; but if he did not suggest female grace and fascination with the same dexterity as Reynolds and above all Gainsborough, this was perhaps because he had a deeper interest in individuality. He always succeeded in revealing the womanly personality of his sitter, and this often in a more satisfactory way than that of either the two great English masters, for he painted what he saw, and he was never guilty of their clever idealisation, which often sacrificed character to beauty. Raeburn is represented in the National Gallery, London by three portraits; in the National Portrait Gallery, London by six, Rev. John Home, Francis Horner, Henry Mackenzie, Professor John Playfair, Sir John Sinclair, and "Grecian" Williams; in the National Gallery, Edinburgh by no fewer than thirteen, of which Dr Alexander Adam and Lord Newton are specially notable as studies of character, while Major Clunes and Sir Alistair Macdonnel, here reproduced, reveal his peculiar mastery of chiaroscuro and the management of accessories, and Mrs Campbell of Ballimore, Mrs Scott Moncrieff, Mrs Kinross, Mrs Hamilton and Lady Hume Campbell represent a very varied versatility in female portraiture; in the Edinburgh Portrait Gallery by six, including Neil Gow and Professor John

"SIR ALLISTER MACDONELL"
BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN

Wilson ; and in the Glasgow Art Gallery by five including one of his finest female portraits, Mrs Urquhart.

Raeburn had been painting in Edinburgh for some twenty years before David Wilkie, then a youth of twenty, won sudden fame by his "Village Politicians" exhibited at the Royal Academy, London. Wilkie it was evident had modelled himself after the Flemish and Dutch masters ; but he became more and more independent of his models, for he had a very distinct individuality. Besides his rare gift of drollery—occasionally half pathetic, as in "The Blind Fiddler" here reproduced—he showed a keen eye for character, added to which he was a subtle draughtsman, and unsurpassed in the expression of life and movement. How far he proved himself to be a great painter in the stricter and higher sense of the term, a master in the management of colour, and in pictorial art, is another matter. In such pictures as "Blind Man's Buff" and the "Penny Wedding," which clearly called forth his best powers, he shows, apart from clever draughtsmanship, a wonderfully clever skill in grouping and in the management of light and shadow ; but after a careful study of the great Italian masters in 1825, his own shortcomings as a colourist became sufficiently manifest to himself. "With *me*" he writes "no starved surfaces now ; no dread of oil, no perplexity for fear of change." True, in his endeavours at this late period of his life to improve his methods as a colourist he failed, and by failure greatly spoiled his later work ; but that he was unable to utilise what he saw to his own artistic advantage, does not prove that his discernment was wrong : it merely proves either that he was too old to learn a new technique, or that his strictly artistic gifts had their limitations. It seems therefore absurd to seek, as some would, to thrust on Wilkie an all-round greatness. As a portrait painter he was practically a failure ; and he was not a very accomplished colourist ; but he was a very deft draughtsman ; he sometimes showed much artistic

skill in his grouping and arrangements; and he could express character influenced by any kind of emotion and scenes full of vivacity and movement, with convincing fidelity and vividness.

Patrick Nasmyth, a son of Alexander Nasymth, following the minute methods of the Dutch school was more successful in landscape than his father; but the only painter of landscape who about this time manifested great possibilities was Thomson the parish minister of Duddingston, whose genius was hampered by lack of complete training and systematic study, but whose work manifests qualities of idealisation and style that belong only to an artist of the highest stamp. He was a greater landscape painter in *posse* than almost any other British painter; his genius was of a peculiarly high order; he was a truly great colourist in at least conception; his sense of the beautiful was apparently flawless; his imagination was highly poetical; but from lack of technical mastery he was never quite able to realise his aims.

Though the Trustees Academy of Edinburgh was founded in 1760, it was hampered for several years by the lack of an adequately efficient teacher, but with the appointment of John Graham in 1795 a new influence began to manifest itself. Several pupils of ability were attracted to it; the fame won by Wilkie gave also an additional impetus to Scottish art; and in 1826 an academy was formed in Edinburgh on the model of that of London with Sir David as its first president. Under its auspices, and owing to the increasing prosperity of the country, numerous painters of high accomplishment found scope and reward for their abilities.

In portrait-painting the Raeburn tradition was worthily upheld by George Watson, Sir John Watson Gordon, and later by Sir Daniel Macnee. Graham-Gilbert, a facile draughtsman and a careful student of the foreign masters, was rather a skilful copyist of their effects than an in-

dependent utiliser of their methods. Andrew Geddes, of somewhat earlier date was also largely influenced by the older masters, but possessed artistic gifts of a more distinct and higher order. Sir Francis Grant, who was almost self-taught and was English by upbringing, had a remarkable facility and a great vogue as a fashionable London portrait painter, but his work is lacking in thoroughness, and is superficially clever rather than distinguished. Sir William Allan, who did some portraits, gained a certain fame by his Russian and Turkish scenes and by some ambitious battle-pieces, as Waterloo and Bannockburn, but was more painstaking and aspiring than artistically successful.

Figure painters influenced more or less by Wilkie were Alexander Fraser the elder, who was sometimes employed by the greater artist to paint the details of his pictures, and David Lizars, whose meritorious "Reading the Will" and "A Scotch Wedding" are in the National Gallery, Edinburgh. Several later figure painters, as Scott Lauder, Sir George Harvey and Thomas Duncan, devoted themselves mainly to incidents of national history, or fanciful illustrations of Scots songs or Scott's novels. Some of the defects of Harvey as a genre painter are redeemed by the character of the landscape settings of his pictures. In landscape he had considerable skill, but while he won much popularity by his pictures of Scots incidents, his effects were often of a rather cheap kind, and his pathos was apt to verge on the maudlin. On the other hand, the historical paintings of James Drummond displayed considerable imaginative power aided by a careful study of archæology. Still it may be said that Scott and Scots history have often proved a snare to the painter, and that the long continued iteration of such subjects became a hinderance to the higher development of art.

In historical and symbolical subjects David Scott manifested some imaginative fertility, but his execution was often uncertain and faulty. William Dyce, who had some

success as a portrait painter, also devoted himself to imaginative subjects, and by some has been regarded as a kind of precursor of the Pre-Raphaelites. But the most popular painter of allegorical subjects and mythical episodes was Sir John Noël Paton, whose work, if technically defective, is characterised by delicate fancy and dainty cleverness.

For some time after the forties Scots art began to be more affected by English models, and the more ambitious Scots painter began to be more and more identified with the London Academy. Amongst the London Scots the most outstanding individualities of this earlier period were David Roberts, who was very successful in securing picturesque effects in architectural subjects, and John Philip who won much renown by his brilliantly painted Spanish scenes.

Amongst early Victorian Scots landscapists the most popular and voluminous was Horatio Maculloch who painted mainly Highland scenes with considerable feeling for pictorial effect, but with a rather monotonous sameness of method, and without much romantic inspiration or any great depth of sentiment. Several Scots landscapists as Bough, Alexander Fraser, Wintour and J. Milne Macdonald were largely influenced by the English landscape tradition; but with the appointment of Robert Lauder as master of the Trustees Academy, a new school of greater individuality and of higher pictorial aims than those of the earlier generation began to come into being. Among the more notable of the new men, were Hugh Cameron, Paul Chalmers, Peter Graham, Macwhirter, M'Taggart, Orchardson and Pettie, who either in figure painting or in landscape, discovered a more distinctly artistic purpose than their immediate predecessors.

In the later Glasgow school individuality is still more developed, and the influence of the French and other later Continental schools is more manifest—it may be to even better purpose. By some the Glasgow painters have been

hailed as the heralds of a new era in Scots art, and although in this regard contemporary opinion is perhaps more deceptive than in regard to anything else, the appreciation of the work of the Glasgow painter on the Continent is presumptive evidence of qualities that appeal to the educated intelligence of the expert. Moreover the reaction from Puritanism has tended to promote in Scotland a purer interest in art for art's sake. Some of the chief Glasgow painters seek primarily to arouse emotion by arrangements in colour. Their pictures are expressive of very marked pictorial moods. The sincerity of their aim is unquestionable. It might have been thwarted not only by lack of talent, but by a variety of other causes, and none more than the deadening influence of conventions—the necessity of submitting to the canons of taste prevailing, for example, in the London Academy, where the artistic temperament differs considerably from the Scots one. This hampering influence the Glasgow painters escaped by obtaining adequate appreciation both at home and elsewhere. They were thus enabled to discover better the character of their abilities and their real artistic bent; and they based their methods mainly on an eclectic study of the ancient and modern Continental masters, of which Glasgow possesses so many and varied examples in private collections and in the Corporation Art Galleries in Kelvingrove.

Now housed in capacious and splendidly lighted rooms in Kelvingrove, the municipal collection of paintings originated in the bequest, in 1856, of the Maclellan collection, which still forms the most considerable portion of the gallery's contents, though lately it has been largely added to both by bequests and purchase. Apart from bequests the gallery is a remarkable monument of enlightened municipal enterprise and management. The expense of building the new gallery and the purchase of new pictures has been met by subscriptions and by surplus money from the international exhibitions. At present,

for the development of the Art Galleries and the Museum in connection with it there is a sum in hand of not less than £40,000; and there is every prospect that the gallery by bequests and judicious purchase will gradually become pretty fully representative of the characteristic work both of the ancient and modern masters. At present while it contains many excellent modern pictures—as well as some hardly deserving a place in the gallery—several schools of art are but imperfectly represented, though there are some fine examples of the Dutch and Flemish masters. There is a characteristic Jan Steen, some half-dozen Ostades, several of Ruysdael's finest landscapes, including "View of the town of Katwyk," two landscapes of Teniers the elder, no less than twelve pictures by Teniers the younger, one Dow, several Cuyps, two Vandycks, and examples of the three Vanderveldes. Among several Rembrandts is a portrait of the painter as a young man with a Polish jacket; and one of the lions of the collection is the "Wild Boar Hunt" of Rubens, purchased from the Adrian collection in 1894. Among other happy purchases are the two pictures —each the head of a bright young ragamuffin—by Frans Hals, Whistler's Thomas Carlyle, and Mr Lavery's characteristic portrait of Mr Cunningham Graham. At the gallery there are also always some interesting collections on loan. In the University Library there are a number of pictures by the old masters and others, forming the Hunterian collection.

As the almost inevitable consequence of greater wealth and a much larger population, Glasgow has recently been threatening to overshadow Edinburgh as an artistic centre, for though, as the Scots Capital, and the chief focus of national interest, Edinburgh has special claims both on national and government support, these have hitherto been but imperfectly met. The development of the National Gallery has been greatly hampered from lack of funds. Scots painters are well represented, but

"THE BLIND FIDDLER"
BY SIR DAVID WILKIE

there are many blanks in the case of the earlier masters. One of the gems of the collection is Rembrandt's portrait of his mistress Henrikje Stoffels; and Vandyck is represented by the Lomellini Family and an Italian Nobleman. There are several charming examples of Greuze and Watteau, thirty-eight drawings by Turner, a specially fine specimen of Thomson—Ravensheugh Castle—one of Gainsborough's most famous female portraits—the Hon. Mrs Graham—and, as has already been mentioned, no fewer than thirteen Raeburns. The National Portrait Gallery, which is still in its initiatory stage, contains, already, many representative portraits, with a few modern ones which are less so. The building, the gift of a munificent citizen, is excellent in every respect except as regards lighting. There are a number of interesting Scots portraits in possession of the University, the Faculty of Advocates, the Royal Society, etc.

If only for the facilities it supplies for perfect lighting, the proposed site on the Calton Hill for the new building for the National Gallery of Art is almost an ideal one, though a building worthy of such a site would necessarily involve exceptional expense. The success also of a scheme for a new art school in Edinburgh, and of another for encouraging Scots talent by the purchase of modern pictures to be the property of the nation, time alone can decide. If in the latter scheme the interests of Edinburgh and such northern centres as Dundee and Aberdeen—both of which towns are now in the possession of Art Galleries—rather than Glasgow are considered, the latter city has already shown itself to be quite independent of outside help. Any jealousy displayed regarding the possible good fortune of other towns, can hardly be said to represent the prevailing sentiment of Glasgow, or more particularly of Glasgow artists, who have everything to gain by the increased appreciation of art which is manifesting itself throughout the whole of Scotland.

CHAPTER VII

LITERATURE

Decline of Literature at the Reformation—Character of in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—The Literary revival of the eighteenth century, its cause—Philosophical speculators, David Hume, Adam Smith, Adam Ferguson—History, Hume and Robertson—Miscellaneous prose writers—Allan Ramsay, Fergusson and Thomson—Standpoint of Hume and his influence—The common sense school of Philosophy—The later Philosophic schools—Philosophy in the Universities—Burns, his characteristics and his influence—His successors—Modern Scottish poetry—Sir Walter Scott—Miss Ferrier—John Galt—D. M. Moir—Michael Scott—Mrs Oliphant—George Macdonald—William Alexander—William Black—L. W. M. Lockart—Dr John Brown—R. L. Stevenson—J. M. Barrie—The Kailyard school—George Douglas Brown—Neil Munro—Other present-day novelists—Carlyle—Present-day historians—The essayists.

FOR some centuries after the Reformation Scotland can hardly be said to have possessed a literature. Some of the older poets continued to write verses; but although poetry enjoyed the special patronage of James VI., who himself both practised the art and wrote on it, the old poetic succession soon died completely out. The masterpieces of the old "makaris" had circulated mainly in manuscript; by the forethought of George Bannatyne and Sir Richard Maitland they have happily been preserved to our time, but they lay most of them for some generations forgotten in the Bannatyne and Maitland collections. Almost the only exception to this general neglect of the old national poetry were the works of Sir David Lindsay, whose play *The Pleasant Satyre*—dealing with the old ecclesiastical corruptions and abuses—was, notwithstanding the squalid indecency of many passages, mirthfully gloated over by successive generations of Puritan Protestants, who held it in an affection only second to that in which they held the Bible. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the bulk of Scottish literature was theological

and ecclesiastical, and most of it of a third-rate order, though Patrick Walker's Lives, of certain Covenanting leaders, are characterised by a quaint ingenuous picturesqueness, and Robert Wodrow the historian of the persecuted Church is an effective anecdotist, more particularly when the anecdote is flavoured by a spice of scandal. The chief versifiers of the period were men of rank patronised at the court after its removal to England; and they wrote English poetry for English, and mainly aristocratic, readers. Their verses were polished, artificial and modish. In Scotland they aroused no kind of interest; and Scotland was not blessed with any real literary awakening until the arrival of the eighteenth century.

The earlier half of that period was, however, marked by an extraordinary, indeed, considering the long period of literary insensibility, a quite startling revival of literary activity. The scales had suddenly fallen from the intellectual vision of the nation. The Covenanting persecution, cruel and, in other respects, unjustifiable as it had been, had indirectly been the means of thwarting a very dangerous ecclesiastical tyranny. The Church that finally emerged from the fiery ordeal was not the old, dominant, allwise, overbearing Church of the early seventeenth century. By the Revolution settlement it ceased to be either legally or practically the supreme power in the State. It regained something of its old prestige; but for the future it had to depend for its authority more on persuasion than on compulsion. The ancient ecclesiastical fetters had been broken and new ones of a similar kind could not now be forged. It was now possible for a layman of strong character and individuality not only to have a mind of his own, but to give utterance to a great many startling sentiments without incurring the penalty of direct persecution for them. Scotland came to recognise the possibility of a new intellectual birth-

right, a birthright other than that conferred by the Reformation.

One consequence of the now modified form of Church authority was the awakening of thought. A quite exceptional interest began to be taken in philosophic speculation, for the speculation had all the zest of novelty. There is in fact not a trace of anything that can properly be termed philosophic thought in any Northern writer from the time of Buchanan—if we grant Buchanan—to the time of David Hume, Adam Smith and Adam Ferguson, with their minor contemporaries who represent mainly the eccentric and extravagant phases of the new movement. The movement had necessarily its faults, its excesses and its limitations ; but its importance and the deep and widespread character of its influence are indubitable. All at once this small Calvinistic-fettered nation gave birth to a School of Philosophy which profoundly influenced contemporary European thought and has left its mark on philosophic thinking down to the present time.

There was also a revived interest in the study of history, history of a secular rather than ecclesiastical character, history dealing with all the wide variety of matters that concern general human well-being and have a bearing on human progress. By Hume and Robertson history was written from somewhat different standpoints, but by both —though Robertson was a clergyman of the Church—with an independence and width of judgment to which Scotland had hitherto been unaccustomed. These histories found many readers to whom the perusal of volumes dealing with such themes in the manner they were there dealt with, must have been quite a novel experience. Hitherto they had been wont to browse on somewhat scrubby ecclesiastical pastures ; but the fences of the old paddocks were now broken down, and they could joyfully roam at large and select their pasturage at their own will.

Besides its historians the eighteenth century produced a

number of miscellaneous prose writers, but none of remarkable distinction except Dr Smollett, who though much immersed in literary hackwork, preserved sufficient literary virtue to enable him to win a high place amongst the more vigorous and masculine of British novelists. But so far as the masses were concerned, the most important form of the literary movement of the eighteenth century was the revival of vernacular poetry, in which, besides several excellent song writers, the chief names before Burns, were Allan Ramsay—who by his publication of many old forgotten pieces had much to do with the revival; and Robert Fergusson, whose promise was fulfilled rather through Burns than himself. Amongst several who wrote English verse, the chief was James Thomson author of *The Seasons*, who, in some sense, may be reckoned, along with Burns, a precursor of Wordsworth and the Lake School.

If we make a distinction between literature and philosophy, then the one supremely great Scots writer of the eighteenth century was the peasant-poet Robert Burns. That distinction, it may however be objected, ought not to be made. It can hardly be, if we regard literature as comprising the expression of thought, as well as the expression of emotion, or the narrative of deeds or events real or imaginary; and if we do not make it, then the earliest of Scotland's supremely great writers since the Reformation, was David Hume, and the four supremely great Scots writers up to the present time may be set down as Hume, Burns, Scott, and Carlyle.

Each of the four—though notably individual—represents a certain aspect of the revolt against the ancient social or intellectual domination of the Kirk. In Hume the revolt is intellectual and assumes an extreme and quite uncompromising form. In the sphere of pure intellect Hume is the greatest of the four; and the drastic character of his influence not only over Scots

but over European thought it would hardly be possible to over-estimate, though necessarily that influence could make itself felt only gradually, except on those who were specially occupied with the study of the great problems of mind. But with whatever modifications his conclusions were accepted, or in whatever way it was deemed advisable to supplement them, he enforced as it had never been enforced before the necessity of bringing the pretensions of every ecclesiastical promulgation before the bar of the reason and the intellect. He compelled sincere thinkers to realise that supernatural claims like any other claims must rest on evidence, and that since mere sentiment and emotion, unenlightened by intelligence, are a very dangerous guide even in the minor affairs of everyday life, the result of blind submission to their guidance in the case of life's higher problems, must be self-deception and superstition rather than a knowledge of the truth.

From the eighteenth century there has been a continuous succession in Scotland of philosophers of some distinction; and interest in philosophic studies has been well maintained. Towards the close of the century there arose what was termed the Common Sense School, which was largely reactionary and conservative. It included Thomas Reid, Dugald Stewart, Thomas Brown and Sir William Hamilton, and may be said to have closed with Hamilton's docile disciple, Professor Veitch. Among the more prominent nineteenth century names since Hamilton are Professor Alexander Bain, a modified disciple of the more sceptical school, Professor Fraser, whose reputation rests mainly on his edition of the works of Bishop Berkeley, Professor Ferrier, one of the acutest and most thorough of Scottish metaphysicians, and several who are mainly notable as exponents of German Philosophy, such as Dr Hutchinson Sterling, Professor William Wallace, Edward Caird latterly master of Balliol, and Mr R. B. Haldane, now War Secretary. Notwithstanding the deprecations of

"DAVID HUME"
BY ALLAN RAMSAY

Mr Carnegie, Philosophy still, also, continues to more than hold its own among the multitude of subjects which now claim the attention of the student at the Universities; and there cannot be a doubt that its study has played an important part, from the eighteenth century onwards, in liberalising thought among the clergy.

Robert Burns represents less an intellectual than a social and emotional reaction against the ecclesiastical trammels of his time. The fulness and strength of his vitality, his keen social instincts, the variety and width of his sympathy and his vivid relish of life's enjoyments, all tended to make him impatient of narrow ecclesiastical traditionalism. But though he directly attacked certain forms of ecclesiastical doctrine and practice, his influence was exercised mainly outside of, and apart from, ecclesiasticism and theology. It was also exercised largely in an emotional form. He brought the people again under the spell of poetry. He completed the work of Ramsay in reviving the long dormant influence of the old ballads and songs; he accentuated the charm of the vernacular verse by his own supreme lyrical skill in reviving in a higher form of expression the sentiments of many partly lost lyrics, and in giving matchless utterance to the social emotions and aspirations of the people. Partly by reason of the previous sway of an extreme Puritanism, partly by reason of the depth and width of his own emotional vitality, of his combination of sentiment with intellect and humour and of his artistic mastery of words, he gained a hold over the feelings of his countrymen, perhaps unparalleled in the case of a poet of any other nation. Not that the mass of the people—much as they were captivated by many of his lyrics, especially when wedded to music—quite understood his standpoint, or appreciated the finer qualities of his art; but the compelling authority of his humour and his sympathetic emotion held them under a kind of spell, which was not the less effective that they were

hardly certain that their admiration was, morally, altogether justifiable.

By the comprehensive character of his achievement, Burns made it exceptionally difficult for any successor to win marked renown as a vernacular poet. The sphere of vernacular verse was a comparatively limited one, and it was bound to become more and more limited. But Burns inevitably had many imitators. Vernacular verse acquired for the time being a great vogue ; and in a minor way it was practised with some success by such writers as Hector Macniel, Lady Nairne, James Hogg, Sir Alexander Boswell, Robert Tannahill and Alexander Cunningham, to mention only some of the earlier names. The earlier names are the more distinguished ones, and gradual deterioration has been the rule. The peculiar character of the success of Burns was dependent on an exceptional concatenation of circumstances ; and the national manners and speech were undergoing rapid change. The native vernacular as a spoken language was dying out, and Scots vernacular verse became more and more a mere echo of ancient phrases and mannerisms, although Mr J. Logie Robertson's vernacular renderings of Horace possess a flavour that is quaintly piquant.

Few Scotsmen have won laurels as writers of English verse, though the smallness of Scotland compared with England must here be taken into account. Among the older versifiers, in addition to James Thomson, are Sir Walter Scott who selected mainly Scots themes, and Thomas Campbell who is perhaps now best known for his British patriotic songs, *Of Nelson and the North* and *Ye Mariners of England.* In recent times R. L. Stevenson has written some verse that is almost poetry ; Mr Lang has done some clever rhyming ; and Mr John Davidson whose poetic philosophy has met, as yet, with but imperfect appreciation, is perhaps the most individual and original of the younger school of British poets. He suffers rather from

depth and superabundance than from superficiality or lack of thought, and his passionate idealism has to contend with apparently almost insuperable difficulties in finding fit and full expression ; but if he only triumphs occasionally, his occasional triumphs are in a higher plane of achievement than those of almost any of his contemporaries.

Sir Walter Scott found his most enthusiastic readers rather amongst the educated and upper classes than amongst the commonalty, and exercised a similar liberalising, de-ecclesiasticising influence over them to that exercised by Burns over the bulk of the people. He was a kind of exponent of the Stuart or cavalier sentiment, but mainly on its romantic side, for he was a loyal supporter of the powers that in his time were. Both politically and ecclesiastically he was a nominal conservative, but he was neither a political nor a religious partisan. Though quite untroubled by any form of religious doubt, he had no interest in religious dogma, and his Christianity was more practical than theoretical. Ecclesiastically he was a moderate, and his tastes were of a wholesome, healthy minded and largely out-of-door character. Intellectually and poetically his main interest was in the romantic past of Scotland especially of the Borders ; and it is to their picturesque portrayal of this romantic past that his verses and tales owe their abiding charm. Few, if any, novelists ever studied the past with the same thoroughness, single mindedness and absorbed interest that he did. The single mindedness of his interest was an important factor in the achievement of his success. He had in a manner lived in the past, lived in it from love of it, before he began to make what he knew of it known to others. Wizardry is an epithet that has been applied to his art, and it is perhaps the epithet that best describes the finer characteristics of it ; but besides his power of wizard realisation, he had a masterly knowledge both of the idiosyncrasies of the Scots dialect and of Lowland Scots—

though hardly of Highland—character, and possessed a rich fund of pawky humour.

Just as Burns dwarfs all subsequent writers of Scottish vernacular verse, so Scott reveals the limitations of those who after him essayed the Scots novel; but different phases of Scots life and character have been depicted with no small skill by a number of writers. Miss Ferrier has exposed with a good deal of feminine deftness the homely vulgarity of middle class manners in the earlier half of the nineteenth century; John Galt proved himself a master in the exposition of the humours of provincial burghal life; and David Macbeth Moir in *Mansie Wauch* related the experiences of a humble Dalkeith tailor, with a happy mixture of drollery and pathos. To about the same time belong the captivating West Indian sea stories of Michael Scott, *Tom Cringle's Log* and the *Cruise of the Midge*; but Scotland for some time remained without any novelist of mark until the arrival of Mrs Oliphant, whose period of literary activity includes nearly the whole of the latter half of the nineteenth century. Her facility and fecundity, even as a novelist, were little short of marvellous; and she did besides almost an equal amount of work, though by no means of so high a kind, in literary criticism, historic monographs, and biography. In literary criticism her oldfashioned prejudices were often more in evidence than her penetration; and her judgments were sometimes expressed with an air of authority that was far from warranted by the extent of her knowledge of the subject. Her historic monographs were picturesquely superficial and facts were often amazingly transmogrified by passing through the crucible of her ever active imagination. In biography she was however aided by some of the qualities which made her so charming a writer of fiction. In Edward Irving she found a subject in certain respects ideally suited to display some of the best qualities of her literary art, although she was plainly

under a delusion as to Carlyle's opinion of her success in portraying the real Irving. In the cases of Principal Tulloch and Laurence Oliphant, with both of whom she had a large personal acquaintance, she discharged her task with more than the average success of the family biographer. In the sphere of fiction she was, however, in many instances, quite another Mrs Oliphant especially in her Carlingford series, and her novels dealing with country life in the Kingdom of Fife. In the former series, she naturally invites comparison with George Eliot, and not altogether to her disadvantage, though she lacks George Eliot's power of careful and well-considered elaboration, as well as her impartial and almost masculine judgment; and manifests a conservative and anti-dissenting prejudice which often causes her to lapse into untruthful caricature. Her Scots novels also reveal a certain limitation in her social outlook, but contain much clever character drawing in almost every grade of social life.

George Macdonald in *David Elginbrod*, *Alec Forbes*, and *Robert Falconer* depicted with graphic verisimilitude the rugged and strongly marked idiosyncrasies of rustic character in the north-eastern counties, but much of his later fiction both in these and other fields is handicapped by the increasing intrusion of a rather pretentious theological mysticism. Another excellent novel dealing with north-eastern scenes is William Alexander's *Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk*. William Black's West of Scotland and Highland tales are often elaborated in their landscapes to the verge of bathos; his heroines are apt to be too excessively and too monotonously fascinating; and in his sketches of Highland characters he was apparently concerned mainly to reveal the peculiarities of their Teutonic *patois*; but for the most part he is pleasantly if only superficially interesting. The *Fair to See* of L. W. M. Lockhart is more trenchant than any of William Black's tales, and amongst other brightly written

sketches, contains a most amusing picture of the West of Scotland trippers in the "Doon-the-Watter" steamers. Some of Dr John Brown's short sketches, such as *Pet Marjorie* and *Rab and his Friends* are an exquisite blend of pathos and humour and, in their own *genre*, they are literary gems of the first water.

Among recent Scottish writers of fiction Mr R. L. Stevenson is admittedly *facile princeps*. One source of his charm is his finished and artful style, which, however, verges occasionally on the dandiacal, if not the precious. In acquiring it, he played, he tells us, the part of the sedulous ape, but once he had in this way mastered, so far as he could master, the possibilities of the English language, he had come into the possession of a method of expression which was unmistakably his own, for he had simply assimilated what best suited himself. His style fascinates because of its perfection as an instrument for the manifestation of his own individuality, and because his individuality had peculiar points of interest. His lack of conformity to certain conventions has been imputed to him as a fault, and it has even been hinted that both as a man and as a writer he would have been greatly improved, had he mingled more in the higher circles of Edinburgh law. But even with the aid of such eminent advantages, it is hardly likely that he would have become a second Sir Walter; and it is assuming too much to suppose that his lack of appreciation of them was an affectation. Apparently he was a Bohemian—if also something more and different—by nature, though the Bohemian element in his constitution was, we must suppose, nourished and confirmed by the very conventional character of his Edinburgh environment. In any case it is his Bohemianism that chiefly triumphs in his fiction. He is perhaps most characteristically himself in *The New Arabian Nights*, *Treasure Island* and *Prince Otto*; and probably his masterpieces are the *Pavilion on the Links*,

A Lodging for a Night, and *Providence and the Guitar*. His Scots historic tales were written rather to hit the public taste, than because he had any absorbing interest in history. He got up his history for the purposes of his particular tale. Unlike Scott's his tales are of no particular value as pictures of the past. Historically they are very thin; it is their adventurous incidents that are their essence, for adventure of some kind or other, was to him as the breath of his nostrils. But being in a manner historical they suggest comparison with Scott, with whom Stevenson had hardly anything in common; whereas his earlier tales suggest comparison with none except his own too adventurous imitators. Whatever *Weir of Hermiston*—produced, what of it was produced, under the influence, apparently, of a special mental quickening that meant the beginning of the end—might have turned out to have been, his other historic tales do not show any real advance in his art but rather a kind of deterioration. They lack the triumphant buoyancy, the irresponsible high spirits, of his earlier work; they are more laboured but they are not so brightly inspired. At the same time, the deterioration—due partly to the fact that his work had come to be more of a task—is only partial, and it disappoints mainly because of the exceptional expectations that his earlier work created. In portions of the South Sea tales his art is occasionally seen at its very best; and perhaps none of his books is more profoundly fascinating than his non-fictional *In the South Seas*, which many of the most ardent admirers of, say, *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* have doubtless never read.

With Stevenson properly ends the list of Scots novelists whose work we know as completed. Whether Mr J. M. Barrie will still further enhance his reputation as a fictionist may depend a good deal on his inclination; but as yet his fame is probably most assured by two of his earlier volumes *Auld Licht Idylls* and

A Window in Thrums, with what may be regarded as their sequel *Margaret Ogilvy*, a work the poignant sincerity of which has raised the question as to whether it ought to have been written; but few having to write what he had to write could have done it quite so well. Written as avowed fiction it had been one of the most exquisite of Scots domestic tales; and within its circumscribed limits it would be hard to point out a more genuine piece of biography. It is in depicting the humours, the pathos and the true sublime of Northern cottage life, that Mr Barrie is seen at his best, and this mainly because of the peculiar character of his early associations. His sphere as a sentimental humorist may be a comparatively narrow one, but he is a master in it. In his stories of the regulation novel length, *The Little Minister*, *Sentimental Tommy*, etc., there is, however, a good deal of padding and a good deal that is unreal and bizarre; and while an almost uncanny cleverness is manifest in almost everything he does, his plays are perhaps chiefly notable for the deft facility with which he adapts himself to the capacities of the average playgoer.

Mr Barrie is supposed to have inaugurated what Mr Henley has termed the "Kailyaird" school of fiction, but if Mr S. R. Crockett, and the late Dr Watson ("Ian Maclaren") the most prominent representatives of the school, are to be reckoned his disciples, they failed to learn the secret of his art. Mr Crockett in his volume of stories entitled *The Stickit Minister* and in *The Raiders*, a clever Stevensonian imitation, suggested possibilities that in none of his subsequent multitudinous productions have been fulfilled; and it was gradually realised that in *The Bonnie Briar Bush* of "Ian Maclaren," the "Kailyaird" school had reached its apotheosis. After it anything else in the same or a similar heroical-pathetic vein was bound to seem "stale, flat, and unprofitable." *The House with the Green Shutters* of the late Mr George Douglas Brown is

in an entirely different vein; and if there be a certain crudeness and a lack of finished art in its too unrelieved grimness, its characters, monotonously disagreeable though they be, are portrayed with masterly consistency; and its sincerity and power seemed to contain a promise of higher things, had its author been spared to enjoy more of the pleasant side of life's experiences. Mr Neil Munro is at his best when his foot is on his native heath. All his fiction is of a high order of merit; but as an exponent of Highland character he stands alone. In the series of stories which form the volume entitled *The Lost Pibroch*, the heart of the unsophisticated Celt is revealed in a manner that stamps the work of previous depicters of Highland character with superficiality; and among his longer tales he is at his best in *The Children of Tempest*. *The Daft Doys* also manifests some of his finest qualities. Among Scots novelists whose possibilities are perhaps not yet fully represented in their works are Mr D. S. Meldrum, "Benjamin Swift" and Mr John Buchan. The drolly inquisitive *Wee Macgregor* of Mr J. J. Bell is also, as yet, that author's principal creation. "Annie Swan," an adept in middle class domestic fiction, is still the most popular of Scots feminine novelists, but there are a number of others who have many devoted admirers. The lack of an attempt on the part of Scots writers of fiction to deal with contemporary native life as writers of English fiction deal with contemporary English life, has lately been a theme for lament, and it has been more than hinted that Glasgow is waiting, if not for its bard at least for its fictionist. We can only hope that she may get him, for the social problems of Glasgow are perhaps the most interesting and most clamant of Scottish problems; and anyone who really succeeds in revealing the social characteristics of Glasgow in an adequate manner will have done something towards supplying Glasgow with a clearer vision of her needs.

Thomas Carlyle was both a kind of creedless Christian and a kind of creedless Puritan. He was never tired of declaring that modern ecclesiasticism had really lost its religion, that it had mistaken the form for the substance, that it was pursuing a vain shadow, that a scare-crow dressed up in Hebrew Old Clothes had become its God, and that there was no hope for it until it made its "Exodus from Houndsditch." But since his moral earnestness was undeniable and he was even a kind of aggressive Puritan, he was read a good deal by the more enlightened Scots clergy; and he has exercised almost imperceptibly an extremely iconoclastic influence on Scots religious dogma. He has always been *caviare* to the general, even in Scotland, as is sufficiently proved by his failure to appeal to the memorial-erecting portion of his compatriots; but his creedless creed—if the expression may be allowed—has been one of the chief agents in bringing home to many of the clergy the intolerable character of the old Westminster bonds.

From a literary point of view the severe Puritanism of Carlyle has been rather to his disadvantage; or perhaps it would be more correct to say that had he been blessed with a more healthy temperament he might have achieved even greater things in literature than he did, for his Puritanism had probably an intimate connection with his nerves. His disordered physical system partly destroyed his pleasure both in life and literature. Though gifted with an exceptionally keen sense of humour, and liable to fits of explosive laughter, he was generally largely enveloped in dyspeptic gloom; and having but a limited capacity of enjoyment he was disposed to discredit the morality of happiness. While his intellectual perceptions were exceptionally comprehensive as well as keen, his artistic instincts remained largely undeveloped, and he was inclined to reckon devotion to nearly every form of art, including poetry, a mere waste of time.

His deranged nervous system incalculably increased to him the toil of literary composition. In his speech he was aided rather than hindered by his irritability. Humorous irritability was the characteristic of his talk, and he was the most picturesque and forceful talker of his time. But in writing he had to brace himself up to master long and complicated problems, and to expound them in a manner that would enable his readers to realise their importance as he had realised it, or he had to reveal to his readers historic characters or historic scenes, or episodes, or events in such a way that they would become as vividly actual to them as they had become vividly actual to himself. In this he succeeded as perhaps few have succeeded, but he succeeded only after desperate toil; and he succeeded only as a writer of prose. With a penetrating intellect he had the emotion and the imagination of a poet, but he lacked the gift of poetic expression; he had no wizard power over words, his appreciation of the beautiful was imperfect, and his nervous system was out of tune. Nevertheless he proved himself the most powerfully vivid historian that perhaps the world has ever seen. Here at least he is undeniably great. You may scorn some of his philosophy, you may deny the truthfulness of his portraiture, here and there you may question the accuracy of his facts, you may affirm that his historical vision is now and again distorted, but it is only with difficulty that you can withstand the dynamic power of his individuality and the vivid forcefulness of his presentment. And when all is said, does he misrepresent the past, more than, or even so much as, most other historians? Few have been more painstaking in examining facts, and he had a power of sifting them and mastering their significance that few have equalled. Thus the scientific accuracy of his battle descriptions in *Frederick*—which be it remembered are also as vivid as they are scientifically accurate—has made that work in Germany a kind of military text-book. Since also

he had such a piercing insight into the character—especially the intellectual and moral weaknesses—of those with whom he came into contact, the chances are that he would at least succeed as well as most others in interpreting, from the written evidence available, the characters of those whom he had not seen in the flesh.

Carlyle—who left Scots history almost untouched—necessarily dwarfs all contemporary Scots historians. Tytler's *History of Scotland* is, however, a work of no small merit, and the fruit of an amount of laborious research for which he has hardly received sufficient credit. As a whole Hill Burton's *History*, though later, is less satisfactory, except perhaps on points relating to architectural antiquities and law. Professor Masson's *Life of Milton*, is a very laborious piece of work, though its practical effect is to bury the personality of Milton under a portentous accumulation of historical detail. The chief recent Scots Histories are the succinct work of Professor Hume Brown, and the more extensive one of Mr Andrew Lang. Mr Lang's volumes—which are half dissertation and half narrative—have, on account of their revelation of aspects of Knox and the Covenanters hitherto very much ignored, rather fluttered the dovecots of the more severely orthodox. Mr Law Mathieson has also dealt with the ecclesiastical side of Scottish political history in an able and independent fashion.

Carlyle must be reckoned the chief of Scots essayists, even if we do not admit his special qualifications as a literary critic. Of the cleverness, up to a certain point, of Lord Jeffrey's essays there can hardly be two opinions, and it can scarce be affirmed that even when he was most astray in his literary criticism he was altogether astray, for though he was blind to certain of the higher qualities of poetry, he was quick in detecting the defects of these qualities. Among other prominent essayists are Sir Walter Scott, the bludgeon wielding Professor Wilson, J. Gibson

Lockhart, Hugh Miller, Alexander Smith, "Shirley," A. K. H. Boyd, Dr John Brown, Mr Andrew Lang and R. L. Stevenson. The essays of R. L. Stevenson reveal the more domesticated side of his life, and reveal it intimately as well as charmingly, if it can hardly be said that they reveal "the real Stevenson." The critical essays and monographs of R. A. M. Stevenson, have been deemed by some the most valuable of modern contributions to art criticism. His thorough technical training gave him an advantage over many art critics, and he also possessed a quite exceptional artistic insight. But none who ever had the privilege of enjoying his illuminating talk in congenial company will be disposed to deny that his finest gifts were revealed when his mind was in living contact with other minds.

CHAPTER VIII

"EDINA, SCOTIA'S DARLING SEAT"

A quaint mistake—Modern Edinburgh—Its splendours—Not Edinburgh at all—The town of history and romance—Its pathetic and heroic memories—Its present low estate—Old Edinburgh as it once was—The Castle, Holyrood, Lairds of the Abbey—Memoirs of the Palace—Queen Mary and Prince Charles—The mythical Kings of Scotland—The Graveyards of Edinburgh—The former glories of Edinburgh—Literature and the Union—To-day in Edinburgh—A learned city—The citizens—Their life, manners and amusements—Edinburgh and the Poets.

LET us begin our account of Edinburgh with an apologue. Suppose yourself a stranger approaching the Scots capital for the first time. Nature, Fate, the Railway Engineer, the Local Architect, all combine to perpetrate on you an ingenious fraud. Your train finally reaches the place through a succession of dismal tunnels, you are always brought to a halt in the spaces between; as you gaze through clouds of blinding smoke (smoke that irresistibly if ridiculously suggests why the town got its popular term of Auld Reekie) you catch glimpses of a frowning fortress circling the rock in whose bowels you are for the time entombed. Towers and battlements you infer "seek the skies"—if you could only see far enough to follow them upwards. How to doubt the hoar antiquity of the place, since the grime of untold ages is visible upon the walls? This then is Edinburgh Castle, you murmur. Alas! you are woefully mistaken; what you have seen is the Calton Hill and the Calton Jail; the real Simon Pure, the true *Castrum Puellarum* is quite other, and you will presently view it as you walk along Princes Street, piously regarded by every citizen worthy of the name as "the finest street in Europe." If you should ask why a commonplace jail was touched with this

romantic air, you will discover it was to accord with the traditions of the place, or to fit in with the surroundings, two phrases that explain a great deal of the New Town of Edinburgh. The story we have told has a deep meaning for you, a stranger in "Scotia's darling seat," as Burns in his best Georgian English once called her; you are like to repeat the mistake in another way—to visit Edinburgh and to leave Edinburgh without having discovered or rightly considered Edinburgh at all.

The town as it now is, makes a sufficiently imposing provincial capital; it stretches its arms, white or otherwise, from the Braid Hills on the south to the sea on the north; like our other great cities it has played Aaron's rod with its smaller fellows. Not merely can you draw no line between it and Leith, but Corstorphine in one direction and Musselburgh in another are now merely its suburbs. There are some quarter of a million folk; and there are miles of noble mansions "replete" with every comfort; and terraces and gardens and public buildings galore; but mark it well! most has no atom of real interest for you or for any one not connected by some personal tie therewith. Get your map of Edinburgh and score off the whole New Town and everything west of the Castle and east of Holyrood and south of the College—you might almost say south of the Cowgate, save for old Greyfriars and Kirk-o'-Field where now is that same College. The process is drastic, the result wonderful. It is like cutting down London to Seven Dials and Saint Giles' with the Tower stuck on at one end and the Palace of Westminster at the other, to relieve the prospect and heighten it by contrast. Indeed, the Edinburgh of history and romance is to-day a mean degraded street between a moderate sized fortress at one end, and a moderate sized shabby genteel mansion at the other; but then that fortress is Edinburgh Castle, and that mansion is Holyrood House, and the street between

is the High Street and the Canongate, and there is not a step but recalls some heroic or pathetic memory, not a stone but was drenched again and again with blood and tears: it is a street indeed where the past is more than the present, yesterday much more populous and splendid than to-day, and the ghosts push the living from their places.

You stroll into Saint Giles and through the pinchbeck imitation of the Anglican ritual that goes on there day after day, the thunder of a ghostly voice shakes or again thrills the huge house, for John Knox is preaching before the Lords of the Congregation or in a softer mood but in a more terrible hour, in the presence of an awed and grief-stricken congregation, in accents of strange and unwonted pathos, he is praying over the slain body of the Regent Murray. Again you look round half expecting to see the "pleasant young gentleman" with his "bottle of rich ointment" which filled the whole church with a noble perfume as he poured it on the body of blessed Mr James Guthrie. Outside on the site of the Cross what terrible memories, what keen emotions those memories call forth! There is Kirkaldy of Grange swinging from his gibbet in the sun and slowly lifting up his bound hands as Knox had foretold of him; or Montrose, like the gallant gentleman he was, goes proud and fearless to his doom; or again his opponent Argyle not less calmly takes his last look on the familiar scene before he lays his head down on the block and all is over; or Claverhouse at the head of his Horse thunders over the rough stones of the street on his way to the north to Killiecrankie and death and fame, or a young Prince, handsome and debonair, rides along in the front of victorious forces to take possession of the palace of his ancestors. But why multiply instances? Other lands have their own mighty events, but there is a certain sharpness and point and impressiveness about this history, not quite to be equalled

JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE, EDINBURGH

elsewhere. And the stage is so narrow! In some half-hour you can stroll over the whole of it, this poor degraded scene of so many great events. And though these walls were shattered and every stone in them ground to powder, the very dust would still attract—"though all were o'er, For us repeopled were that solitary shore." This is the real the only true Edinburgh, the Edinburgh that has caught and held the attention of the world.

Now old Edinburgh is by no means deserted: a busy life still pours through it, but with some exceptions it is the life of the poorest of poor folk. No advocate of course could live in the old town, but he must go there to his daily business. Holyrood and the Castle are mainly show-places, and Saint Giles after all only one out of many kirks, and for the rest? Well one must suppose that you know something of the social history of the Old Town, how when the bridge was thrown across the ravine, and the Nor Loch was dried up, and the Mound pieced together, there was a quick exodus to the new part, and washerwomen and cobblers and humble working folk of all denominations filled those tall lands where of old time nobles and senators and professors and bigwigs generally had their quarters, though, to be quite accurate, one needs must point out that the poor folk always lived in the unconsidered corners of those great houses; but now they invaded and seized the best and the worst of them alike.

Thus if your interest in the past is but small, you will give only a cursory glance at all that is south of the valley, and you will stick to the New Town where are the best hotels and the best shops and the best gardens, and where you can easily get in return for your money every delight of a modern civilised city. 'Tis an odd bizarre sort of place this same New Town, exceedingly artificial, not a natural growth, but planned or constructed according to some whimsical ideas. There is the Calton Hill to the east adorned with the jail already mentioned,

and covered by a curious jumble of incongruous monuments. Somebody suggested that the site was like that of Athens, and the comparison was worked out in considerable detail, and the vanity of the citizens led them to dot it over with paltry imitations of the antique. Chief of course is the monument styled "National," raised in commemoration of Waterloo. It was too ambitiously planned in the enthusiasm of the moment; cash ran short before the design was completed; and the inhabitants could only console themselves that the unachieved ruin gave a touch of strange reality to the counterfeit. Then there is a railway in the valley, conveniently placed no doubt, but it adds not to the effect; as Alexander Smith said, if you could only dash a mighty river through that ravine! Then Princes Street Gardens, which lie between the street and that same railway, are fine in themselves, but you will commend the stone figures placed on the side towards the street with every possible reserve. The New Town is built with a severe monotony that again suggests a hankering after classical models. The best street is George Street, all the others are but imitations of it, indeed the finest things about the New Town are not in it. From the height of the northward ridge you can see the Firth of Forth, that noble arm of the ocean; and from Princes Street you get the best possible view of the Old Town.

"Mine own romantic town" is Scott's well-known phrase for Edinburgh, but you cannot believe he had then the recent additions in his mind. Well! they were comparatively small in his time, and the past was so much to him that though he dwelt in Castle Street in the new part, you have read him to little purpose if you have not discovered that by "Edinburgh" he meant Old Edinburgh. Even to-day Old Edinburgh is more impressive than New Edinburgh. True everything has been done to spoil its antique graces; improvement schemes have battered huge breaches in its ramparts, the needs of commerce and even

of decent living are casting down one after another its great historic houses; temperance hotels and theological halls poorly replace the imposing "lands" that once rose in an endless succession of stories from the face of the cliff. And yet if it be your lot to promenade Princes Street on some wild winter night, when the wind is wailing and sobbing as it does nowhere else, and through the darkness the lights of the Old Town dimly show forth the gloomy mass, and the huge Castle Rock looms through it all with a dignity that nothing can destroy, then some idea of the terrible magnificence of Old Edinburgh as it appeared to the traveller of an earlier day will flash through your mind. Try to recall the full effect. You must replace the New Town with whins and wild heath, and instead of Princes Street there will be the Langdykes, and instead of the railway you must put the Nor Loch at the base of the Rock, and the Mound with its Grecian temples must be utterly rooted away. And on every side are the bare wild hills standing in their own surpassing majesty "as the mountains are about Jerusalem." And that is the real and only original Edinburgh.

All this is true, but it is only part of the truth; how to deny that in all that concerns cleanliness and comfort and decent living Old Edinburgh was not so much deficient as according to our notions impossible? Even its best folk had only the life of to-day's working man. Chambers has collected some striking instances. A country gentleman, a successful lawyer, and with a seat on the bench almost within reach pays £15 a year for his house. It consists of three rooms and a kitchen. One room was for the lawyer's consultations and study, another was my lady's parlour, the third was a bedroom where a whole household slept, save that the housemaid reposed under the kitchen dresser, and the man servant found his nightly lodging elsewhere. And of course things were still worse among the tradespeople. An

eminent goldsmith had a shop in a booth stuck on a wall of St Giles Church, "the nursery and kitchen however being placed in a cellar under the level of the street, where the children are said to have rotted off like sheep." There was scarce a room in the whole city without a bed; there was very little water, and that was laboriously conveyed by caddies to the tops of the tall houses; pigs were kept under projections towards the street in which during the day they sought their food; as the ground was uneven some of the houses were much taller on one side than the other, there being as many as fifteen stories in them. The closes, as you may see for yourself, are not very broad, and at the top the houses almost touched. Too little space, too little water, too little light; how strange were the domesticities of those old citizens! And nearly everybody drank too much, washed too little, swore horribly and lived roughly.

Nature and history had shut all within a narrow limit. On the north the Nor Loch and the Ravine prevented building until in 1767 the North Bridge was thrown across, and the new town was made. To the west was the Castle Rock and a wall hemmed in the remainder of the city. Thus the builder, since he could not go abroad, must go high; remember also it was the habit in Scots towns—whether they took it from the French or no, to live in flats. A separate house for each household is peculiarly an English idea, and the Scot is in line with the Continent in his method of building. In our own day flats have partly given way to villas, but plenty of these same flats are built every year in Edinburgh as they are now in London also. However nowhere else did the system attain such proportions as it did in Edinburgh. Even when the Union was an accomplished fact, and the walls were mere obstruction, the antique methods of building and of living but slowly gave way. Although Old Edinburgh is vanishing day by day, there are still a sufficient number

of closes to enable you to grasp what the city was. If you have any antiquarian taste, the most delightful part of your Edinburgh visit is the exploration of these dingy dens, and spots like Candlemaker Row, under someone sufficiently competent to tell you the chief points in their history and architecture. Near the Castle you will note various restorations of the old, and some new buildings in the old Scots style: these are University Settlements and what not. Ah these grim old houses! their legend and history and records of famous men are sufficient for many volumes. A few words must here suffice for that.

Naturally one begins with the Castle. The Castle Rock is the one thing in Edinburgh which it seems impossible to spoil; it stands forth bold and majestic, overpowering whatever monstrosity human folly sticks thereon. The four story barracks which have stood since 1796 are commonplace, but the Battery is imposing enough. You soon go over the site. St Margaret's Chapel, much the oldest church in Edinburgh, as it is the smallest in Britain, is from the time of Malcolm Canmore. It is interesting for its Norman arch as well as its associations; near it is the little room where Queen Mary gave birth to her son James. The old Parliament Hall is worth seeing for itself, and the gloomy dungeons, some of them dark pits hewn in the living rock, have their own melancholy interest but are not shown. Two objects are fetiches of the patriotic Scot. The one is the huge cannon called Mons Meg, a good deal over four centuries old and cracked more than two centuries ago in firing a royal salute. It was long in the tower of London, till Sir Walter Scott procured its return in 1829. The name has given rise to a curious controversy. Is the *Mons* of Belgium or of Galloway? if the latter then Brawny Kim was the architect, and he called the huge gun Meg after his wife because her voice was *neither* soft *nor* low. To Sir Walter is also due the recovery of the other relic, the "Honours of Scotland" or Regalia. He

found them hidden away in a room in the Castle and got them produced to the light so that all might see. They have a curious and interesting history, not here to be traced. Most interesting of all is the Sallyport which you can see on the west face of the Rock, if you look at it from St Cuthbert's churchyard at the end of Princes Street. Claverhouse climbed up here to have a last interview with the Duke of Gordon who held the Castle for King James at the Revolution of 1688. Scott in *Bonnie Dundee* has told the story of his exit in verses instinct with the very spirit of romance.

> "He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,
> The kettle drums clashed, and the horseman rode on,
> Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lee,
> Died away the wild war-notes of Bonnie Dundee."

From the Castle you will walk down the street to Holyrood, passing St Giles and the Parliament House on the right. It is but a mile or so and yet all is not old Edinburgh for the quaint Canongate Tolbooth reminds us that we are in what was once another burgh. At the junction there once stood the Netherbow—the Temple Bar so to speak of Edinburgh. You are now in the precincts of Holyrood which had the privilege of Sanctuary, that is prisoners for debt could not be seized therein. As such imprisonment is abolished in Scotland the matter is only of antiquarian interest. There are frequent references in Scott and elsewhere to a Laird of the Abbey, as the self-constituted prisoner was called. He was a well-known figure in Scots literature. Holyrood is of itself by no means an imposing building; but there is Arthur's Seat that wondrous Lion Hill, and the King's Park for environment; it gains dignity from its surroundings and profound interest from its history. This was Mary Stuart's Edinburgh home. Her rooms are almost the only part of the building which remains from that time. They show the very spot where Rizzio was murdered,

and it is not hard to call up before you all the incidents of the tragedy from the time when the conspirators broke in on the supper party, till the Italian's dead body lay on the chest, and the Porter sourly moralised, "upon this chest was his first bed when he came to this place, and now he lieth a very niggard and misknown knave," and you can guess, if you dare, Mary's thoughts when they told her that Darnley lay dead at Kirk-o'-Field, or conjure up an interview with John Knox, or a dance of the four Maries.

Of only less interest are the times of Charles Edward, when the gallant young Prince in his brief day of success held receptions and balls in the Picture Gallery, where the long line of the mythical Kings of Scotland looks down from the walls. One wonders if he ever came there alone at night time to gaze on those shadows, himself scarce less a shadow than they. Ah that stately roll of Kings of the royal line of Fergus, what short work has modern criticism made of the vast majority! In Buchanan's pictured page you can still read their exploits, but what modern history would think worth while to record even their names? It is easy enough to jest at these poor ghosts, to wonder as Scott did why their noses should be of the same door knocker pattern, to remember that Flemish De Witt painted the whole lot nearly two and a half centuries ago. Yet once they were devoutly credited: even the Solemn League and Covenant witnesses the loyalty of the subscribers to his "Majesty's Government which by the descent and under the reign of 107 kings was most cheerfully acknowledged by us and our predecessors." It was through this that Scotland was called the ancient kingdom, possibly through this that the Stone of Destiny was removed to England by Edward I., housed in Westminister Abbey, and spite of the treaty of Northampton kept there even unto this day, though at Kingston on Thames in a stone whereon were placed the old Saxon Kings, a more fitting pedestal for the English

Coronation Chair might have been found; and since these legends have had such influence, they might well deserve a little more attention than it is the fashion of to-day's world to give them.

In Edinburgh the past is so potent that it naturally leads to meditation among the tombs. As you come down the Canongate you pass the place where Adam Smith of *Wealth of Nations* fame, and Robert Fergusson, Edinburgh Poet Laureate of the eighteenth century lie. And again in going over the North Bridge you may see a conspicuous tower, formed after a severe classical fashion in the Calton burying-ground on the hill. This is the grave of David Hume, the Philosopher. But the most famous necropolis in Edinburgh is that of Old Greyfriars; there Buchanan—easily first of learned Scotsmen—is buried. He was too much of a scholar and too little of a fanatic to be a popular idol. You remember how the day before he died he counted his money and found it would scarce defray the expense of a decent funeral, then gave it to the poor and said they might do with his body what they willed. Edinburgh did him and itself the honour of a public funeral. More conspicuous is the magnificent mausoleum of a less famous man; there amidst hundreds of others, the flower of the Scots race for centuries, lies Sir George Mackenzie. You remember the rhyme:—

> "Bluidy Mackenzie come out if ye daur
> Lift the sneck and draw the bar."

So the Edinburgh schoolboy used to call in at the door and run for his life—at least so the story goes. But the tomb is still one of the show-pieces of the place. There is the piquancy of contrast. In that churchyard the Covenant was signed. There Covenanters were imprisoned for months and there is the Martyrs' Monument with its quaint inscription. No trim beflowered cemetery this! The ponderous monuments are neglected, the Latin

inscriptions for the most part illegible, the grass is blackened and bedraggled by the city soot and the city smoke, the churchyard itself is hemmed in on one side by houses full of poor folk. But there is a fine view of the Castle from it, though you have fine views of Edinburgh wherever you are.

Famous city as Edinburgh is, only once in its long and troubled career has it bulked large on the stage of European politics. When Queen Mary came to rule there, a dowager Queen of France, heir presumptive to the English throne, the question of her marriage was of moment in Madrid and in Paris and in Rome as well as in London and Edinburgh, but that passed and after the Union the European interest needs must centre in London. Yet brilliant destinies were still reserved for her. In the eighteenth century when David Hume and Adam Smith and Walter Scott, not to mention a host of less distinguished names, were her citizens she became a great literary centre. And to that time succeeded the exciting and attractive early years of the Edinburgh Review and Blackwood's Magazine, when the writers produced lasting work and judged as with authority all British literature; and however much the judgments were questioned none ventured to disregard them. She fought a brave though a losing battle, for as means of communication were perfected, all gravitated to the centre. The potent attraction of London has continually drawn away her best blood. Indeed one cannot deny that greatly as the Union benefited Scotland it was not good for Edinburgh; it took away her nobles and it has taken away her literary men and her choicest professional men ever since. You can call up the names of a galaxy of distinctively Scots writers from Thomas Carlyle to J. M. Barrie, who had they remained in the North, as probably circumstances would have induced them to do, had Scotland been an independent kingdom, would have created a distinctive and remarkable national literature.

You speculate how this had acted and reacted on literary London to the quickening of both capitals and both nations. A gallant attempt was made in the *Scots Observer*, edited by W. E. Henley some fifteen years ago, to make Edinburgh again a literary centre, but it did not succeed and the last literary glory of the place, its huge Encyclopædias, for years the staple mental industry, is also departed, since the *Britannica*, hugest and most ponderous of them, is now published in London.

Yet the town has still some signs of its old eminence. Its folk are probably in the mass the best educated in Britain, its man on the street, a quite superior person. Nearly everybody is teaching or learning something or other. There is a huge University of 3000 to 4000 students, and all manner of Colleges, literary, scientific, theological, physical and otherwise. Partly as the result of this, partly from numerous endowments, the whole place is crammed with schools. Then it is peculiarly a professional city, all who practise before the Supreme Court must live there, and the most eminent Doctors and Ministers are there also. The Academy of painting and sculpture has to-day a vigorous, active life. Nay the very trades are learned. Printing is the staple industry, booksellers abound, and high technical skill is expended in the preparation of Scots confections in all their complicated and curious forms. And one must not forget that Edinburgh is a great residential centre, the home of many intelligent, travelled, wealthy men who have amassed a competency in various parts of the world, and settled down there to spend the evening of their days. Thus it is not so much a place of specialists as of generally well informed people, and a scratch audience will understand a literary or historical allusion on the instant. Your Edinburgh citizen is a very exclusive person especially in his own eyes. Sneering and satirical, he is cordially detested by the more open-handed Glasgow man; indeed not merely Glasgow, but places like Leith regard the Capital with little

favour. They aver that there all the geese are swans, that folks put all their goods in the front windows, that they are all show and not substance. "When an Edinburgh man dies, it is asked, what does he owe? When a Glasgow man departs, what did he leave?" is a well-known saying; probably however of Glasgow origin. Notwithstanding the associations of the place there is little pure literature brought forth. Theatres are of small account, and nowadays served by travelling companies. Nor has sport too great a prominence always excepting the secular, nay eternal golf. Nor is the life of the restaurants worth taking into account. The famous taverns of the eighteenth century have left no successors. The chief recreation of its cultured and comfortable society is in giving excellent dinners at which the guests indulge to the full a Scots proclivity for witty and pointed gossip and good talk generally, and be it a memory of the French League or due to good taste, the wine you drink at Edinburgh is of a high standard; nowhere shall you taste more excellent claret. But the distinctive Scots note becomes more and more subdued. The old Scots lady of quality who talked broadly and yet beautifully, and said things right out without a touch of vulgarity is long extinct. The quaint law terms of the Courts have still a national flavour, and the Scots criminal, taking it may be the eminent Deacon Brodie as his patron sinner, now and again infuses a touch of romance into his ill-doing, but then the criminal, even though he end in Edinburgh does not to any particular degree belong there. And in short it is not in Auld Reekie that you will now seek the most distinctive elements of the national life.

One word should be said in conclusion as to Edinburgh and the Poets. Burns' address has already been mentioned, and Scott who loved her well has sung of her in *Marmion* and elsewhere, best of all we think in *Bonnie Dundee* before quoted. Robert Fergusson made her the

subject of his muse; he is frankly Jacobite and pessimistic. Drummond of Hawthornden in the noble lines beginning

"Installed on hills, her head near starry bowers"

did her every possible honour. The pleasing Delta and Arthur Henry Hallam must here be left unquoted. We stop to pluck one verse of Alexander Smith:—

"Street haunted by the step of Knox;
Darnley's long, heavy scented locks;
Ruthven's blood-freezing stare:
Dark Murray, dreaming of the crown,—
His ride through fair Linlithgow town,
And the man waiting there,
With loaded fuse undreamed of, wiles
Of Mary, and her mermaid smiles."

But W. E. Henley's *From a Window in Princes Street* seems to us most excellently to give to-day's impression of the city:—

"Above the Crags that fade and gloom,
Starts the bare knee of Arthur's Seat;
Ridged high against the evening bloom,
The Old Town rises, street on street;
With lamps bejewelled; straight ahead,
Like rampired walls the houses lean,
All spired and domed and turreted,
Sheer to the valley's darkling green;
While heaped against the western grey,
The Castle, menacing and severe,
Juts gaunt into the dying day;
And in the silver dusk you hear,
Reverberated from crag and scar,
Bold bugles blowing points of war."

CHAPTER IX

THE KINGDOM OF FIFE

Famous Fifers—Ancient importance of Fife—Present position—Characteristics of the scenery—Characteristics of the Fifer—The Fife coal-field—The sea-coast towns and villages—Antiquarian remains—The attractions of the southern coast—Golfing—The uplands—The Fife lairds—Foxhunting—Lochleven—Dunfermline—Cupar—St Andrews.

ACCORDING to an old proverb, every great and clever Scotsman is either a native of Fife or has at least enjoyed the advantage of having passed through it. The proverb has some justification in fact. The natives of the Kingdom living or dead, now include a very large number of clever men, among them one of the most lavish distributors of benefactions the world has ever seen. If no Scotsman of quite the first rank in genius or achievement has been born within its bounds, it can boast of a good many names of at least the second order of greatness—such as Dr Chalmers Lord Chancellor Campbell, Sir David Lindsay, Adam Smith and Sir David Wilkie, while Buchanan, Knox and Carlyle have had rather intimate associations with it, and Burns himself visited it, and kneeled at what he mistakenly, supposed was the tomb of Bruce in Dunfermline Abbey. One of the great highways to the north crosses its western end ; and though in ancient times, and indeed until quite recently, it could not be conveniently reached except by boat or steamer, it was in the line of the main thoroughfare between Edinburgh and Perth, which were for centuries the principal towns in Scotland. Moreover Dunfermline and Falkland were favourite residences of the Scots Kings, while St Andrews was for long the ecclesiastical capital of the country ; and

in more ancient times the capital of the Southern Picts was at Abernethy to which circumstance as well as to its peninsular form it probably owes the designation of the Kingdom. Its ancient precedence over the other counties of Scotland is also attested by the fact that the Macduffs, Earls of Fife enjoyed the privilege of placing the King on the coronation stone at Scone and of leading the van of the Scots army. In 908 Abernethy ceased to be the royal and ecclesiastical capital of the Pictish Kingdom, but Dunfermline was a residence of Kings from the time of Robert the Bruce, and Falkland was a royal hunting seat from the time of James I. of Scotland. Near it there was a great hunting forest, while the whole of the uplands of the country were mainly an extensive and partly wooded moor, which was a haunt of the wild boar. Fife was, therefore, in ancient times visited by all kinds of notabilities, and through its hunting grounds and along its horse tracks passed many gay and brilliant cavalcades.

So much for the past; but though its ancient glory has passed away and it is no longer a special resort of royalty and fashion, it is still in a manner traversed by many notable persons and within recent years more so than ever, for by the erection of the great railway bridges that span respectively the Firth of Forth and the Firth of Tay, it is now included in the direct railway route between Edinburgh and the Highlands. At the same time few, except those with whom golf is the first consideration, break their journey to linger in it; for the scenery is lacking in the superior loveliness that attracts the tourist to the Highlands or the districts bordering on them; and it has not been touched or touched but slightly with the magic wand of Scott. Yet had Fife been, somehow, added on to almost any portion of England, as it has been added on to Scotland, it might have been deemed an exceptionally attractive region. Although, compared with the loftier Highland eminences the hills are of inconsiderable height, the

county, with an English environment, would have been reckoned almost mountainous. In its present situation the Highland eminences are within the range of most of the prospects from its uplands. Within its bounds the west Lomond Hill towers above Loch Leven to an elevation of over seventeen hundred feet; the Lomonds in the west, with various lesser heights scattered over the inland districts and Largo Law in the east do also something to modify a certain quality of tameness in some of the scenery; and the elevated ridge that runs through the centre of the country with the mansions and woods on its southern slopes adds considerably to the picturesque character of its coast. Hardly anywhere, indeed, can the scenery be reckoned altogether tame, except in the more easterly regions, where the sea breezes from the German ocean bare it of nearly all foliage; and during winter or early spring this easterly region, when the bitter blighting east wind is in full blast, attains to a sublimity of bleakness.

The central region includes many beautiful wooded undulations, and several well sheltered and very fruitful valleys. This region is by no means lacking in picturesque features, if it never, even faintly, suggests the sublime. What it mainly suggests is contentment and repose. The Howe of Fife, stretching eastwards and northwards from the foot of the Lomonds and watered by the river Eden, is, for example, a veritable sleepy hollow. Neither its agricultural progress, nor the moderate prosperity of its village factories has done much to change its aspect or the manners of the natives. The note of Fife, and its people generally is old-world quiet and peace. The Fifers are probably a blend of Celts and Picts with a large infusion of the Frisian element. The unsophisticated Fifer is cautious, shrewd, respectful, inquisitive and slow of speech. Unless under special provocation, he is not given to the expression of strong opinions. He seems to linger over his judgments before he gives them utterance, for his

opinions are his own, and he does not always have them ready made. His accent is a long drawl, with an ascending half musical intonation. Many Fifers, occupy as much time in the utterance of a single word, as would suffice a Glasgow citizen for the utterance of a dozen. Rural Fife abounds in all kinds of eccentrics. The native peculiarities of many Fifers are indeed quite unaffected by the opinions of their neighbours. Each has often his own special hobby, the hobby that makes life worth living to him, whether it be politics, or religion, or the dambrod, or singing, or violin-playing, or bird- or dog-fancying, or bee-keeping, or gardening, or amateur carpentry, or clock-mending, or fishing, or poaching. He generally does what he prefers to do, whether it be good or evil. If he prefers to be thrifty and careful and well-to-do, then he is a very pattern of outward respectability, and if he prefers to go to the bad, then he goes to the bad without shame and with very little halt or pause.

The old-world quiet of the inland valleys and the uplands still pervades the coast towns and villages of Fife, from the pleasant watering-place of Aberdour in the west to the staid university town of St Andrews in the north-east —though the quiet is partly broken at Kirkcaldy known as "the lang toon"; and is perhaps destined in the not distant future altogether to pass away. Not that the establishment of a naval station at Rosyth—if it ever be established there —would do a great deal in itself to alter the character of the more easterly towns and villages; but in this more easterly district there is an immense coal-field, stretching southwards beneath the waters of the Firth of Forth, and destined to be the chief source of coal supply for Scotland, long after the great coal-beds in Lanarkshire have been exhausted. Already in the neighbourhood of Wemyss and Dysart, are some of the largest producing pits in the country; but as yet, except in this region and the central westerly district, the industry has not greatly interfered with Fife's amenity.

The coast of Fife retains much of the primitive old-world look it had at the time of the sojourn there of Thomas Carlyle, who makes mention of "its ancient little burghs and sea-villages, with their poor little havens, salt pans, and weather-beaten bits of Cyclopean breakwaters, and rude, innocent machinery." It is bordered, with intervening expanses of fields or billowy links, by a succession of small trading and fishing towns and villages, all of which are centuries old, and the majority of them centuries old in their appearance. The sapient James VI. likened Fife to a beggar's cloak with a trimming of gold. The comparison was a very happy one when he made use of it, and it is not quite inapplicable now. In the days of James the inland valleys and the uplands were not so successfully cultivated; indeed much of the interior was mere moorland bog or waste; but even yet the low ground near the coast greatly exceeds the interior regions in fertility, and includes some of the most valuable agricultural land in Britain. Since the time of James the coast towns and villages have not declined in prosperity, but their prosperity has not increased proportionately with the general prosperity of Scotland. In the time of James their prosperity was exceptional; it cannot be so regarded now; though Leven and Kirkcaldy are thriving with some rapidity and there are large docks at Methil. The other towns and villages have also all progressed a little, partly by means of various minor industries, partly through improved methods of fishing and the greater demand for fish, partly owing to the increasing number of summer visitors, and the addition of residential villas; but they have not assumed a quite modern guise; they retain a good deal of the primitive picturesqueness. Their "poor little havens," and their "weather-beaten bits of Cyclopean breakwaters," are still, with some exceptions, very much what they were in Carlyle's time. Before the doors, or on the landing of the forestairs of the red-tiled

houses, in the narrow and confused streets bordering on the sea-sands, fishermen and fishwives still sit diligently baiting their lines as they have done before the same doors and on the same forestairs during many by-gone generations. There are of course board schools, and dissenting churches and public halls all of a modern type; but the ancient Dutch looking tower of the parish church or town hall, with its surrounding cluster of forestaired, red-tiled, dwelling-houses, still renders antique the aspect of the village-lined coast.

As for ancient castles, and other remains of historic interest, the coast of Fife presents nothing that can vie in importance with some of the famous fortresses on the Lothian coast. Protected by its two firths, it was largely outside the range both of northern and southern raids—the only campaign of importance of which it was the scene, being that of the Lords of the Congregation against the French forces at the time of the Reformation. Still, there are remains of a few old castles associated with some romantic or historic incident, as well as various other objects of some antiquarian interest. Within easy reach of Aberdour is the Island of Inchkolm—the Saint Colme's Inch of Shakespeare's *Macbeth*—with the square tower and other remains of its ancient monastery; and about a mile and a half south-westward is Donibristle, from the burning castle of which the "bonie Earl of Moray," broke forth in the darkness to be stabbed in his flight by his enemies the Gordons, who were guided in their pursuit of him by his burning plume. At Aberdour itself is the old ruined Gothic Church of St Fillans, and the keep tower of the ruined castle of the Earls of Morton. On an eminence overlooking Burntisland—which town may be reached from Aberdour by a beautiful pathway along the wooded slopes commanding exquisite views of the Forth and of Edinburgh—is Rossend Castle, now fitted up as a modern residence, where Chatelard had that

"RAVENSHEUGH CASTLE"

BY THE REV. JOHN THOMSON OF DUDDINGSTON

final interview with Queen Mary, which led to his execution; but Holyrood, and not Rossend, as is often erroneously stated, was the scene of the bedroom incident. The parish church of Burntisland, built 1592-94, is rather a notable structure, being modelled after the north church of Amsterdam. Indeed we may infer that Dutch architects were had resort to for the plans of many of the churches and public buildings of the coast towns of Fife. Although the erection of the Forth Bridge has robbed Burntisland of the bustle connected with the arrival and departure of the railway passenger steamer, it is rather a prosperous port as well as a favourite watering-place, with a golf course of medium merit. Above the quaintly antique Kinghorn, situated amongst grassy sandhills, was the royal residence of Kinghorn Tower—of which however no trace now remains; and it was when on his way to it from Inverkeithing that Alexander III.—in accordance, it is said, with a forebodement of Thomas the Rhymer—was, in 1284, killed by the stumbling of his horse at a precipitous part of the coast. The only object of antiquarian interest in the "lang toon" of Kirkcaldy—which is the birth-place of the reputed wizard Sir Michael Scott (whose ruined tower of Balwearie is about two miles west from its southern suburbs), the architect, Robert Adam, and of Adam Smith the author of *The Wealth of Nations*, and is associated with the early days of Thomas Carlyle and Edward Irving—is the early English tower of its parish church at the head of Kirkgate. On a sea cliff near Dysart are the ruins of Ravenscraig or Ravensheugh castle, accidentally destroyed by fire in 1715, long a seat of the Sinclairs, Earls of Orkney, and associated with the fortunes of the Lady Rosabelle, celebrated in Sir Walter Scott's ballad. It is the subject of a fine picture by Thomson of Duddingston which is here reproduced. Dysart, one of the most ancient, and most ancient looking towns on the coast, contains the naves and

tower in the Second Pointed style of the old church of St Serf, who is reputed to have held one of his famous discussions with Satan in a neighbouring cave.

By a detour from the main highway we reach Wemyss, the castle of which overhanging the sea—at a rocky portion of the coast, where there are several large sea caves—was from a very early period a stronghold of the Wemyss family, but is mainly memorable as the first meeting-place of Mary and Darnley. The new mansion-house of Lundin in Largo parish includes an old square tower dating from the time of David II.; and Lundin is also noted for a great antiquarian crux, three "standing stones" about twelve feet in height situated in a field a little to the north of the highway. According to one tradition they mark the grave of a great Celtic chief, according to another that of a great Danish warrior, but neither tradition can be regarded as more than conjecture. At the still primitive-looking Lower Largo, with its ancient pier and break-water, was born Alexander Selkirk, whose adventures suggested to Defoe his tale of *Robinson Crusoe*; and the town has also special associations with the great Scots naval hero, Sir Andrew Wood. On him James III. bestowed, in 1482, the barony of Largo, in reward of his victory over an English squadron in the Firth of Forth; and a circular tower forming part of Wood's castle still stands within the beautiful grounds of Largo House, while on the Kiel burn a little to the north of Largo House, is a portion of the old square tower of Balcruivie a stronghold of the Lindsays, Earls of Crawford. The pleasant contiguous watering-places of Earlsferry and Elie, with their golf course where James Braid and other notabilities were first initiated into the game, may be reached from Lower Largo by the downs along the shore, which rises into a rocky elevation before we reach Earlsferry. To the east of Elie, near St Monans are the ruins of Newark castle formerly the seat of General Sir

David Leslie, Lord Newark; and the antique fishing village of St Monans boasts the possession of a pre-Reformation church, which, though partly destroyed by an English raid in 1544 still retains its spire, transept and choir, the latter serving as the church of the parish of Abercrombie. At Anstruther the fishing capital of the "Kingdom" is the manse built by James Melville the Diarist; and the town is the birth-place of Dr Chalmers. Crail, notwithstanding the addition of a good many modern villas, is one of the most antique-looking towns on the Fife coast, while its air is much more bracing than that of the towns on the more westerly portions of the southern coast. Only slight vestiges of its ancient castle now remain, but it possesses a picturesque old town house and an old parish church that, notwithstanding modern repairs, preserves some of its ancient Gothic characteristics, though a good deal altered internally from what it was when Knox in 1599 repeated within it his famous sermon against idolatry. There is a sculptured Celtic cross within the doorway of the church. Adjoining Balcomie golf course, near Fife Ness, is part of the castle of Balcomie—now a farmhouse—where Mary of Guise was entertained on landing at Fife Ness to be married to James V. The white cliffs of the Isle of May, associated with a shrine of St Adrian, and containing a ruined thirteenth century chapel, front us to the south.

But the attractions of the southern Fife coast derive less from its memorials of the past than from the old-world picturesqueness and quiet of its ancient towns and villages; its undulating acres of grassy knolls and hollows intersected by golf courses; its occasionally rocky and precipitous shores; the long stretches, at low water, of its yellow sands; and its delightful views of the terraced heights of Edinburgh with the background of the Pentlands; and of the islands of the Forth and the Lothian and Berwickshire coast, with the Bass and North Berwick Law in the fore-

ground and the Lammermoors in the dim distance. Inland, the northern horizon is bounded by a long sloping ridge—rising, here and there, into heights of considerable elevation—under the shelter of which country mansions nestle among the woods, with a foreground of agricultural lands green with their midsummer verdure, or golden with the ripening tints of autumn. The southern Fife shore is an ideal place for the golfer, who while, as most golfers do, making golf the main business of his leisure hours, loves a beautiful seaboard country, and prefers to go a-golfing without the tedium of waiting his turn. It is not to be recommended to persons whose special preference is for the excitement of crowds, or the vanities of promenades, or whose delight is in the strains of watering-place bands or the jingling of negro minstrel tambourines. It is by no means strong in artificial or meretricious attractions. Along the whole southern coast there is not a single promenade pier or a single band stand; but it will sufficiently meet the needs of those who have a liking for a quiet and restful holiday time, and the calm delights of pleasant rambles either inland or by the shore.

The upland districts have few attractions beyond the bracing air and the extensive prospects. Of old the county was noted for the number of its lairds and the number of their law-pleas and their "doocots," as the dovecots are termed in Scotland. The proverb "He that will to Coopar, maun to Coopar" probably has had reference to this fondness for a law-plea, as well as to imprisonment in Cupar Jail. There are not so many law-pleas in Fife as there used to be, and the county jail is now a militia store; but the dovecots are in some districts quite a feature of the landscape, although no new ones are allowed to be built. As for the lairds, they also have become greatly reduced in number, many of the smaller properties having gone to swell the size of the larger estates. There are no very extensive landowners.

Medium-sized estates are the rule. Not very many landowners are titled, but a large number can boast of a long Fife ancestry ; and not a few families have been on terms of friendly intimacy for many generations. One of the chief social bonds is the common recreation of fox-hunting ; and the great social event of the year is the Fife Hunt ball. Fox-hunting—for which the county is quite admirably adapted is the main winter diversion of the lairds and many of the farmers, except when during frost it is succeeded by curling. In various parts of Fife, the villages are now in a half-ruinous condition, owing to the decay of weaving, the decrease of small village holdings, and the lack of agricultural employment, through the introduction of machinery. There are some large mining villages in the centre of the county, but the only inland towns of importance are Dunfermline and the county town of Cupar. Loch Leven, in the old stronghold of which Queen Mary was imprisoned, very nearly adjoins Fife though situated in Kinross-shire. It is greatly frequented for its fishing, most of the fishing clubs of Scotland selecting it for their competitions. There is also fairly good trout-fishing on the Eden and Leven and a few lesser streams; but the situation of Fife, between the firths of Forth and Tay, necessarily implies the lack of large rivers.

Dunfermline originated in a stronghold of Malcolm Canmore, the ruins of which crown an eminence in Pittencrieff Glen. The royal palace of somewhat later date and enlarged by James V., was allowed in the seventeenth century to become ruinous but the ruins are now in a good state of repair. It was a frequent residence of the sovereigns until the union of the crowns, but who the king was referred to in the ballad of Sir Patrick Spens as sitting

"in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blood-red wine"

is a mere matter of conjecture. Of the magnificent abbey, which was made a desolate ruin by the Reformers, practically all that remains is the Anglo-Norman nave, which was used as a Presbyterian place of worship until 1818 when a new church was erected on the site of the choir. Dunfermline Abbey succeeded Iona as a place of royal sepulture, the earliest sovereign interred in it being Malcolm Canmore and the latest Robert Bruce. Robert Henryson, the poet, who was probably a master of the Grammar School within the Abbey, has left us a poetic picture of his ramble on a spring morning among the neighbouring fields and woods :—

> "That samin seasoun, in to ane soft morning,
> Richt blyith that bitter blastis wer ago,
> Unto the wod to se the flouris spring,
> And heir the maveis sing, and birdis mo,
> I passit furth, syne lukit to and fro,
> To se the soyll, that was richt seisonabill,
> Sappie, and to resaif all seidis abill" etc.

The environs of Dunfermline are by no means lacking in charm and command beautiful prospects both southward and westward ; but towards the north and east they are intruded on by the chimney stalks of the central coal region, and the town itself is rather meanly and irregularly built. Lately, however, a special interest has been attached to its fortunes, from the favours that have been heaped on it by Mr Carnegie. Not only has he bought and gifted to the town the beautiful adjoining grounds of Pittencrieff, but he has devoted a capital sum of half a million for the provision of an annual income to be spent under the direction of trustees—and outside the usual range of municipal activity — in promoting the higher welfare, physical, intellectual and moral of the inhabitants. The town has thus been made the subject of what Professor Geddes terms an experiment "in the new phase of civic development," a phase which, it may be added is in regard

to most other towns not so much new as non-existent. How far the trustees may succeed in the furtherance of Mr Carnegie's aim to make Dunfermline a model city, time alone can determine. Since as regards the town's extension, the scheme will have to take into consideration its connection with the possible naval station at Rosyth, from the docks of which it would be but five miles distant, the problem the trustees have to solve may turn out to be one of some magnitude and complexity. That Britain is greatly in need of an object lesson of the kind which Mr Carnegie has supplied the means of providing is pretty evident; but it is also quite as evident that no extensive adoption of "the new phase of civic development" is possible, if it is to be dependent mainly on eleemosynary help. This is not to be despised where it is available, but it can hardly be expected to be available to such an extent as substantially to aid in ushering in the "new era," which Professor Geddes fondly persuades himself has already begun to dawn.

As for the county town of Cupar, it is unlikely to develop much further than it has done. Indeed it has, for some years, been decreasing in population; but so far as it has developed it is a well-built town with wide streets and pleasant environs, amongst woods adjoining the Eden. Its castle which stood on the school hill but of which there are now no remains was the residence of the Macduffs Earls of Fife, and the traditional, if unhistorical, scene of the murder of Macbeth by Macduff, immortalised by Shakespeare. The slopes of the same school hill were also used for the representation of Sir David Lindsay's *Satire of the Three Estates*. On Tarvit Hill, about two miles to the south of the town was held in 1559 the conference between the Lords of the Congregation and Mary of Guise which led to a temporary truce between them; and on the southern slopes of the Mount, about three miles south, was the mansion of the poet. But the chief modern, as

well as historic, interest of Fife centres in St Andrews. No longer the ecclesiastical capital of Scotland or Fife, it still preserves many fragmentary memorials of its ancient importance and while it is perhaps more than ever, the educational and intellectual capital of the shire, it may, in a manner, be regarded as the golf capital of the world. Its early history cannot be clearly disentangled from contradictory ecclesiastical myths, but it undoubtedly owes its origin to a Columbian cell founded on what was then a bleak and desolate promontory known as Muckross, the promontory of the wild boar. Later a monastery and church were probably erected by Regulus or St Rule, which acquired celebrity by the transference to it about the middle of the eighth century of the supposed relics of St Andrew, who thus became the patron saint of Scotland. It is these supposed relics that have made St Andrews what it is. But for them the old Culdee monastery would have remained only of minor account. There would have been no cathedral, no castle, no university, no "old-world city" set "on the verge of the sea."

Though all the main towers and steeples of St Andrews are still mediæval, it is an "old-world city" less to the sight than to the imagination. Its memorials of the past are fragmentary or ruinous, but its tale is told in their ruinous condition as well as in what they reveal of its ancient characteristics. There is no space here to record in detail its historic incidents—they are for the most part incidents rather than events—or to describe with any minuteness the skeleton features of its historic remains. The past they recall is mainly an ecclesiastical past, a past when cowled monks passed in and out of its spacious and splendid monasteries, when its magnificent cathedral was the scene of gorgeous processions and ceremonies, and echoed to the sound of the organ and the music of the mass, and when at its castle gates arrived kings and nobles and great ecclesiastical emissaries. But what we actually know

THE CASTLE, ST. ANDREWS

of the city's past is comparatively vague and dim, except when the figures of Beaton and Knox obtrude themselves on our attention. It is round these two figures—the soaring ambition, the pitiless persecutions and the violent death of the one, and the victorious Reformation and iconoclastic zeal of the other — that mainly centres the historic interest of the "old-world city."

The only complete specimen of the city's ancient buildings is the square unadorned St Regulus tower, to which there is attached a small Romanesque chapel. Outside the north wall of the cathedral grounds, on a rock above the harbour, the foundations have been exposed of what is supposed to have been the church of Kirkheugh built by the Culdees, when the sea began to encroach on the cell of the virgin, on the rock called Our Lady's Craig. The cathedral, which was about 370 feet in length with a breadth at the transepts of 166 feet, was surmounted by five spires and a lofty central tower. Three of the spires still remain, as well as most of the walls of the south transept and the south wall of the west aisle; but there are absolutely no data to determine the character of the interior. Of the great Augustinian priory little remains except the wall—about a mile in extent—round its precincts with a portion of one of the gates called the Pends. In the grounds of the Madras College is the ivy-clad north transept of the Black Friars monastery; but of the Greyfriars monastery there are no traces, its site being now occupied by an infant school. The West Port, one of the ancient city gates, is still entire, and south of the Pends, on the way to the harbour, is the gateway of the New Inn, built for Magdalen of France. The town church —formerly the church of Holy Trinity—in which Knox preached the sermon that caused the spoliation of the ecclesiastical buildings, and which contained some fine Norman and Early English work, was badly maltreated about the close of the eighteenth century, by reconstruction

for Presbyterian purposes; but it still retains its ancient tower and spire. It contains a monument to Archbishop Sharp in black and white marble, erected by his son and portraying the murder. With the exception of the chapels the ancient buildings of the colleges of the university were of a rude and unpretending character. The modern buildings of the United College occupy the site of St Salvator's. The quadrangle of the college is entered beneath a lofty tower and spire in the Middle Pointed style, to the east of which is the university chapel of the same date containing an elaborate tomb to Bishop Kennedy, which was greatly injured during the process of renovating the chapel's roof. Only a few fragments of the chapel of St Leonard's in South Street now remain. In the same street is the entrance to the ivy-clad buildings of St Mary's College dating from the seventeenth century. In the senate hall of the adjoining University Library, there are a number of interesting portraits, including those of Cardinal Beaton and George Buchanan. In South Street there is also what is termed Mary Stuart's house—the house traditionally affirmed to be that in which she stayed as "a plain burger's wife."

It is by no means certain that the pretty entire front wall of the ruined bishop's castle includes any of the ancient building from a window of which Beaton witnessed the martyrdom of Wishart, and from which his own dead body was exposed to the gaze of the crowd; for the castle was destroyed after its capture by the French; and the present building became ruinous only in the seventeenth century. There can however be no question as to the antiquity and gruesome memories of its bottle dungeon or sea-tower as Knox terms it, where the dead body of the Cardinal found temporary sepulture. "Now," writes the relentless Knox "because the wether was hote (for it was in May as ye have heard) and his funerallis could not suddenly be prepared, it was thought best, to keap him

frome stynckíng, to geve him great salt yneucht, a cope of lead, and a nuk in the boddame of the sea-toore, (a place whare many of Goddis childrene had bein empreasoned before) to await what exequiess his brethrene the Bishopps wold prepare for him."

Some enthusiasts profess to be greatly in love with the situation of St Andrews as well as with the city; but here there is apt to be a confusion of ideas. No doubt the city and its situation harmonise remarkably well, but it is the city that confers its charm on the situation rather than the situation that confers its charm on the city. Take the city away and the bleakness and bareness of the site would be pronounced enough. As for the city it is, apart from its ancient associations, a quite attractive place to sojourn in. The town council have shown much enlightened zeal in adding to its amenities, and their efforts are contributing not a little to its increasing popularity both as a place of education and of recreation. While not so many years ago it had only one golf course it has now three, and its suburbs have lately been increasing with some rapidity. Happily there is not now much more land near it available for golf courses, for it would be a pity if glaring watering-place splendours should rob it of its antique charm and its learned quiet.

CHAPTER X

IN LOTHIAN FIELDS

Old-fashioned scenery—*Dulcia Arva*—A smiling landscape—The triumph of industry—The relentless plough—The county town—Garleton Castle—Tyne in flood—Nungate of Haddington—A mediæval tradition—The ruin of a ruin—a *Volkslied*—John Knox—Lethington—Coalston—Hugo de Gifford and the story of the Coalston pear—Hailes Castle—Dunpender Law—Its legend—The "note" of the Tyne—The original Wolf's Crag—Soutra aisle and Soutra hospital—The legend of Goodman's acre.

EVERYONE knows that admiration for wild, rugged scenery is a modern whim. The Highlander who described the Cairngorm mountains—so sublime and terrible in their grandeur—as a very "fulgar place not fit for a shentelman," rudely expressed the prevailing sentiment of mankind till the end of the eighteenth century. The reason is obvious; ideas of toil and danger, privation and want were connected with a savage landscape. All that is changed and the novelty, remoteness, the solitude and the silence now seen at ease because of our mastery over nature, charm and delight. Will the mood pass and the cultured landscape again assert its charm? If so the Lothian fields will be first in favour, and in East Lothian you have the thing in its perfection. Here are the fields such as Virgil loved,—everything trim and in order, crops clean and free from weeds, fences, gates, walls in perfect repair; after it Kent seems slovenly; here is the highest farming, the most improved machinery, and yet there is room left for many a plantation well stocked with game, many a noble park and mansion-house whose owner bears proudly some long-descended name. On the one hand the Lammermoors rise in soft slopes giving the grandeur of the hills to the landscape, and on the other

there is the varied attraction of the ocean. To the stranger every class seems in its own way comfortable, the villages are neat and tidy, the cottages that make up the little "town" of the farm places are commodious and well kept. Each has its "kailyaird" but though the "kail" is not neglected, half of the "yaird" is a garden, where a mass of sweet-peas and other rustic flowers in their season delight the scent and the sight. Women work in the fields, in the time of harvest especially, but they are warmly dressed and well shod, they know how deftly to mix a touch of colour with their attire, and they are not too busy to spare a half shy, half coquettish glance for the wayfarer. The men are strong, burly figures, who lead with a certain heavy dignity the huge powerful horses that labour the fields. And the dogs! It was said that "no one could be so wise as Lord Thurlow looked:" you fancy no dog could be so wise as those collies appear to be; yet if you note how they respond to a motion of the master's hand, how they divine the meaning of a long string of directions, you will believe anything of them.

The history of all this is a work of time, but to know it is to increase your admiration. A hundred and fifty years ago much of the soil was morass or moorland, the horses were miserable puny animals, the folk ill clothed and ill fed, the houses of the peasantry were huts; nay the very soil had to be created. When the steam plough was introduced it was eagerly welcomed in East Lothian, but it did not do; it went too deep; it got below the thin covering which industry had created, down to that unprofitable subsoil, and so it was given up and the horse plough restored. "Speed the plough" is a favourite Lothian sentiment, and yet there is something relentless and terrible in its very activity. It grudges the necessary space for hedges, it cuts so close to their roots, it scores the sides of the ancient hills far up; if there happens to be an historic monument or deserted graveyard in its path

the plough cuts away slice after slice every year, and the whole disappears unless pious care has strongly fenced it in. It wages a strange fight with parts of the primeval soil which as stubbornly resist it. Here and again a rock crops up and it grazes this rock up to where it is absolutely naked.

Agricultural fortunes have had strange ebbs and flows for the last half century, but these do not leave here traces on the land. The plough pursues its remorseless course, the tall chimneys of the farm-steadings rise unchanged over the well-kept houses below. You notice fewer people about, and house after house left tenantless in district after district. Alas! Adam will have none of his rural paradise, but hies him cityward year after year. Once great hordes of Irishmen and Highlanders invaded the county at harvest time to lend much needed help, but with machinery the farmer manages with his ordinary supply of labour, and with machinery he is able all the year round to do with less hands. And yet he cannot get sufficient for his requirements: he must pay higher wages, he must go further afield for them. Once the East Lothian hind conceitedly averred that no Irishman could hold the plough; he could not, it was thought, draw those miraculously straight lines in the open field, but to-day a large proportion of the farm servants are either Irish or of Irish origin; the ambitious Scot, even in these remote districts, well educated and aspiring, has departed his native fields, it may be to regret the change, but never to return. However only part of Lothian is field. From Edinburgh to Tranent is either Edinburgh suburb or coalfield or factory. The miners do not impress you favourably at first; the men sit at their door in that curious posture called "hunkering," the villages are dirty, and the folk are abrupt in speech. Incredible as it may seem, they were in a state of legal slavery till the close of the eighteenth century, and you wonder if that is the original cause of their rough manners. But their education is good

and their interest in current politics keen and intelligent. And again the villages or towns on the sea-coast are more or less known pleasure resorts.

Let us get to the county town and look about us a little. It is pleasantly situated on the Tyne some 17 miles from Edinburgh, is low lying, the hills rising on all sides around it; there is a beautiful old church, half in ruin with a weather-beaten square tower, possibly the *Lucerna Laudoniae* or lamp of Lothian, some say from its beauty, others because a light blazed there through the darkness of the night to guide the wanderer through the waste. It is a place of some 4000 indwellers with broad streets, two running east and west and one north and south. Some of the lesser byways have preserved their names from mediæval times. The town was made a royal borough by David I. and so long before Constantinople fell to the Turk, or America was heard of, its municipal constitution was in full working order. A choice view is from the slope of the Garleton hills to the north, on the summer evening when the sun throws a red light on the houses. At your feet the river flashes in and out among the trees and fields. The tall graceful spire of the town house and the massive and square tower of the abbey rise from the houses, and behind these are the Lammermoor hills. There is a ruined castle on the other slope of those Garleton hills which deserves a word. Here the best authorities hold a poet not quite forgotten had his birthplace.

> "Still is thy name in high account,
> And still thy verse has charms,
> Sir David Lindesay of the Mount,
> Lord Lyon King-at-Arms!"

Alas! the muse has been as little able as of old to do anything for her "enchanting son," for the place is an utter ruin, degraded to base uses, a few pig-styes fitted up in the ruined keep. Those Garleton hills, by the way, are a curious replica on a smaller scale

of Arthur's Seat. Approaching them on their north side on a moonlight night you trace the lion's shape quite clearly.

However peaceful the county town seems to-day its history is of wars and rumours of wars and all manner of misfortunes. It was burnt again and again by the "auld enemy of England," and once more through the carelessness of a servant maid. In commemoration of this the town crier perambulated the borough every evening for something like two centuries chaunting what was called the "coal an' can'le" rhyme; a rude exhortation to carefulness specially aimed at domestics. The Tyne which is usually a gentle river becomes a water demon at secular intervals. All sorts of legends and traditions abound as to its floods. At one in 1358, probably the most terrible of all, the flood threatened to wash away the very abbey itself, and the day was the Nativity of the Virgin, when a nun seizing her image vowed that this first should feel the wrath of the water sprite, unless "Our Lady should protect her own." A doubtful passage in Fourdon narrates a more homely though possibly more veracious incident. A suburb called Nungate of Haddington lies across the river. It is connected near the church with the town by a beautiful mediæval bridge still in efficient order. Here dwelt a worthy citizen John Burly by name. Now almost the first thing the flood did was to invade the Nungate. John held on like grim death to the roof of his house, and there his dog, his cat and his cock gathered round him for protection. Here he remained through the night, but the grey dawn showed the howling waste of waters ever rising higher and bearing along more swiftly. Then an outrageous whirl of the flood tore off the roof and sent it spinning down stream whilst the cock crew, the dog howled, and the cat mewed a dismal accompaniment. As they swept on, rather than under the bridge, John managed with fist or pole to grip the structure and held on like grim death, whilst he chaunted an unseasonable and well nigh premature pæan of triumph.

THE OLD CHURCH AND NUNGATE, HADDINGTON

"Row we merely (merrily),
Quo' John Burley."

However he and his three brute companions were saved for their own time, and in a certain way for ours also. The old chronicler tells us that even unto this day the saying is a proverb in Nungate of Haddington. For years we have wandered there but not once have we heard it, but then the chronicler and his day alike are gone centuries ago.

And Nungate of Haddington is disappearing also. Up to some twelve or fifteen years ago it was worth profound attention which, alas! no one gave it. It was a Scots Bruges: some two or three centuries before it had been a busy respectable place, but then it had fallen behind; men of good estate had left it and no one else came. It was worth no one's while to repair or rebuild or even to pull down, it was not properly a part of Haddington but a subject place, ruled by an official appointed by the town council and known by the high-sounding name of Baron Bailie of the Nungate; not that he had anything to do, at least if he had he never did it, but his inactivity was masterly for this: for many years you had there the most perfect specimen of an old Scots town. Here were the known features of Scots architecture; the "Roundel" a sort of round tower with a conical top attached to one or two of the larger houses, and chiefly used for the staircase, again the outside stair to the top story, the "close" or narrow way between houses running from the main street. This is common in all old Scots towns and here it seemed narrower and quainter than elsewhere. Again you had now and again a "Pend," that is a broad entrance to a close, usually square, though sometimes arched; also there was an old chapel of St Martin, which some trace back to days when Scotland took its faith from Iona, but which is now a very ruin of a ruin, and that with the Nungate Brig already referred to made a very picturesque whole even though crumbling to decay. But some enterprising folk came

from the west and acquired Gimmer's Mills on the river and started a factory for a new sort of bread, and the mills were reconstructed and their name, which was older than the Reformation, changed; a new bridge was built, and most of the old picturesque structures cleared away, and the place was made no doubt much better to live in, but its glamour for us at least was hopelessly gone. Let us recall but one memory.

Down by Gimmer's Mills on the opposite side of the river there stood then in tolerable completeness, though now in hopeless ruin, an old mansionhouse called Bothwell Castle. It was the town house of the Hepburns, and here Francis Earl of Bothwell and Duke of Orkney and mate of Mary Stuart, came for some little time as master. Queen Mary though she moved much in the Lothians seems rarely to have passed through Haddington, but during her intimacy with Bothwell she was there once at any rate, and must have visited that house. We have seen it in the moonlight lying in the fantastic shadows of the neighbouring houses and heard the Nungate children the while dancing and singing a *Volkslied* with a strange indefinite suggestion of romance :—

"Take the ring from off my finger,
Off my finger, off my finger,
Take the ring from off my finger,
Isabella, Isabel!

"Take the brooch from off my bosom,
Off my bosom, off my bosom,
Take the brooch from off my bosom,
Isabella, Isabel."

You can fancy to what fine issues Burns would have turned an ancient rhyme like this—enshrined it, an enduring gem in the literature of the world; but then Robert Burns was not of those parts, though another Scotsman of the first rank, yet in many ways how different, had here his origin. This Scotsman was John Knox. Incidentally he has one or two records of the place. He reports how

George Wishart the martyr preached here to an indifferent audience, and that he threatened the folk "for their contempt of God's messenger, they should be visited with sword and fire, with pestilence, strangers and famine." He goes on to tell how this was fulfilled. In 1548 the English seized Haddington, and were there for eighteen months besieged by the French and the Scots. These were dark days indeed. Inside the town was pest so contagious that the living could scarce bury their dead, and in Nungate and elsewhere outside the boundary, quarrel and want; and when the stranger friend and the stranger foe had alike departed, Haddington and Nungate of Haddington were left with "a mean number of the ancient inhabitants to rebuild and venture as best they could." So in his own graphic way Knox tells the story; it does not occur to him to say that he was born there, but the Reformer had no local feelings, his mind was bent on too mighty issues, the conflict was too keen and too engrossing to allow a dalliance in sentimental musings.

Of the river floods enough has been said. It is quiet in its way for the most part. "Tyne tortoise-like that flows" sings Drummond of Hawthornden. Its course is only some thirty miles and, save where it passes by Haddington, it runs through the quietest parts of the county. Alder and willow trees and bushes bend over it and sometimes conceal it from view, or again it leaves part of its bed bare, and there are little islands and peninsulas and even rank grass, right in the middle of the stream. There are many historic seats on it or its tributaries: Saltoun Hall, for instance, where Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun the famous Scots patriot lived, and Lethington, now called Lennoxlove, where the Maitlands among them Secretary Maitland the famous politician of Mary's time, and the Duke of Lauderdale the "bloody Lauderdale" of Covenanting tradition had their homes. By the way the heart of this Duke in a leaden casket lies in the family

vault in Haddington church, and whenever the vault was opened the casket was always found in a different place, the powers of evil not permitting the persecutor to rest even in death. When the family sold Lethington they fixed their chief residence at Thirlestane Castle near Lauder, but their last home was still at Haddington and by a lonely hill road over the Lammermoors each Maitland was in due time carried to his last resting-place. These are old-time stories, for the vault is at length full and closed. There is a very pretty little mention of Lethington in Carlyle's *Reminiscences*; he was there courting, if such a phrase is permissible, Jane Welsh, whose father, you may remember, was a surgeon in Haddington. From the window of Dr Welsh's house there was a view of the old Keep of the Maitlands, which Carlyle notes for its fine effect. By the way one of the most charming things written about Haddington is to be found in Mrs Carlyle's letters. She visited the place after many years' absence, when most were dead who had known her. Her wanderings amongst the old familiar scenes in the darkness and in the early morn are finely touched off. The names she had missed on the signs over the shops, she found again written on the gravestones in the churchyard.

But we are getting far away from Lethington, of which place we shall relate no more stories. Legends cluster round the old families and the old dwellings throughout the county though there are no ballads worth repeating native to the place. Let us tell one other story, quaint if trivial. South of Lethington is Coalston and south of that again is Gifford where the Hays, at present represented by the Marquis of Tweeddale, have been settled for centuries. The old castle of the family is called Hobgoblin Hall "because it was wrought by words of charm by that famous Warlock, Hugo de Gifford." His daughter Jean Hay was wooed and won by George Brown of Coalston, and the course of true love had a most unproverbial smoothness. There was one little hitch, however:

whenever the question of settlement was mooted, the warlock assumed an abstracted air, and it was not until the party were on their way to the church that a very direct hint (it must be remembered these were very direct times) moved him to action. The party were then passing under a pear tree, and Hugo seizing one of the finest pears presented it to his astonished daughter; perhaps she pouted a little, as to the which the discreet chronicler is silent. He tells us however that the Warlock assured the couple that as long as this fruit was preserved, steady prosperity would be the lot of the house of Coalston. The pear was enshrined in a silver casket and all went well for many a long day, but "about the beginning of the seventeenth century," so it is conveniently and vaguely put, the lady of the house was consumed with an inordinate desire to eat that pear. She was in an interesting condition, and her anxious lord could deny her nothing: the casket was produced and opened and in less than no time the lady had her teeth in the fruit, but there she stopped: perhaps the taste of the secular delicacy was a trifle wooden, perhaps the desire perished in its very gratification, anyhow the pear was rescued, and stored away again, but trouble haunted the family, it lost large portions of its estates and male heirs were continually failing. In May 1907 the mansion was burned down. The lady of the house saved the pear before aught else. A recent possessor was a daughter of the great Marquis of Dalhousie. To her he bequeathed a priceless collection of works of Indian art brought from the East. These also were preserved, though scarce so esteemed as the pear which is exhibited only on very great and very rare occasions; in it are still plainly to be seen the mark of the lady's teeth, so that it seems scarce permissible to doubt the astounding legend.

Time would fail to tell of other places of interest. Away down the river at the foot of Traprain Law is Hailes Castle. The Law is one of two conical hills—

the other is North Berwick Law—which rise abruptly from the flat surface of the plain. This Hailes Castle is built on a little shoot of land out into the Tyne; it is a mere shell, quite hidden out of the way: you might pass days in its courtyard without being disturbed. The fruit-garden is still in use, its trees are allowed to grow at their own wild will. It once belonged to Bothwell and here he took Mary after his abduction of her, and just before her marriage to him; but on all that we need not dwell. The castle is visible from the highroad which passes to the north over a hill called Pencraik. It is odd by the way how some of the places retain their Celtic names. Pencraik is Celtic enough, and yet places all around are as Saxon as possible. There is only one point on the road from which you can see the castle, but that in passing you must find for yourself.

If you care to climb Traprain you will not find it difficult. Enormous flocks of crows and rabbits affect it, the birds rise slowly and sadly cawing in hoarse protest at your intrusion. The rabbits of course scurry away at a great rate, but they need not go far for the entire hill is full of their holes; as like as not you put your foot into one of these and down you come among the nettles, which mantle the hill, not thickly enough however to prevent you feeling the hard rock in the midst of all your stings. The hill is only 700 feet high, and we need not exaggerate the difficulty of the ascent. From the top you have a splendid view of the whole course of the river and the county from the sea to the hills. This hill has its legend which must here be told with all possible brevity. Its old name was Dunpender, a name much affected by Scott and indeed all the national poets. In pagan times here lived the great King Ludovius through whom the county is called Lothian even to this day; he had a daughter called Thaney, a convert to Christianity and the mother of Kentigern the patron saint of Glasgow. She was thrown by the command of her father from the top of Dunpender Law, but she took no

hurt. Then she was put in a boat made after the Scots fashion, without any oar and sent adrift on the nearest part of the sea. The boat was miraculously conveyed to the other shore, and miraculously rescued by the saintly Silvanus, but we need not follow the legend further.

One other castle we needs must mention and that is Crichton in Midlothian not far from the edge of the river. Scott in Marmion says of it

> "That Castle rises on the steep
> Of the green vale of Tyne;
> And far beneath, where slow they creep,
> From pool to eddy dark and deep
> You hear her streams repine."

Now Ruskin has remarked on the distinctive note of the Scots rivers. The Tyne has its own note; its gentle flow swells in and out by bends of the bank and over gravelly beds, moving the branches and leaves of the trees which touch its waters with a continuing swaying motion and rustle. All these sounds blended together make up a very distinctive note pleasing and yet melancholy. "Her streams repine": you see how well Scott caught that note.

The hills that close in the county on the south side are suited to the character of the scenery, they are soft rounded hills suffering the plough far up their slopes, quiet and gentle even in their inmost recesses. There are beautiful glens among them each with its burn of clear water, where you can catch as many trout as you wish, and the sides are covered with heather, where at one time the bees gather honey and at another grouse breed. You can climb Lammer Law, the highest peak in a few hours from Gifford; indeed there is a bridle path from Gifford to Lauder some ten miles long which runs over the very top of the range. There is ever a touch of romance about Lammermoor. We remember in Germany long ago mentioning the name and being at once overwhelmed with inquiries about *Schloss Lammermoor* and Lucia. It

was not for a moment we remembered the *Bride of Lammermoor*! It seems certain enough by the way that Fast Castle on the eastern spur of the Lammermoors just where they fall into the sea is as near as may be the origin of the Master of Ravenswood's home. We went there once but it is a terribly rough road, and we lay down in sight of the place too tired to cross the narrow ledge of rock that unites it with the mainland. Perched on a crag above the sea, far from human dwelling, with its background of lovely hills it is indeed the very castle of romance. If not Wolf's Crag, where is Wolf's Crag to be found?

At the other end of the Lammermoors stands Soutra hill once in East and now in Midlothian. There is a beautiful road over this hill leading from Lauder on the south to Edinburgh. It was built in the days just before the railways; it mounts the hill in long easy strides, but it is less and less used; had the railways been foreseen it had never been built at all, though no doubt the motor and the bicycle man find it extremely convenient. As you descend this hill towards East Lothian do not forget to drink of the spring of water at the roadside; its virtues are reported excellent (the tradition is mediæval) and you need not follow the local custom of lacing it with the wine of the country. However you pass on, and just at the foot of the hill there is a rough way to the left; if you follow this, though to do so you must again ascend the hillside, you come across a building that seems in the distance like a shepherd's hut and at close quarters like a powder magazine. It is known as Soutra aisle; that is all that remains of the Hospital erected here by Malcolm IV. in 1164 for the entertainment of pilgrim travellers and poor folk. A splendid foundation this once was. You think of its Latin hymns echoing day after day through the waste, and its sweet bells chiming welcome in the ears of the weary wanderer. Perhaps you fancy some ruined and fallen scholar of our own time tramping the lone hillside and

bitterly cursing his day as he thinks of that strange profuse mediæval charity which fell like heaven's rain and sun on the just and on the unjust, and gave to the needy according to their wants and not according to their merits. The Reformation came, the old order gave way, the hospital was disendowed and deserted, and the remains were a prey to all and sundry. Were stones needed to repair a dyke or build a wall or what not, here was the convenient quarry. Perhaps only the scantiness of the near population or the plenty of other material so long stayed the final triumph of the spoiler. However in 1850, moved by some impulse, the neighbours seized simultaneously the remaining fragments and bore them off. But one vestige remained. In 1686 Pringle of Goodman's Acre constructed out of, or adapted from the ruins a portion as a family burying-ground, and this in after years the spoilers needs must respect. Otherwise nothing had marked the site, save that the nettles grow thicker where was the graveyard of the Hospital. This Goodman's Acre by the way has its own story. James V. that northern Haroun-el-Raschid wandered there in disguise, as he did in so many other parts, and calling at the house of Pringle's ancestor, faint and hungry asked for food. The goodwife was impressed by the stranger; the best fowl was forthwith in the pot, the banquet, if rustic was the choicest she had, and James thought it not unworthy of a King. He honoured the feast and he honoured the giver in the large way of the Stewart. He made the dame and her lord the delighted proprietors of the field in which the cottage stood. A rude rhyme commemorates the legend

"Hae ye no heard o' thae auld times
When Pringle was sae lucky
As to get a guid piece o' grund
A' for a roasted chuckie?"

The family held Goodman's Acre till about fifty years ago.

CHAPTER XI

THE LOTHIAN SHORE

The fishwife—An etching from Fisherrow—The Forth Bridge—Portobello—The story of its origin—Old bridge at Musselburgh—"The honest town"—Prestonpans—The story of the battle—The romanic Stuart "note"—The Wintons of Seton—Bogle hill—Golf Links—Dirleton—Edinburgh *super mare*—The royal game—A story of witchcraft—The ruins of Tantallon—Memories of the Bass—A Solan goose—Dunbar Castle—Black Agnes—A "snell" wind.

EDINBURGH like other modern cities has spread itself so far about that at Cockenzie and Port Seton you are scarce quit of it. In the course of a hurried run along the Lothian shore we shall say but little of those places that are within its radius. Newhaven to the west and Fisherrow to the East still contain examples of the fisherwife whose picturesque half Flemish dress of strong coarse stuff, mutch for head gear, and the creel on her back lend an old-world flavour to the little townlets on the Firth. Poetry and romance have been busy with her. Probably you have read Charles Reade's *Christie Johnstone*, perhaps you have even heard sung the song of *Caller Herrin'* which puts the case admirably from the fishwife's point of view; we prefer this etching in verse by W. E. Henley, realistic rather than romantic but true to the very life.

"A hard north-easter fifty winters long
Has bronzed and shrivelled sore her face and neck;
Her locks are wild and grey, her teeth a wreck;
Her foot is vast, her bowed leg spare and strong.
A wide blue cloak, a squat and sturdy throng
Of curt blue coats, a mutch without a speck,
A white vest broidered black, her person deck,
Nor seems their stern and old-world quaintness wrong.

Her great creel forehead-slung, she wanders nigh,
Easing the heavy strap with gnarled, brown fingers,
The spirit of commerce watchful in her eye,
Ever and anon imploring you to buy,
As looking down the street she onward lingers,
Reproachful, with a strange and doleful eye."

Leith is, as all the world knows, a busy commercial port doing great business with the Baltic, and in pre-railway days all sorts of famous people used to land here as they came on their way to Edinburgh, Queen Mary among others when she made that adventurous dash from France on her own kingdom. You still feel with a shudder that evil clammy mist in which she drew to land, and recall how through it she had to grope her way to Holyrood, portent, said Knox, of the calamities she brought with her! To go from Leith to Edinburgh in those days was to pass from one town to the other; middle-aged men remember when there was a clear space between the city and its port, but they are now joined together, though Edinburgh still looks down a little on Leith and Leith is a little jealous of Edinburgh.

However we will get on our way eastward for though from Edinburgh to Dunbar by the coast is only a matter of some 30 miles, yet the road is crowded with points of interest, and we needs must bestow a word or two on each. One prominent object you see at any point in the coast, a structure like three huge eggs placed end to end. You easily guess this is the Forth bridge, which cost £3,000,000 and stretches a mile without the approaches. You may take your fill of all sorts of curious statistics about this famous bridge but here we only note its light and graceful appearance, causing it to figure quite decently in a landscape which holds Arthur's Seat and the islands of Inchkeith and the May, and the varied splendour of the Fife coast. As you come from Edinburgh you first strike the shore at Portobello, a place of great popular and no other attraction. It is the Margate of Scotland, and here on a Saturday afternoon all lower Edinburgh disports itself. There is

a very long and dilapidated pier, and there used to be bathing machines, but the sea is too confined, too polluted, in short, to make a salubrious watering-place. Cologne indeed has scarce the odours of Portobello; to the west of it lie great meadows through which the sewage of Edinburgh percolates to a sea already fat with the droppings of cities and hamlets, and nearer at hand are potteries and factories in abundance; but the tramways convey you speedily and cheaply from Edinburgh, and poor folk must take their pleasure where they can get it, and not where they might desire to have it. The Spanish name by the way has a curious history. In 1739 we went to war with Spain and our Admiral Vernon captured Portobello on the Isthmus of Panama. In one of his six crews was a Scots officer or quartermaster or so forth who presently retired on a competency. Some whispered he had plundered the shrines of the saints, or acquired a good store of pieces of eight in an even less creditable way. Be this as it may, our old salt built by the Forth a snugly thatched house and called it "Portobello." It was a wild spot among the Figgate Whins, then the haunts of smugglers and robbers. *Waverley* and *The Heart of Midlothian* were still unwritten, and Scott himself had not yet taken those famous gallops on Portobello sands, but then everything was clean, wholesome, pleasant and the stout seamen cared little for the reputation of the neighbourhood. He passed away; the thatched house became a town, and so the place "arrived."

The tramway or a continuation of it will carry you right through to Musselburgh. Now if you have time, do not follow the usual tramway route over the river, but where the road divides take the right hand, and that for two reasons. On the way to the Esk you will pass some good examples of old Scots houses, and you will cross the Esk—the very river of which Scott has sung so melodiously—by a very old bridge with steps on either side. They say this is a Roman Bridge, and very probably the old

invaders bridged the river here, but you would be hard put to pick out any Roman work in the structure. The local antiquary however will show you odds and ends of Roman brick here and there throughout the town; he could scarce do the same for the medieval relics, since the once famous chapel of our Lady of Loretto is gone root and branch. A reforming mob destroyed it early in the sixteenth century, for which offence the townsfolk were annually, officially, and solemnly cursed at Rome for over two centuries. The materials were frugally used for the construction of a town house, a quaint old building, though of a rather dirty appearance standing in the High Street, which last is a broad spacious thoroughfare of quite a creditable appearance. The town motto is "Honesty," because the townsfolk treated Randolf Earl of Moray the Bruce's friend so well in his last illness that the new Regent described them as honest fellows. At Musselburgh we are near the site of one of the numerous battlefields of the neighbourhood. This is Pinkie where on the 9th September 1547 the English under Somerset gave the Scots such a thorough drubbing, though with no appreciable effect. At Musselburgh Links you come upon the first of a series of golf greens. In old days this was the favourite spot, succeeded the Leith Links in fact, but it is rather crowded, and your zealous golfer will go further afield.

At Levenhall which is at the east side of the Links the tramway stops, and if you don't know the route you may have hopes of the open country and a fine beach. You are doomed to disappointment; for some miles until you pass through Morrison's Haven, Prestonpans, Cockenzie and Port Seton. These are a curious combination of the fishing and the mining village, neither is cleanly nor pleasant and together——! Prestonpans has peculiarities of its own; it is a busy place with a well known brewery and various commercial undertakings. A great deal of money must circulate there, and

why this squalid air? why these dilapidated houses? Still less are you able to explain the individuality of the houses; the long street twists and curves in an irritating perplexing way, but that is perhaps because it follows the line of the shore, but then why does each house stand at an angle to its neighbour?

On September 20th 1745 near here was fought the battle of Prestonpans, a battle of such importance in the Stuart legend that we must pause to recall some of its incidents. It was on the 20th September 1745. Charles had landed at Moidart with seven followers on the 25th July that year. We know how the Highlanders gathered round him, and how he descended on the Lowlands and occupied Edinburgh with no real resistance. Sir John Cope had followed him to the Highlands, had missed him there, had come by sea to Dunbar, and had marched thence to Prestonpans. The Stuart camp was at Duddingston, a little to the south of Portobello; from here they marched towards the main road by the sea which we have already followed. An eye-witness told Robert Chambers the historian of the Rebellion, the impression produced upon the spectator by the strange array. The Highlanders armed in all sorts of odd ways, with unfamiliar squalid dress, savage looks had all the pride and ignorance of barbarians. A little apart surrounded by his officers rode the Prince, his large blue eyes gazing around at the unfamiliar scene. His gallant bearing, his handsome face, his long hair, the star of St Andrew that dangled on his breast made him a very fairy prince of romance. All observers report something melancholy in his aspect; if his fate o'ershadowed him he was, then at least, equal to it. As he went on through Fisherrow and over the old bridge already described into Musselburgh the populace cheered, and no wonder—they were not much used to princes in those parts! Here as elsewhere the women were particularly enthusiastic. He bowed low till his hair mingled with his horse's mane in answer to the

greetings, and then he passed and vanished, a never to be forgotten memory, touching with strange colour many a sombre and uneventful life!

It was some time before the foes got to grips; Cope was strongly entrenched by the sea, at first he faced west thinking his enemies would come straight on to the attack; but there was a morass in the way, and the Highlanders moved round to the south and occupied the high ground about Tranent. Here the Prince dined on the eve of the battle, he had two companions and there were only two spoons among the three! Perhaps he did not know that an ancestor, whom in strange variety of fortune he resembled, had dined in Tranent under strange circumstances. In 1567 after the murder of Darnley, Mary Stuart had gone to Seton Castle; Bothwell was there with her. They had a game with bows and arrows, and the losers entertained the winners to a dinner at Tranent. Hill Burton has some sarcastic remarks at the selection of the place for such a banquet. We do not know what was the *menu*; but even to-day Tranent is but a grimy colliery village, with no pretence of provision for banquets! However we know that the Prince had beef and kail, and we also know that ere he left Scotland he fared far worse. During the night a way was found over the morass, and this way the Highlanders followed while it was yet dawn, and drew up their line on the firm ground beyond. Even in the very battle arrangements that inevitable romantic Stuart note, or if you choose to say, that theatrical Stuart touch, comes forth; the Macdonalds were on the right because their clan had that station at the battle of Bannockburn, and since then it had ever been held their due. Between the first and second lines there was an interval of fifty yards. Altogether there were some 2400 men, but Cope's army was rather smaller. Charles said a few words and the Highlanders prepared to charge. On the right, daylight lay clear on the waters of the Firth, the mist was rolling up the high ground on the left.

Between the combatants it still lay close and thick, so that for a little they could not see one another. On every wall and knoll vague shapes moved; they were those of spectators anxiously awaiting the result. Battles were then fought at close quarters, and none at closer quarters than this. At first there was terrible silence; the feet of the Highlanders as they trod the stubble made a strange rushing noise, an occasional drum tap showed where Cope's army lay in the darkness, and then the mist cleared and out of it emerged the clansmen with terrible yells rushing on their foe. The volley of cannon and musketry scarcely held them for an instant, they fired their guns, threw them away, drew their swords and were in a minute among the already wavering soldiers. They caught the bayonet points on the targets, which they bore in their left hands, turned them aside, struck and stabbed with their swords, broke the line and all was over! Cope's army fled in wild confusion, the second line of the Highlanders, hurry as they might, were never in the battle at all; no victory was ever so sudden or complete.

One touch of courage and heroism relieves the story of disaster. Colonel Gardiner, that ideal of a Christian soldier whose portrait Scott has drawn with loving fidelity in *Waverley*, accompanied by a small knot of gallant men offered a determined resistance, but he fell mortally wounded. His house is on the field of battle and is still standing. In front of it is a monument to his memory erected some 50 years ago. You see both, close to Prestonpans station, as you pass in the train. Endless stories are told of the conquered and the conquerors. Cope bolted as hard as he could and scarce stopped until he was safe within the walls of Berwick. He was sarcastically complimented as the first general who had brought everywhere the news of his own defeat. His men were not behind him in cowardice. A body of them made off on horseback for Edinburgh, followed in arduous pursuit by

a single Highlander, a certain Cohoun Grant. He chased them to the very gate of the Castle, and then calmly rode out of the hostile city; the guard half disposed to resist, yet opening the gate at his terrible word of command. The Highlanders were perplexed by their booty; no tribe of African savages could have known less of the uses of civilised articles. One sold a watch for a trifle, explaining that the creature was dead. The fact was it had stopped, not being wound up. Another parted with a horse for a horse pistol. Many made for their native hills, bearing huge military saddles on their backs, but we have dwelt long enough on the surprising conflict. The prince and his army made forthwith their triumphal entry into Edinburgh and the rising was already in the short meridian of its splendour.

Let us continue our progress eastward. When you get to Port Seton you may be said to bid farewell to Edinburgh, and a pleasant stretch of links, too rough and wild for a golf course, however, lies between you and the sea. Seton occurs again and again in this neighbourhood. A little inland is the farm of Seton Hill; there is Seton Mill and Seton Castle where was once Seton Palace and by it is Seton Chapel. All these tell of the great family of Seton, Earls of Winton that lived there for centuries. They rose for the Stuarts in the '15, and lost all their splendid possessions. One of the Queen's Maries was a Seton, and Mary's visit to Seton Palace has already been noted. When James VI. was on his way south to take up the English sceptre as James I., he crossed at the gate of the palace the funeral of the then lately deceased Earl of Winton. James stopped, perched himself on the wall of the park, and watched the procession therefrom. To-day except for these names you will find no trace of the once powerful family, unless indeed you manage to get entrance to the chapel founded some six centuries ago and lately restored by the Earl of Wemyss as a burial place. Here you can spell out long pompous Latin inscriptions that tell of

the great deeds and past glories of the house of Seton, and have ample opportunity for any amount of moral reflections if you feel inclined that way. The power of the Setons came to an end at last, still they had a pretty long innings.

If you pass by the links after nightfall in summer time you will see many a tent and light glittering among the whins. It is a favourite spot for camping out parties, and yet a little reflection convinces you that the wildness is artificial. The ground is, fortunately enough, preserved, or a long line of villas would most assuredly dot the whole coast. Well here be one of the uses of a landed gentry! There is only one little house on the sea road between Port Seton and Aberlady. There was once a few others on a knoll called Bogle Hill, but these have been destroyed. Bogle is Scots for ghost, and perhaps there was an eerie tradition clinging to the spot, but it has long vanished into thin air. Beyond Aberlady you again touch a long chain of golf courses, some of them old, some of them only made the other day. There is Luffness and Gullane. Till some years ago Gullane was a little village, hamlet rather, with a deserted kirk and an old world hotel called the Golf Hotel. But now its links are famous, and all sorts of places are built for visitors, and the name is well known as a rising golf centre. Dirleton too would grow were it permitted, for opposite the little island of Fidra in the Forth there is the inevitable course, and a very fine bit of beach, as yet secluded though North Berwick is round the corner. Dirleton is always said to strike one as like an English village, perhaps because of its extensive green. It was held out as a bait to Logan of Restalrig one of the Gowrie conspirators. He thought it "the pleasantest dwelling in the kingdom" and its houses are so well kept and its old castle is so picturesque, and the castle gardens so delightful, that you may very well be of his opinion. The better part of three centuries ago Nisbet, Lord Advocate and Lord of Session (*Dirleton's Doubts* is still in name at least

familiar to the Scots lawyer), got hold of it, and his descendants have not yet lost their grip.

A little way out of Dirleton and you are already in the suburbs of North Berwick. This is the most fashionable of Scots watering places, and as a golf centre second only, if it be second, to St Andrews, but it is also an old town, and those who built it had no thought of either golfer or tourist. You almost wonder why they made the town there. The central figure is the Law which with "Cone of green" slopes down swiftly to the sea, and on the lowest slope the builders placed the first houses. You walk along High Street and at right angles to it you plump into Quality Street, a pleasant enough square shaded with trees. The inevitable wynds run out of these, and there is the harbour with its fishing boats, but this is only kernel, for away along the Dirleton Road, and again eastward toward the Bass, there are galore of new streets, full of all sorts of villa residences, built exactly after the pattern of Edinburgh suburbs; so if you call Brighton, London *super mare*, you would still more call North Berwick, Edinburgh *super mare*. The view here is always seaward, for the slope of the hill shuts out the broad swell of the Lothian plain, but on a clear day it is fine of its kind. To the right the huge mass of the Bass Rock catches your eye, just in front are some quaintly shaped and quaintly named islets, Craigleith, Fidra, the Lamb and so forth, on the other side is the Fife coast, and beyond it loom in a faint magical way, as in a dream dim shadows of mighty Highland ranges. Hills are to landscape what inspiration is to poetry, and style to prose: they give it the inevitable touch that transports above the commonplace. See this from the Law on a fine day, and you will say they did well to build a town there.

Of the golf links and their rich variety of holes and bunkers, each with curious distinctive name, we shall not here speak. The outsider however has a personal grudge against golf; it is like a French duel, the danger is reserved

for them that "assist"; you walk on these links with your life in your hands, you are between the golfer and the deep sea, balls whistle about your head in every direction. Certainly those who play seem to hold your life in little esteem. It is said that a wanderer struck with a ball, fell as the ox smitten of the butcher and lay for some time senseless at the bottom of a bunker. At length feebly raising his eyes he saw the player looking down on him from the edge of the pit. Asked if he was hurt, he replied he was killed. "Weel, it ser's ye right," said the golfer stalking away "for ye have spoilt the best stroke I ever made."

The antiquities of North Berwick exist for the most part on paper. There was once a Cistercian Nunnery, but scarce a stone remains. One grotesque and horrible legend seems worth a word. In 1590 a great witch case moved Scotland from end to end. Jelly Duncan a servant girl at Tranent, was suspected of witchcraft. She was forthwith cruelly tortured, she made copious confessions implicating other women of the neighbourhood and there was more torture and more confessions. They told how to the number of 200 they sailed the stormy main, each in a "riddle or sieve and went into the same very substantially with flaggons of wine making merrie and drinking by the way." They disembarked at North Berwick and marched in procession to the kirk. Jelly went before, dancing and singing with infernal skill; the while making strange melody from a Jew's harp. This part of the song has been preserved.

> "Kimmer goye ye before, Kimmer goye ye
> Gif ye will not goe before,
> Kimmer let me."

King James, reputed a master in the detection of witchcraft, was much interested in this case. As for the witches themselves they were hustled out of the world with all possible despatch.

Three miles out of the town are antiquities better

worth your notice, for on a precipitous cliff overlooking the sea are the remains of Tantallon Castle, described by Hugh Miller in one admirable sentence, "three sides of wall-like rock and one side of rock-like wall." A little way off it seems majestic though in ruin, but it is a mere shell, its gloomy dungeons alone without hurt, for "the evil that men do lives after them!" You can however fancy the remains of a wall round the battlements, and if you have *Marmion* in your pocket or your head you may pick out the spot wherefrom Clair surveyed the ocean. Whence the name, and who built Tantallon none can tell. A quaint legend derives it from "Tam et Allen" the architect who planned and the mason who built. For centuries it was the great Douglas stronghold; their stone sign of the bloody heart still moulders above the gateway. Here grim old Bell-the-Cat had his lair, and here his gentle son Gawain who, "in a barren age, Gave rude Scotland Virgil's page" meditated those wonderful prologues. What place fitter than Tantallon to suggest "Gousty shadows of old and grisly deid," a line of itself sufficient, as Hugh Miller well says, to establish its author a true poet. James V. strenuously attacked it in 1528. Two mighty Cannons, "thrawn-mouth'd Meg and her marrow," were hired from Dunbar for battering the walls but to no purpose, and so to

> "Ding doun Tantallon
> Big a brig to the Bass,'

became a Scots proverb for things impossible.

We turn to the Bass, "amazing Bass," as Home author of *Douglas* called it. It is a mile round and at one side rises 300 feet sheer out of the water. There is but one spot where you can land and that in calm weather. Here are the remains of fortifications, and you see that till the time of modern guns the place was impregnable. It has a long and curious history. Here covenanters were confined and

they still show you the dungeons of Hogg and Peden and Blackadder; there they lay for some years "envying the birds their freedom." Terrible times these prisoners knew, and terrible it is yet to see the Bass when the spirit of the storm is abroad and mighty breakers from the German Ocean dash against its sides, whilst the spray clothes it as with a white garment. And what a magic scene it and Tantallon compose in the moonlight! Of late years the Bass was left alone till the other day a lighthouse was built. Sheep are pastured there; they make delicious mutton, veritable *gigot du pré salé*. And then there is the Solan Goose,—a wonderful bird that. Old Hector Boece has all sorts of strange fables about its birth and breeding; but we will not recount his quaint marvels. Most incredible of all, in old time Scotland these birds were a great edible treat! Ray the Botanist, temp 1661, relates "the young ones are esteemed a choice dish in Scotland and sold very dear—1s. 8d. plucked. We ate of them at Dunbar." Once we banquetted on a Solan Goose; that was more years ago than we care to remember. We never tasted anything like it before or since: its peculiar flavour once known is never forgotten, though whether it be fish or fowl or a combination of both or something else you cannot tell. Nay a local guide book gravely assures us that the innkeeper at Canty Bay which is the port for the Bass Rock, "oft made strangers believe it was a beef steak and they would go away perfectly satisfied, but he made them always aware when they came on the point of leaving what they had partaken." Rather a practical joke, O Boniface, to play with the customers! One wonders what they said as they panted up the brae, one wonders if they ever returned. The Minister of North Berwick as Vicar of the Bass is entitled to twelve Solan Geese annually, the Schoolmaster to two. Perhaps in that his state is the more blessed. Some say that your Solan Goose ought to be buried under the earth for a little before you eat him;

THE BASS ROCK

surely it were better to bury and incontinently forget where you have laid him.

You desert the coast soon after Tantallon, pass the little village of Whitekirk where was once a famous shrine, and so on through the Tyningham woods wherewith the Haddington family have within the last two centuries magnificently clothed what was once the naked Lothian moor. When you are clear of them you cross the Tyne and so reach the main road to Dunbar which, as Carlyle says, "stands high and windy looking down over its herring boats over its grim old castle now much honeycombed" . . . Landward as you look from the town there rises some short mile off a dusky continent of barren heath hills, the Lammermooors where only mountain sheep can be at home." The passage, you remember, occurs in those wonderful elucidations of Cromwell's letters, dealing with the battle of Dunbar fought at Dounehill, two miles off on 5th September 1660, where the Lord Protector gained such a crushing victory over the Scots under Leslie. The Castle of Dunbar was famed in its day. It stood a siege in 1337 under the Countess of March, Black Agnes. Her masculine courage, her blunt Scots wit, her able and successful strategy preserves her name. Mary Stuart was here on three important occasions in her life. Alas! all that remains of this famous structure are a few shapeless ruins on the cliffs by the sea. Dunbar itself may be called the last of the golfing towns on the coast. Of late years it has come into favour as a seaside resort, but let only the robust hither repair. The strong sea water stings you as you bathe, the strong sea air bites your cheek as you walk, and the east wind from the ocean in winter is not to be matched in Britain!

CHAPTER XII

THE CITY OF ST MUNGO

Origin and name—The city's fairness and beauty in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—Evil consequences of its prosperity—The present High Street and its frequenters—The approaches to the Cathedral and the Necropolis—The Necropolis—View from its summit—The Cathedral and its surroundings—Modern Glasgow—George Square—The Corporation and its doings—The electric cars—Glasgow as a habitation—Its misconstruction—Lack of open spaces—Central Glasgow—Submerged Glasgow—Working class Glasgow—Sad results—Problems of the future.

GLASGOW might have had no existence but for the fact that, about the beginning of the fifth century, St Ninian, the apostle of Galloway, built a rude place of worship on a green knoll near the beautiful banks of the Molindar, about a mile from the north bank of the Clyde and on the identical site of the present Cathedral of St Mungo. Thither in the middle of the century Kentigern or St Mungo, the apostle of the Britons of Strathclyde was attracted; and he became bishop over the Christians of the district. According to the monkish chronicle, St Mungo, who is stated to have died on 13th January 603, was buried on the right hand side of the high altar of his cathedral; and a tomb and altar were erected to him in the crypt of the third structure which was consecrated in 1197. Very little of this building now remains, the present cathedral dating mainly from the thirteenth century. From about the twelfth century the small cluster of houses near the cathedral began to develop into a town, which in 1180 was made a burgh of barony with a right to hold a weekly market.

There is some dubiety as to the origin of the name Glasgow, or "Gleska" as it is locally pronuonced. *Deschu*,

which appears in earlier MSS., is now supposed to have been an error of transcription, the original name being *Cleshu*, which signifies in Gaelic, "the beloved green place." If it was so called, it was, doubtless, both because it was the resting place of St Mungo, and because of its delightful situation on one of the beautiful green hills that rose above the steep banks of the romantic Molindar and on the edge of the charming green plain watered by the wide-flowing, crystal Clyde. The lovely situation of Glasgow, and the fairness and beauty of the town evoked the special admiration of visitors in the seventeenth century. Sir William Brereton, who lodged for some days in it in 1636, tells us that it consisted "of two streets which are built like a cross, in the middle of both of which the cross is placed, which looks four ways into four streets, though indeed they be but two straight streets; the one reaching from the church to the bridge [on the site is the present Victoria Bridge], a mile long;—the other which crosseth that is much shorter." Thomas Tucker describes it, in 1655, as "a very neat burgh town" . . . "seated in a pleasant and fruitful soil." Richard Franck, who saw it in the following year, breaks out into ecstacies on its "gaiety and splendour." "What to think," he exclaims, "or what to say of this eminent Glasgow, I know not, except to fancy a smell of my native country. The very prospect of this flourishing city reminds me of the beautiful fabricks and the florid fields in England." A Frenchman, Jervoise de Rocheford, writing sometime before 1672, tell us that the "streets of Glasgow are large and handsome, as of belonging to a new town"; but that "the houses are only of wood ornamented with carving." The naturalist John Ray describes it as "fair, large and well built, cross-wise, somewhat like unto Oxford, the streets very broad and pleasant." James Brome, writing in 1669, affirms that "for pleasantness of sight, sweetness of air, and delightfulness of its gardens and orchards, enriched with many delicious

fruits," it "surpasseth all the places in this tract." Thomas Morier, who saw it twenty years later, states that it "has the reputation of the finest town in Scotland, not excepting Edinburgh though the royal city." Defoe in 1723 declared it to be "the beautifullest little city" he had seen in Britain. Burt writing in 1726 was of a similar opinion. "Glasgow" he writes "is to outward appearance, the prettiest and most uniform town I ever saw; and I believe there is nothing like it in Britain." He further states that the houses are faced with ashlar stone, and that "piazzas run through them on either side which gives a good air to the building." Smollett, as represented by Bramble (*Humphry Clinker*, 1771), goes even further in asserting it to be "one of the prettiest towns in Europe." "It stands" he proceeds "on a gentle declivity but the greater part of it is a plain watered by the river Clyde. The streets are straight, open, airy and well-paved, and the houses lofty and well built of hewn stone."

The ancient Glasgow of "the beloved green place," the Glasgow that suggested to Franck "the florid fields of England," the Glasgow "that was something like Oxford," that was noted for "its sweetness of air and the delightfulness of its gardens," and that was "one of the prettiest towns of Europe"—there is no such Glasgow now. The splendid prosperity of the town has been, in a manner, its undoing. The Glasgow of the open, airy streets—which was everywhere in near proximity to the green fields and hills and orchards and gardens—is now partly embosomed in squalor and partly a great city of the dead. Wealth, fashion, business and learning have all migrated westwards, leaving only their tombs behind them; and the region is now mainly in possession of the ancestors of the present inhabitants and the more impoverished hopeless and vicious portion of the citizens. The High Street—erstwhile the main thoroughfare of the delightful old town—is now a hideous blur on the strip of earth by which you wind your

THE CROSS, GLASGOW

way upwards from the Trongate towards the church of "the beloved green place." As you pass under the arch of the Cross steeple—all that remains of the stately Tolbooth, once "the admiration of strangers and travellers"—any symptoms of luxury or wealth that may have greeted your eyes in the now deteriorated Trongate, formerly the business centre of the city, cease to be discernible. Though much has been done by rebuilding to cleanse this, not so long ago, one of the worst plague spots in the city, you quickly recognise that you are now within a portion of the kind of region which has struck certain colonial visitors to the city with amazement and horror. No splendid warehouses or gaudy shops here attract your notice. While the old rookeries have been cleared out on the east side of the street, their place has been taken mainly by a dead wall, hemming in railway goods offices and stations. Alas! along with the rookeries have also been cleared out the old University buildings. Surely, you say, they might have been preserved in some form or other. Or were these railway stations an absolute necessity to the well-being of this portion of the city? No! they were not. It was merely a question of cash. The railway company were prepared to pay a fancy price for the site; and the Gothic pile on the distant Gilmore Hill rose out of the ashes of the Old College in the High Street.

The west side of the street has not been interfered with. It has simply fallen into low estate, through the gradual and inevitable development of the city westwards. The character of its frequenters, the character of the neighbourhood is reflected in the character of the shops and places of refreshment. Since public-houses in the side streets and lanes would not be under sufficient surveillance, it is the public-house centre of the neighbourhood; and in the public-houses we have the only indication that in the now decayed neighbourhood there was once a University.

Above one you read the legend "University Bar," above another "Old College Bar," and in the window of a third, the "Old College Dining Rooms," a scrawled document informs you that you can have within the best 4d. dinner—of three courses!—in the kingdom—which announcement "dings" the London Soho "a' to sticks"! Pawnshops also abound. Here the "publics" could hardly flourish without them, nor they without the "publics"! Evil-smelling fish shops, doubtful-looking oyster cellars, poverty-stricken eating-houses, and dirty Italian ice-cream shops are the other favourite social haunts of the street. A few of the shops make a brave attempt to assume an alluring appearance, but the majority are not pretentious or inviting: miscellaneous provision stores, small tobacco and newspaper shops, shops which display choice portions of stringy beef, and greasy pork at rockbottom prices, and shops whose windows are filled with miscellaneous fruit and vegetables that once were green. If the day be fine a portion of the High Street and the adjoining streets have a display of bunting, in the shape of towels and miscellaneous underclothing, which dangle from the windows to dry in the murky and fœtid air.

In the High Street the hatted male or the bonneted female ceases to "bear the gree." A miscellaneous assortment of clerks, commercial gents, shop girls, shopping ladies and country visitors no longer mingles, as in Argyle Street and the Trongate, with the crowd of slovenly and untidy passers-by. A large proportion of the occupants of the High Street are women and they are nearly all slatternly. Most of them are comparatively young—even of those that look hopelessly middle-aged. As a rule they are bare-headed, except when their head is covered with a dirty shawl; and if it be summer, and even when it is not summer, some are bare-legged. A few coquettishly sport a fringe. They saunter mostly in twos or threes, or stand gossiping aimlessly in small groups.

When the shawl—as often as not of faded tartan—is not made use of as a head-dress, it is thrown around the shoulders, and, more often than not, from the edge of the shawl emerges the dull, dirty, sickly, unsmiling face of a puny infant. On few of the faces of those shawled maidens or madams are there any traces of beauty. Most of them have long parted with gracefulness and even smartness—if they ever possessed them. Some are depraved. Many are quite respectable. The faces of a few are sodden, or rosy and pimpled, with drink. The majority show the discoloured pallor conferred by the crowded slum. Their voices have usually a rusty and raucous tone, whether the accent be touched with the Irish brogue, or the Highland lilt, or the tinker twang of slum-bred Glasgow; and their talk is occasionally spiced with mild womanly oaths. Some of the men have a hooligan aspect. They are mostly young, and the majority are either street loafers, or mechanics, mill workers or porters out of work. Nearly all wear greasy black caps and dim, discoloured jackets, with napkins, that once were gaudy, round their necks. They loll at street corners, or in front of the public-houses, or stroll listlessly about, or gaze into the unattractive shop windows; and as you pass them highly spiced oaths are wafted to you on the muddy atmosphere.

At the upper end of the street, after you pass George Street and before you reach, on the left, the north prison—situated on lower ground and well hidden by a wall—the hand of the municipal improver has been at work. The immediate approaches to the Cathedral and the cemetery have been made more decent by superseding the old bunting-adorned tenements by oriel-windowed flats of red sandstone. Thus the great show-places of the city—the Cathedral and Necropolis—can be reached from the convenient George Square region, without passing the old venerable corner, and with almost nothing to suggest the

delightful character of the ancient avenue that leads southward to the, as yet, slimy river.

As you round a bend of the street the sight of the Cathedral backed by the monumental tiers of the Necropolis bursts upon your vision, in much the same manner as the scene in a theatre by the rolling away of the curtain. You are transported at once to a new world. As you gaze on the crowded terraces of spires and columns and statues and glittering granite walls, you might suppose—but for the dull leaden atmosphere—that you had been wafted to a fair eastern land, and were in the immediate precincts of some renowned hill of sacrifice and idolatry. Two statues of former prominent citizens, bare-headed and in regulation frock coat and vest, stand—like deacons at the church plate on Sundays—as guardians at the entrance to the main avenue which crosses the Molindar by the "Bridge of Sighs." The hill, formerly a delightful city park ornamented by fir plantations, forming a beautiful green background to the Cathedral, is now so crowded with monuments of every variety of sepulchral splendour that there is little room for trees or shrubs, or even flower-beds. Its summit is crowned by a blackened Corinthian pillar, bearing on its apex a blackened, grotesque Geneva-gowned figure, designed to represent the maker of Presbyterian Scotland, John Knox, whom the pious projectors of the Necropolis selected to be the presiding genius of the hallowed hill. The intention was to do as conspicuous honour as Glasgow could both to the great Scots Reformer, and to the hill set apart for Glasgow's most sacred memories; but, truth to tell the grotesque pillar burlesques both the reformer and the hill; its quaint preposterousness develops as you approach it, and reaches its acme when you come under its shadow. "For God's sake," wrote R. L. Stevenson, referring to a possible monument over his own grave, "don't let it be like the Glasgow memorial to John Knox: I remember, when

I first saw it, laughing for an hour by Shrewsbury clock": and such laughter, even in a necropolis, was excusable.

From the summit of the hill you have one of the best available views of the smoky city that now surrounds it, especially of its more work-a-day districts, and the sight is hardly exhilarating. You also look almost sheer down on the ancient Cathedral, of rather plain but gracefully proportioned exterior and blackened with the soot of centuries. How thickly the ground immediately round it is peopled with the dead, is strikingly impressed upon you, as you gaze upon the broad square of flat tombstone pavement above them. As the city grew and prospered the cemetery extended itself further round the church of its patron saint, St Mungo, until the dead had to cross the Molindar and take possession of the hill, where they repose no longer under his ægis; but, as we have already noted, under that of the Reformation apostle, John Knox. The dead on the hill were not the original founders of the city's prosperity—the prosperity that succeeded the Union. There was still ample room for them in the lower ground round the church. The Necropolis, which is now insufficient for the city's needs and is in most parts over-populated, has become what it is within some seventy years. The astounding growth of the city during the last century is mirrored in the crowded terraces of the hill. Those who inhabit it were the chief creators of the modern Glasgow, whose busy hum falls on our ears, whose steeples and fumid chimneys, and solid stone masonry encompass us round, and whose black slimy river is now crowded westwards with a forest of masts. This modern Glasgow has either swallowed up the Glasgows of previous generations or metamorphosed them out of all knowledge; for within little more than 100 years—when the more primitive and aged tenants of the Necropolis were in vigorous middle life—the population of the city

has multiplied more than twelve times, and has spread its ungainly bulk over thousands of new acres.

As for the city of "the beloved green place," almost the only relic of it is the Cathedral, which standing on this spot very much as it stood nearly 800 years ago—but for the blackening of its exterior by smoke and the decay of its more delicate ornamentation through the action of the weather—has survived the almost complete transformation, more than once, of all its immediate surroundings. To the north-west, where stood formerly the Archbishop's palace, a royal infirmary—with a view to the convenience of the medical classes at the University in the High Street—was erected towards the close of the eighteenth century, and there with successive additions it still stands, now with a new medical school to the north of it—the entrances to the place of healing, to the house of God, and to the place of tombs, almost jostling each other. To the south is the fantastically misshapen Barony Church, in the grass plot before which is a statue of the genial churchman Dr Norman Macleod. Westward the square of the Cathedral is faced by an ancient land of ensign-displaying tenements. The Cathedral's surroundings are mournful, incongruous and squalid. For centuries it stood there, in a manner, only by sufferance, its beauty disregarded or scowled at; and it has long ceased to be the chief focus of the city's interest and its main illuminating influence. A Presbyterian congregation still nestles in the choir, but there are a hundred other Presbyterian congregations, which for their Presbyterian needs are quite as well housed, though the magnificent strength of its majestic interior columns conveys the impression that it will long survive all the present kirks and warehouses of Glasgow. Much of its modern furbishing up is not æsthetically a success. And is modern furbishing up—except in the way of preservation—in good taste either sentimentally or religiously? Would a respectful regard to its ancient memories and to the high

enthusiasm and cunning skill which fashioned its superb interior not be better shown by treating it simply as a sacred memorial of the city of "the beloved green place"?

As for modern Glasgow, the Glasgow of the gigantic warehouses, of the crowded forest of ships in far-extending quays and docks, of the hammering ship-building yards, of the blazing iron furnaces and steel works, of the hundreds of busy factories, of the long lines of gorgeous shops, of the muggy and soot-laden atmosphere, of the monotonously packed acres of human dwellings—its soul may be said to be embodied in the corporation, and in a manner housed in the magnificent municipal buildings that front George Square. Approaching the square by George Street from the Cathedral your first impression may well be that you have reached a kind of miniature Necropolis. Instead of scattering her statues and memorials of the great over the city, Glasgow now plants them, as a rule, down in the municipal square, where they bid fair by-and-bye to rub shoulders with one another after the manner of the monuments on the eastern hill. They are, most of them, those of Scots who have won renown by the arts of war or peace; and they are presided over by Sir Walter, perched, like Knox in the Necropolis, on a lofty Corinthian pillar, while Prince Albert and Queen Victoria mingle, though on horseback, with the common crowd of celebrities. In Queen Street, opposite the Royal Exchange and about a stone's throw from the square, there is also a bronze equestrian statue of Wellington by Marochetti. The imposing and admirably proportioned municipal buildings front the eastern side of the square, but its other surroundings are either mean or incongruous, and at the north-west corner is the gaping mouth of the Queen Street railway station.

The corporation is the centre and soul of Glasgow, much more than other corporations are the centre and soul of other cities. The water-works, the lighting apparatus—

electric and gas—the baths, the telephones, the tramcars, the splendid picture gallery, the museums, the St Andrew's Halls, the People's Palace—in the dilapidated Glasgow Green—and many of the libraries are the property of the city in its corporate capacity and are under the direction of city officials. In all these respects Glasgow has the reputation of being a model city, and the reputation is fully justified. The predictions of croakers as to the city's imminent bankruptcy or great financial losses have been completely belied. By such later ventures as the telephones and specially the tramcars she has scored a great financial success. If the electric car system would have disfigured a more elegant city, it may be an open question whether it really disfigures Glasgow. At the same time the system in Glasgow seems to be a little overdone, or else the arrangement of routes requires revision, for in certain of the busiest streets dozens of more than half-empty vehicles pass you every half-minute, and, we must suppose, inconvenience more persons than they benefit. Indeed some of the streets and street junctions have, on this account, a permanent resemblance to a crowded railway siding. But they are not so noisy as the London motor buses; they are also cheaper and even more comfortably roomy; and they pay. Indeed the mere business arrangements of the corporation are, generally, admirable. In all that relates to the supply of practical and business conveniences, Glasgow is probably in advance of any other city in Europe. More than this, many of the corporation ventures are run at a handsome profit, or in a manner that otherwise saves the pockets of the ratepayer; and since every new venture is practically to the ratepayer so much gain, the corporation is regarded by the majority of the citizens with an affectionate reverence only second to that which they cherish towards the clergy.

All the same, however, it must be confessed that Glasgow is hardly, take it all in all, quite an ideal habita-

tion for human beings. Many Glaswegians suppose that it is. Supremely happy in their own comfortable social circle, some of them deem Glasgow to be the best place to live in on the habitable globe ; and even flatter themselves that their own particular westend square or terrace, with its fringes of blackened shrubbery, bears as near a resemblance as can now be reasonably expected to the ancient Garden of Eden. Similarly, there are doubtless many tenants of the Glasgow slums, who, if actually placed in the Garden of Eden would sigh for their own slum felicities, just, as we are told that poor London consumptives weary of the comfort of the consumptive homes, and long to be back in their old town garrets, so that, even if they never again tread the London streets, they may at least die within sound of the cabs and buses. But the love—or even the passion—of the townsman for the town as it now is, does not prove that the town, as it now is, is really good for him, any more than the drunkard's passion for strong drink, or the temperance enthusiast's infatuation for tea, proves that excess in strong drink or in tea is other than deleterious. It only proves the surprising bondage of habit.

Glasgow is one of those towns in which the evils of the haphazard method of town construction reveal themselves in their most aggravated forms. The rapidity of the city's increase and prosperity cast a sort of spell over the inhabitants and blinded them to the inevitable consequences of their lack of forethought. The universal shout was "Let Glasgow flourish." The addition of street to street and acre of stone and lime to acre, was a theme for congratulation and boast wherever two or three citizens were met together ; and there was no suspicion of any danger or evil that might lurk in their crowded acres of masonry. Besides, as in the case of the modern growth of all the greater towns of Britain, the legislators, the rulers of the kingdom, as well as the municipality were

caught napping; and, truth to tell, they are still hardly more than dozing uneasily. Even had the corporation had any forecast of the menacing evils that have been created by the present blindfold method of town construction, it had no sufficient powers to enable it to cope with the natural—but unlimited—cupidity of the lucky landholders who were neither toiling nor spinning; and with its very slight control over the laying out of the rapidly developing town, it was clearly impossible for it to fashion Glasgow into anything approaching in character to a model city—a city whose comfort and beauty and splendour would bear some fair proportion to its enormous expense.

At the same time, the evils in Glasgow have perhaps been aggravated by a too confiding belief in the all-sufficiency of the gospel according to Knox. It was, for example, by no means incumbent on the Glasgow rulers of those days to appropriate the beautiful hill and city park to the east of the Cathedral for a cemetery. Such an act betokened a lack both of regard to the æsthetic fitness of things and of sanitary prescience. For generations, indeed, æsthetics and sanitation—except as regards the mere removal of daily filth—were left to take care of themselves. This modern city of Glasgow was in fact not "made"; it, like Topsy, merely "growed." Streets of masonry were crowded in all directions on hill and plain, and rapidly blotted out the green fields, and the gardens, orchards and woodlands, preserving no vestige of them even as a memorial. As for the citizens they knew not what they did. In their anxiety for gain they were careless in regard even to their physical health. What they mainly desired—those of the later generations—was "grand-looking" churches, roomy and showy warehouses, attractive shop windows, and houses conventionally appropriate to their business profits or their salaries.

Thus it happens that from the tawdry and desolate-

GLASGOW CATHEDRAL

looking Glasgow Green on the banks of the filthy Clyde, and from the monument-clad Necropolis — which can hardly be regarded as one of the city's "lungs"—a mile or more to the north of the Green, until you reach the Kelvingrove Park—pretty and picturesque, but how *petite*! —Glasgow is, with the exception of the paved and monumental George Square, destitute of even a small open public space where the tired wanderer can take a seat. The three central square miles are in fact a solid conglomeration of stone and lime unadorned with tree, or shrub or flower-bed. Then from Glasgow Bridge, southwards the nearest park is Queen's Park, about two miles away, while to the north of the Clyde, we have for the more eastern population only Alexandra Park over two miles north-eastwards from the Bridge.

What a different sort of place central Glasgow might have been, had even, for example, the elevated region over which St Vincent Street now runs, instead of being crowded with its melancholy rows of early Victorian dwelling-houses, varied with ambitious eccentricities in church architecture, been reserved for a terraced public park! And, at a much less actual cost in pounds, shillings and pence, how much more beautiful, more inhabitable, more healthy Glasgow might have been, had the corporation been led to give to these matters as enlightened consideration as they have given to Glasgow's practical and commonplace conveniences, and had they, fired with this greater and nobler ambition, been enabled to have their own way! For Glasgow, whatever it may lack, is not lacking in cost. Few of the great cities of the world are so substantially built, or built at an expense so lavish. There is nothing in its dwelling-houses, or shops, or warehouses of the mean, makeshift or gim-crack order characteristic of the brick-built towns of England. But if the enlightened stranger from England or America be struck with the solidity and the evident immensity of the cost

of its three central square miles, he will probably be equally struck by the artistic futility of the result. In the main thoroughfares, leaving out of account the rather plebeian Argyle Street, and including Queen Street, Buchanan Street, Union Street, Renfield Street and Sauchiehall Street, there are many fine and exceedingly costly specimens of commercial architecture, and in the side streets there are also many splendid warehouses; but, owing to incongruity, lack of street width and entire lack of foliage, they are robbed of half their artistic effect; one's sense of admiration is being continually pulled up by some anomaly, and it has to contend with quite insuperable difficulties.

And, of course, in this central Glasgow we have, by far, the most favourable specimen of crowded Glasgow. Ornament is, in a manner, attempted; there is abundant evidence of wealth and prosperity; and there is even a partial glamour of splendour. On the other hand the submerged regions, the regions inhabited mainly by the poor and the vicious are—notwithstanding all municipal efforts at reform—as ugsome and dismal and wretched as any other similar regions in any of the other great cities; while, in addition, lands of working-class dwellings, interspersed with church steeples and chimney stalks, crowd many square acres without an intervening open space of any kind. Thousands of Glasgow's workmen, and workmen's wives and children, never behold from week's end to week's end, a blade of grass, or a tree, or a shrub, or a flower, or indeed anything except the hard walls of the monotonous street. Evidently not much in the way of refinement, of elevated, or even healthy tastes, or of model social conduct is to be looked for in so depressing and unnatural an environment; and although many manfully and wonderfully—having the grit inherited from a noble rural ancestry—triumph, in a manner, over their depressing circumstances, many also succumb to them.

Some of the sad results may be witnessed by anyone who visits Argyle Street or the Trongate or the less reputable streets and alleys on a Saturday night, or the police courts on the Monday forenoon, or the neighbouring towns during a Glasgow holiday, when the sapient city fathers prohibit the opening of the public-houses within the circuit of the city. But what is seen only very faintly symbolises the scenes within the walls of the crowded tenements; or the varied evil consequences mentally, morally and physically of the misconstructed town. With such evils mere prohibition is powerless to cope; such efforts as those to extinguish betting and abolish barmaids, are merely ludicrous examples of futile good intentions; the slum or working class missionary is in effect, asked to tell his tale to the marines; over the masses of Glasgow "the preaching of the Word" has almost quite lost its power; and indeed the too entire consecration of the Glasgow Sunday to this purpose, is doubtless one of the causes of the often unwise gaiety of the working man's Saturdays. He escapes the dreariness of the Glasgow Sunday by passing it in drunken slumber. The agencies that have done most to brighten the leisure hours of the Glasgow working man are, perhaps, the football clubs. They supply him each Saturday with some hours of pleasant anticipation and an hour and a half of attendance at an exciting diversion; and the common opinion is that the effect is not only beneficent to his health and spirits but to his sobriety.

That Glasgow is on the whole enlightened and intelligent above the average of great commercial cities is probably within the truth. She has a splendid educational equipment of every kind from her elementary schools to the ancient University that now like a beacon of light crowns Gilmorehill. Eminence in every branch of human knowledge is represented by one or other of her citizens. Her merchants and manufacturers, are as enterprising, as

enlightened, as liberal-minded and as charitable as the merchants and manufacturers of any other city. She possesses many learned societies. As we have seen she encourages art with remarkable liberality and discernment. She has, it may be, even a superabundance of churches, and sufficient clergy to christianise the whole 800,000 citizens, if christianising on the old terms and methods, be now possible, or if it be possible under present conditions. She is not lacking in libraries, or popular lectures, or concert rooms or theatres. There can be no question as to the ability and up-to-dateness of her press. Indeed her evening newspapers which find their way into almost every household, probably surpass any other halfpenny evening newspapers in Britain, not only in size and the extent of their advertisements but in the success with which they cater both for the amusement and instruction of their readers. Her magistrates, as we have seen, manifest a quite admirable aptitude in the practical administration of her affairs; and that they are not blind to the sanitary and æsthetic defects of the city is shown by the launching of the gigantic scheme for the purification of the Clyde, which at a cost of over £2,000,000, will now, it is supposed, be completed within two years. But the purification of the Clyde, will after all not effect a very great deal for the betterment of Glasgow; and without the application of methods more enlightened than those of the past in the construction of the new city that is consuming acres of fields at a more rapid rate of progress every month, her future fate can hardly be regarded with perfect equanimity. She has had a splendid reserve of mental, physical and moral vitality to draw upon; but under present conditions and with her present method of development she is bound more and more to exhaust it; as yet she discloses little of that beauty of disciplined "order and intention," with which, according to Mr Wells, the city of the future is to be specially associated.

CHAPTER XIII

THE CLYDE

Sources of the Clyde—Characteristics of scenery from its source to the rapids—The rapids—Lanark—The lower valley—The orchards—The coal and iron region—Hamilton—Cadzow forest—Bothwell—Uddingston—Glasgow—Between Glasgow and Greenock—At Greenock—"Doon the Watter"—The Clyde steamers—The climate—The scenery—Rothesay—Dunoon—Arran.

ACCORDING to an ancient rhyme, the Clyde, the Annan and the Tweed issue from the fountains of the same hill:

> "Annan, Tweed and Clyde
> Rise a' out o' ae hill-side;
> Tweed ran, Annan wan,
> Clyde fell and broke its neck owre Corra Linn."

The rhyme, also, breaks its neck over this last line; and in his tale the rhymer has had more regard to the poetic fitness of things than to actual fact. The symbolic correctness of his story might be admitted if we were to regard as the parent stream of the Clyde, the little Clyde burn, which after all may have given its name to the present river; but this stream is, properly, an affluent of the Daer water after that water's junction with the Powtrail; and the Daer has its source several miles to the south-east within the Dumfriesshire border, and from near the summit of Gana Hill some 2000 feet above sea level. But, a little farther on in its course, the Clyde has narrowly escaped absorbing the Tweed—here it is the larger of the two rivers—and seizing on its watercourse for its own accommodation. After flowing, for some distance northwards, nearly parallel to each other, the two rivers gradually approach until—shortly after the

Clyde passes on the left the lofty and magnificently domed Tinto—anciently a sort of heathen Mount Sinai—they are not more than seven miles apart. It is even supposed by geologists that in an earlier age the Clyde did actually bend eastwards into the bed of the Tweed, and evidently it could with very little difficulty be made to do so again. Thus, but for a very slight change in the watershed of the two valleys, the river that flows past Glasgow would not have carried more than the half of its present volume of waters, if even so much as this, and it could hardly have had at Glasgow, the breadth and depth sufficent to enable it to be the means of creating one of the great commercial ports of the world.

Issuing from the solitudes of the hills, the streams that combine to form the Clyde flow, until their junction, amid surroundings that are primitively pastoral, and for several miles afterwards the scenery retains this characteristic. The Carlisle road, by which you enter Crawford parish proceeds up the incline of the vale of the Evan water, one of those solitary valleys characteristic of the southern Scots uplands. On each side of you rises the gentle slope of a long rounded ridge, uncultivated and barren but for the short coarse grass which is indigenous to the soil, and has covered those slopes long ages before they were beheld by man. No hedge, nor shrub nor tree mitigates the monotonous bareness of the hills; no sound breaks the stillness, except the tinkling of waters and the occasional bleating of a sheep. The sheep are the only apparent signs of animal life in the region; game, either winged or ground, is evidently not plentiful, and that the sheep are under human care is only an inference.

Crawford parish, like the immediately adjoining portion of Moffat parish—Moffat itself is delightfully situated in the midst of finely wooded hills—in Dumfriesshire, would probably still have been an almost entire solitude, but for the minerals in the Lead Hills district, and the fisher-

men who frequent the affluents of the Clyde. Few of the fishermen remain over the night, for the inn accommodation of the parish is but limited; but in Crawford and other inn parlours, will sometimes be found in the late summer or autumn evenings one or two enthusiastic elderly gentlemen from a distance discussing the catches of that and other days over steaming glasses of whisky toddy. From Crawford the Clyde, already a considerable stream, and gathering volume almost every mile from the inflow of burns to right and left, flows for a considerable distance in near contiguity to the highway, but gradually leaves it to wander near Biggar—the birthplace, by the way, of the author of *Rab and his Friends*—and you do not again reach it until where you cross it at Hyndford Bridge about a mile from Lanark; for we take for granted that at Abington you take the road to the right in order to reach the rapids. In its bend round from Symington to the bridge, the river has been flowing through a level valley bounded at a distance by gentle eminences, with the towering Tinto to the south; but when, after its southwest turn, it bends again northwestwards, its course becomes disturbed and agitated, and its banks rise abruptly and steeply until passing through a narrow defile by a series of tumbling rapids and precipitous leaps, its foaming and troubled waters reach the lower valley. Through it, in gradually augmenting volume, they wind their smooth and peaceful course till they are merged in the tidal estuary.

The rapids of the Clyde are in a manner unique. Although their height of fall is inconsiderable, and many other cataracts surpass them in volume and grandeur, it is doubtful if any river scenery anywhere more than equals their four miles in enchanting and picturesque loveliness. They enrapture rather than awe and they enrapture with a never ending variety of charm, from Bonnington Linn until the river issues from the

gorge below the third great fall, Stonebyres Linn. The enchantment is produced by their multitudinous surprises, their ever changing aspects, their constantly contrasting effects, and the surpassing beauty of the combination of rocky and wooded scenery on their banks, especially in the neighbourhood of the thundering Corra Linn.

Gallow Hill to the north of the town of Lanark commands an extensive prospect of the Clyde valley. The town has historical, or mythical associations with Sir William Wallace, but of its ancient historic buildings—its castle, its churches, its religious houses—there are now but scant remains. Dorothy Wordsworth who visited it in 1804, was of opinion that it "showed a sort of French face and would have done so more, had it not been for the true British tinge of coal-smoke." Alas! "British coal-smoke," has now spread its true tinge, its disfiguring black pall, over nearly all the the lower valley of the Clyde.

After you pass into the lower valley the road, for some distance, runs parallel with the river, and your way lies through a succession of the Clydesdale apple orchards which have been famous—like those of the fertile Carse of Gowrie between Perth and Dundee—for generations. At one time they must have approached the eastern environs of Glasgow, and given them in spring something of the charming characteristics of the Paris suburbs, or of the neighbourhood of the Thames near Richmond. But in the distant horizon the great smoky pall of the valley's modern industries rises between you and the northern hills. Lofty chimneys with their black ensigns begin to show themselves in all directions, and convey the information that you are now nearing the great Lanarkshire coal and iron region. Black unsightly mounds of old coal refuse, shabby rows of miners' cottages, blackened trees and hedges, coal pit engines and chimneys with their

accompanying terraces of coal, or blazing blast furnaces in the neighbourhood of populous towns, with foot-ball poles in their worn public commons—these are the modern adornments which have changed the whole face of nature over a large surface of lower Clydesdale ; and while there has been scattered over it a busy and prosperous population, it has inevitably been robbed of nearly all its rural charm.

For some miles the valley immediately round the banks of the Clyde is saved from desolation by the intervention of the wooded policies of Dalzell House, Hamilton Palace —with the adjoining grounds of Cadzow Castle and forest, famous for its ancient immemorial oaks, now fast hastening to decay, and its breed of wild white cattle, natives of the old Caledonian forest—and Bothwell Castle ; but what an inconsiderable oasis they form in the surrounding and far extending wilderness of coal pits and iron works! As you proceed towards Glasgow, now looming in the west, you pass on the right the lodge gate of Hamilton Palace, crowded with historic memories, and once famed for its collection of art treasures now nearly all dispersed. The family mausoleum in the grounds is modelled after the castle of St Angelo at Rome. The interior grandeur of the palace was, until the dispersion of its treasure, unmatched in Britain.

By a straight and wide road, which skirts Hamilton Palace demesne, you, after two miles, again reach the Clyde as it flows under Bothwell bridge, a modernised form of the structure over which, on 22d June 1679, crowded the royalist soldiers, under Monmouth, Dalziel and Dundee, in pursuit of the routed Covenanters. "Eh Lord!" exclaims the immortal Cuddy Headrigg "how the broadswords are flashing! War's a fearsome thing. They'll be canny that catches me at this work again." Now greatly augmented in volume since its column of waters leapt over Stonebyres Linn, the river here leaves its wide flat

haughs, and passes between higher and occasionally precipitous banks, richly covered with wood and wild vegetation. "Bothwell bank thou blomest fayr" is the first line of a very old song, whose other lines have perished. Bothwell banks are worthy of a like admiration still; and their charm is enhanced by the picturesque remains of the magnificent old castle which towers above the river. In the neighbouring village of Blantyre was born the African traveller Livingstone; and near Bothwell parish church is the ruined choir of an old collegiate church.

After its bend northwards to Uddingston, a pretty assortment of suburban residences, the river whose evil fate has for some time been forecast by the pits and furnaces that crowd its haughs, presently finds itself transformed into the muddy canal which greets the eye of the stranger as he crosses the Glasgow railway bridges or saunters along the portion of its banks, still termed the Broomielaw. At this busy quay the steamboats start for the Firth of Clyde, and the traveller has his choice either to embark here, or join the steamers at Greenock or Gourock. By the former plan he has an opportunity of passing the busiest and most crowded scene of river industry in the world—not excepting that of the Thames below London Bridge or that of the Tyne below Newcastle. But below Govan there is nothing in the river scenery which cannot be viewed as well from the carriages of the Caledonian railway, by which or by the Southwestern line Greenock may be reached from Glasgow in 35 minutes. At low tide the estuary, down to nearly opposite the shipbuilding yards of Port Glasgow, presents a wide expanse of black mud banks; but when the tide is full it has much of the charm of an inland lake, its low green banks being skirted here and there by pleasant looking villages, mostly of the suburban villa character (for we have left the region of the pits and blast furnaces, and also the swarming and smoky city behind us); while

SHIPBUILDING ON THE CLYDE, GOVAN

some distance, to the north the vale is bounded by the steep ridges of the Campsie Fells, and still further away the horizon to the northwest is closed by Ben Lomond and other Highland peaks. Rising from the bed of the river with quite startling abruptness to the height of 200 feet Dumbarton rock, crowned by its ancient castle stands a giant sentinel guarding the approaches to the river. As matter of fact it is destitute of any efficient modern methods either of offence or defence; notwithstanding that —let Scottish patriots take note!—according to the Articles of Union, it ranks as one of Scotland's national fortresses.

When, if we have journeyed by rail, we rejoin the Clyde at Greenock or Gourock its estuary appears to us as a wide arm of the sea, the green sparkling waters of which show no traces of the evil communications that corrupted the character of the river in its passage through Glasgow. The lower or sea Clyde—or, what is known in Glasgow as "Doon the Watter"—the Clyde of the magnificent pleasure steamers and of the fleets of white-sailed yachts, is mainly a maze of sea lochs and sounds between hilly and heathery peninsulas and islands, bounded on the west by the long narrow peninsula which terminates in the Mull of Cantyre, and on the east by the Renfrewshire and Aryshire coast. This "Doon the Watter," with its winding and hilly shores—and its long recesses into the bosom of the hills—fringed here and there by villa built towns and villages or stately mansions embosomed in woods, is the great Glasgow paradise; and in this respect it might have been affirmed that Glasgow had been blessed above all other cities on the habitable globe, had this charming region but been favoured by a correspondingly charming climate. Here the richer citizens amuse themselves with yacht racing, and build their lordly pleasure houses on the wooded slopes of the hills, here the shopkeepers and professional classes have their summer villas or permanent homes, and here are to be found

"apartments" suitable to the means of nearly all classes of holiday makers. Thither also, on "fair" and other city holidays, troop thousands of Glasgow workmen and their families to bivouac, many of them, in the woods or the sheltered crevices of the hills. If the weather continue good then their "fair" week is a short spell of unmingled and almost ideal bliss; but if it be rainy then their bliss is faintly tempered with bodily discomfort, mitigated by such consolation as is to be obtained by recourse to "pocket pistols." "Doon the Watter" is also the great resort of picnic parties—mostly of a "congregational" character, for in Glasgow and the district round it the "congregation" counts for much, and is a great social as well as religious institution. But the spacious pleasure steamers can absorb many "picnic parties"; in addition to the numerous small parties of citizens and strangers who frequent them for the day's sail. Those of the citizens who go to their Glasgow shops or warehouses every day do not mingle with the pleasure seekers. Their hours of going and returning are reversed and they are conveyed by steamers and trains which run to suit their special convenience. One peculiarity of "Doon the Watter" is that it is entirely beyond the reach of the railway and much of it beyond the reach of the ubiquitous motor car. The hilly character of the peninsulas and islands renders the construction of railways almost an impossibility, even if on lines constructed along such winding shores travelling would be speedy enough to compete with the steamers.

Thus nearly the whole of this holiday region, the greater part of it consisting of heath-crowned hills, was, until well in the nineteenth century in great part a solitude, and where it was inhabited, inhabited mainly by a few hut-dwelling Celts, engaged in fishing or sheep herding, or (in a few fertile vales) in farming of a very primitive order. Rothesay, a burgh of barony, and the chief town in

Buteshire had in the eighteenth century a considerable fishing trade—the lochs of the Clyde are famed for what are termed sometimes "Lochfyne herrings" and when they are in their salted or red condition, "Glasgow magistrates"—but an attempt to start linen and cotton manufactures met with no permanent success. Dunoon, now its chief rival as a popular watering place, and like it owing its existence to an ancient feudal castle, was until its modern prosperity dawned on it, a small church clachan. The towns and villages of "Doon the Watter" are in fact merely a suburban extension of Glasgow Greenock and Paisley, and have been created by private steamboat enterprise.

It was on the Clyde that in 1812 Henry Bell launched the Comet, the first vessel propelled by steam. Since that time the Clyde in steamboat construction has held its own against all competition; and the owners of the Clyde passenger steamers have shown a quite exceptional enterprise in utilising for their special purpose the latest forms of modern improvement. It is not therefore surprising that the English inventor of the turbine was able to demonstrate the utility of his splendid invention for steamboat purposes, through its complete success in the case of the Clyde pleasure steamers. The Clyde steamboat service, now in part supplied by the railway companies, is in every respect quite admirably managed; for the luxurious accommodation it supplies it is quite a marvel of cheapness, and it is the most up-to-date of any river or pleasure steamboat service in the world. In the roomy and splendidly appointed glass-walled drawing-room cabins, a sail on the land-locked waters of the lower Clyde is far from unenjoyable even in showery weather. In really rainy weather, weather when for days the whole atmosphere is soaked in a warm southwesterly drizzle, or when the sea and the decks are beat upon by pelting southwestern blasts, even the comforts of a Clyde

steamer fail to charm you. But if the weather be merely showery—as it too often is in the intervals between weather that is altogether rainy—the play of the clouds and the light and the moving mists on the hills and on the water create effects that more than atone for temporary discomfort. Yet the peculiar charm of "Doon the Watter" is most fully realised on a cloudless and calm autumn day, when the sea, almost unrippled except by passing steamers, shines like glittering glass, when the white-sailed yachts and small boats seem hardly to move or their sails hang idly from their masts, when the purple summits of the hills are defined sharply against the blue sky, and the fringes of freestone villas with their back grounds of dark green woods shimmer in the sunshine.

To compare the scenery of the Clyde lochs and sounds with the scenery of the Rhine or any mere river scenery is merely futile. It combines the charm of the open sea with that of land-locked waters. The narrows termed the Kyles of Bute, with their rocky wooded islets enchant you by their varied and charming vistas, but their characteristics partly depend on the inlet of Loch Ridden, as well as their connection with the open sea. Neither do the Clyde inlets and sounds manifest much of the peculiar loveliness of such inland Highland lochs as Lomond and Katrine. Nor, while affording no view of broad, wooded valleys, does the scenery display any of the wild grandeur of the rocky shores of the upper Western coast, which are beat upon by the full tidal waves of the Atlantic. Except where the serrated peaks of the Arran mountains dominate the scene, the hills are lacking both in height and in variety and impressiveness of feature, but, for all that, you are not bored with monotony, for the whole region is full of life and movement, the vistas are ever changing, and they possess a charm which, if rarely exciting or captivating, is at least always pleasantly exhilarating.

Although, anciently, the district was the scene of many deeds of "derring do," it contains no important historic remains except Rothesay Castle. Only faint outlines of the ancient castle of Dunoon now survive, and the only lion of this favourite watering place is an imaginary statue of Highland Mary which, standing on a prominent rock near the pier, awakens general commiseration among uninitiated strangers. Rothesay and Dunoon, but more particularly Rothesay, are the Margates of Glasgow. Hired bands play in the Dunoon Castle gardens and on the Rothesay Quay, amateur brass bands on holiday trips blare and thunder at no great distance from each other on the promenades, where also Punch and Judy shows, tumblers and strong men, raucous solo singers male and female, and Highland pipers and dancers from Glasgow, in smoke-and-dirt-discoloured tartans, amaze or charm a motley throng of visitors, representing all sorts and conditions of lower-middle and working-class Clydesdale. But apart from these *al fresco* entertainments, and the facilities for boating, neither watering place possesses any attractions that need tempt the traveller to leave the comfortable steamers. The only portion of "Doon the Watter" shores at which it is worth the traveller's while to land is the island of Arran, anciently associated with the fortunes of Fingal and Bruce. The accommodation of the island is limited, for it is barred to the speculative builder; but should suitable accommodation be secured, two or three days can be delightfully spent in exploring its shores and glens, and more particularly its heights. The view from the rugged summit of Goatfell—the ascent of which is not so difficult as it looks—includes a picturesque medley of water, mountain and lowland scenery, such as can be witnessed from no other mountain top in Great Britain.

CHAPTER XIV

BURNS AND THE BURNS COUNTRY

The interest of Burns and in Burns—The reason of it—"The singer of a parish"—And all mankind—His personality—His relation to English poets—Burns in English and Burns in Scots—His country's debt to the poet—His birthplace and Bonnie Doune—A winter pilgrimage—The Highland Mary Episode—Burns in Edinburgh—Burns at Ellisland—The last years in Dumfries—His grave—His tragedy.

SOME eminent Scots men and Scots women have so impressed themselves on the consciousness of the nation that their lives, their deeds, their works are potent factors in the life of to-day. Possibly, the picture of them in the mind of the average Scot is not a true picture; more or less their history is a legend. Thus there is the Mary Stuart legend, the Jacobite legend, the Covenanting legend: more than all, most remarkable of all, there is the Robert Burns legend. The interest in Burns constantly becomes keener, it affects all whom he touched, even the facts of their lives are carefully sought out, whilst passages in his own remain the subject of eager controversy. How is this? He was a great poet, but he does not come in the very first rank; yet he is the object of more popular homage than Shakespeare. Again if you do not think of him as the greatest of poets still less do you as the best of men; and mere national prejudice, the fancy of a people for one so peculiarly their own, could not of itself have placed him where he is. For that many things have worked together. He was great, he was national, he seemed to gather into himself and re-utter all Scots poetry, and he exactly measured those for whom he wrote: his direct straightforward utterance went from the heart to the heart, "level to the blank."

The first published poems, the famous Kilmarnock edition, gave him his place at once, and without question and for ever. He wrote many exquisite lyrics, and lyrics are the only form of literature by which you capture a people right off, for the mass have no time to ponder and reflect. Then he was a great amorist; his love songs are of the best, and love is a human passion of universal and enduring interest. Also he gave us the best drinking songs in the language. He ever dealt with common emotions and feelings. His rich homely humour captivated the mass and was good enough to charm the refined, and yet one touch was wanted—the touch of regret and pity and so of love, to set the seal on the many attractions of this wonderful man, that was supplied by his life. It was full of faults, of weaknesses, and of failures, and the terrible last years in Dumfries were but a sordid tragedy, but every act showed him warm-hearted, impulsive, generous, independent, high minded. Best of all was a certain noble humility as in his genuine admiration for Ramsay and Fergusson and still lesser names. All this directly affects you in his work. The greatest of poets are only for the select few; the voice in which Dante laments his exile or Milton his blindness has the solemn tones of the ocean wave or the mountain winds. Burns has none of this, scarce ever is he magnificent, his are the words of the "man and the brithour," and he speaks the familiar dialect, and he captures your heart with an easy effort all his own.

He was in many things a peculiarly local poet. He was "The singer of a parish." His verse is crowded with obscure names, John Rankine, William Fisher, John Lapraik, Willie Simson, Robert Aitken, Gavin Hamilton and scores of others. Clarinda and Highland Mary and Bonnie Jean herself, had never been heard of out of their own district; most of them not particularly noted even there, were it not

that he introduced them in his song, but though he is truly called local, this is only half the truth and the smaller half. He is also one of the most universal of poets. He sees in obscure individuals types of character and disposition. Local but not accidental, the whole drama of human life and fate is unrolled in his verse, though the occasion be but a rustic merrymaking or a kirk session squabble. He read deeply into the hearts of those around him. He could not have spoken better of life or man had he been everywhere and seen everything. If he deals with great simple emotions and wants and aspirations and feelings, if he clings to the soil so to speak, it is because such was his nature and the nature of the task it was given him to do.

> "Thine, thine O Earth! whose fields he tilled
> And thine alone,
> Was he whose fiery heart lies stilled
> 'Neath yonder stone!"

We have mentioned Dante by way of contrast, yet in some things he was curiously like the great Italian. Dante was if not the singer of a parish, the singer of a city. He has fairly packed his three invisible worlds full of Florentines, men who are only remembered because they are abased or glorified, cursed or blessed, by him. How these obscure names have puzzled the commentator, how they have burdened the Dante student! And again, Dante wrote in the "vulgar tongue"; from the ruin of Latin he gave classic form to the "Tuscan's siren tongue," made it the language of modern Italy. Burns did not create the Scots dialect, but he arrested the swift process of decay; not altogether it is true, some of him is to-day hopelessly archaic. There is probably no person living who, apart from books, could explain all the terms in *The Auld Farmer's New Year Morning Salutation to his Auld Mare, Maggie;* yet the best chance Scots has for the future is that he used it. It

will always be worth while to learn the language, were it but to understand and enjoy his poetry.

The world has scant interest in smooth and pleasant lives. Had such been that of Burns the final touch had been wanting. Then he could not have done his work; the very passion that wrecked his life inspired his verse. It was said by one who knew him that he was greater than any of his poems. Himself was magnificent, his eye flashed like a live coal, as no human eye, so thought Sir Walter Scott, had ever flashed before; even in perfect health the touch of his hand seemed to burn.

It were merely futile to say much on Burns' life or to criticise afresh Burns' poetry, both tasks have been so often fulfilled. Yet each generation has its own measure of the immortals, and some words though they needs must be repetition, will be allowed us. Some facts are, after confusion and controversy, clearly ascertained. It used to be thought that like a root out of a dry ground, he burst on the eighteenth century with all the unexpectedness of genius. It was a dry and formal age, an age of measured phrases and smooth rhythm, artificial and non-natural; and Burns was rugged, sincere, homely, realistic. When he wrote English he did so quite in the eighteenth century manner, but his real poetry, his Scots verse was in exact conformity with the earlier Scots poets; many of his most famous poems were vastly improved versions of theirs on the same subjects. He is never better that when turning some ribald rhyme or popular catch into a very gem. Carlyle has curiously lamented that he had not a University education. This would have injured him, he had the best possible education for the work that was given him to do. It occasionally happens that he treats the same subject in both his styles. The contrast is remarkable and instructive. The *Address to Edinburgh* is in his best Georgian English. He has this on the citizens:

"Thy sons, Edina! social, kind,
With open arms the stranger hail;
Their views enlarged, their liberal mind,
Above the narrow, rural vale:
Attentive still to Sorrow's wail
Or modest Merit's silent claim;
And never may their sources fail!
And never Envy blot their name."

Very smooth and neat but without force or fire or fervour. In some lines on the fate of the poet Fergusson, "the writer chiel, a deathless name," he again addresses the citizens though in a quite different mood:—

"My curse upon your whinstone hearts
Ye En'brugh gentry!
The tithe o' what ye waste at cartes
Wad stow'd his pantry!"

No need here to inquire which verses are truer or juster; at least there is no doubt which are the more forcible and heartfelt.

Burns' clubs and the annual banquet on his birthday at which the immortal memory of the bard is drunk in solemn silence are sufficiently prominent features in the Scotland of to-day. At such festivals it is scarce meet to scan the seamy side of the life or works. Nay it seems necessary to defend him at all hazards against charges to which he himself has pleaded guilty, for himself penned the well known lines:—

"This poor inhabitant below;
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow
And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low
And stained his name!"

Much that is talked on those occasions is not in good taste, it is not the truth, often it is not sense. Burns as moralist was never at his best, and both his *Cottar's Saturday night* and *Scots wa' hae*, are poor stuff com-

pared to the *Jolly Beggars* and *Death and Dr Hornbook*. But those annual critics go into raptures over Robin whenever they find him playing the good boy.

In brief what is Burns' influence to-day? He helps to dissolve the stern Calvinism which for good and ill laid so strong a hand on oldtime Scotland. His verse —how can it be denied?—does not make for sobriety. *Willie brewed a peck o' maut* is probably the best bottle song ever written but, it glorifies excess. Much of his best literature goes excellently well with whisky. It intensifies if it enobles a debauch. On the other hand he has fixed in the heart of the Scots people a great mass of most excellent moving literature, both original and transmitted. This heritage of lyric song is the birthright of the meanest Scot, and it is indeed a precious birthright. He had a curious ecclecticism. As the mood took him he praised Jacobites and Jacobins, Covenanters and Cavaliers, Continents and In-Continents. There was no real inconsistency in this, each passing feeling was sincere in itself; it helped him the more to play his part of a national poet.

Although all Scotland is in one way his, yet those scenes wherein he dwelt and which he made memorable by his writings—the Burns country—is not only peculiarly his but is like to be always exclusively his. Thus Dumfries—"Maggie on the banks of Nith" as he himself said, a "Dame of meikle pride,"—has a record centuries old. There is the oldest bridge in Scotland built by Devorguila, mother of one so-called king of Scotland, and there also stood the monastery where Bruce stabbed the Red Comyn; its history is a memorable history, but to most people it is merely the town where Burns spent his last years, where he died and where he was buried. But we anticipate. Let us go back to the first scene of all—to the cottage at Alloway, some two miles from Ayr and half a mile as the

crow flies from the Doon, "the bonnie Doon"; so that it is scarce a stretch of fancy to say he was born on its banks. The cottage is worth seeing, though changes have come on it not a few; "the Auld Clay Biggin" with its thatched roof, is well preserved, the little room with the concealed bed where the poet begun his life is now much as it was on 25th January 1759, when that famous "blast o' Janwar' win' Blew hansel in on Robin," the clay floor, the low roof, the simple furniture are all survivals, removed from us by more than time. Apart from Burns the humble little room has its own interest; there is a touch about it of piety and valour, of what was best in old Scots life, its stern simplicity, its noble self-denial. The other part is not so pleasing, an excrescence half coffee palace half museum has been added. Therein, are many "beautiful relics of the bard" some 300 in all; there is also a garden with foreign trees very suitable for tea parties. For years and up till 1881 the cottage was used as an ale house. In some years it is visited by more people than those who make Shakespeare's house at Stratford-on-Avon the object of their pilgrimage. Aforetime a roaring trade was done there: possibly some of the visitors followed too literally the maxims of the bard, at any rate the license was withdrawn, and the drinks are—well we know what temperance drinks are. "Ah me!" as Carlyle might have said. The subject lends itself to moralizing, but we refrain.

Our pilgrimage was in winter and there were few people about; the American had ceased from troubling and the Cockney was at rest in London. The harpies that dog the summer wayfarer let the winter wanderer pass, he is not in season. Best of all the guide is a pleasant companion, at least he is not an official nuisance. The old man we found by the Doon described the spots with only too great exactness. It is strange to see in material being that which has long

existed in your thought, stranger still when fact and fancy are wide apart. There ran the river through the sombre winter landscape, under the grey winter sky, while the blasts whistled shrill among the branches, but spite of all the picture had its charm. You could not see far off, for the haze closed you in as with a curtain. The Arran hills, those hills which as Alexander Smith said, haunt Ayrshire, those hills which were so familiar to Burns through the years of his early life, were on that day invisible, but Carrick hill loomed in front a long undulating ridge, dotted here and there with clumps of trees. At its foot ran the Doon, on the other side stretches of bare brown fields rose and fell like waves, the banks of the river, steep and high, were crowded with birch and ash and elm. "Doon poured all its floods," more like a Highland than a Lowland stream; the bottom was rocky, the water dashed on in a black current, save where it fretted itself white against the rock; and over it rose the arch of the Auld Brig. A beautiful bridge it is, solidly built as they used to build in far back centuries. But it goes up one side and down the other too steeply for our notion of comfort; no question whereabouts the "keystane" lies. Tam must have known to a second when he was safe. The Brig has its own long confused history of battle and trouble ere Burns' day, but to you it is only the supreme crisis of that immortal ride—but a relic or monument for it leads nowhere. A modern bridge hard by carries the traffic, and the road followed by Meg and her rider has long gone under the plough.

Of that ride you follow the points one by one. The ford, the "meikle stane" where drucken Charlie proceeding in a like reckless fashion, "brak's neck bane," the thorn where "Mungo's mither hanged hersel'," and all the rest of them were definitely indicated by the old man; but he was best when we came to Kirk-Alloway; he lingered lovingly over the details, "the winnock—bunker in the east" and—but

their fame has gone forth to the end of the earth. The guide told you much you cared little for; here was a Lord of Session and there was an Indian General, a little further on a great landed proprietor, and all around you saw the sculptured arms of many an ancient house. What dim and unsubstantial ghosts these fine people spite of their "elegant mausolea," seemed in comparison with full blooded beings like "Tam" and "Nannie" and "Sutor Johnnie": it was an object lesson of the permanence of a great man's work. *Tam o' Shanter* is a great poem but not its author's greatest. Talent could have produced it says Carlyle, genius alone could give us *The Jolly Beggars*; but this last is of the world, not of Ayrshire. *Tam o' Shanter* is intensely local, it has the advantage and disadvantage of association with a definite spot. You could as soon remove Carrick hill from Doon side as you could remove this poem.

Time has brought its changes on Doon side, and some have nothing to do with Burns. The little cottage is hemmed in by a great mass of commonplace houses, but that is only because of the growth of population. Again opposite the "Auld Kirk" of Alloway stands the new kirk of Alloway; it dates from 1857, and even if you disparage its build and its coloured glass, you must believe it meets the wants of the locality. But then there is the inevitable monument which "finely blends the styles of the Greek and Roman architecture," there are the desirable villa residences on Doon side, there is the Shell Palace with its meritricious graces on the banks of the river. "It must needs be that offences come," we have not yet learned that in a place like this, the Auld Kirk, the Auld Brig, and the Auld Clay Biggin of themselves make the best and most sufficient monument to Burns. And yet we are advancing some way in right feeling and acting when we preserve the Auld Brig at Ayr because it is famous in his verse.

If you know your Burns at all, you remember that all around are places famous in his life and poems—Ayr

WILLIE'S MILL, TARBOLTON

itself with its Auld and New Brigs, Mount Oliphant, Lochlie, Mossgiel, Ballochmyle, the "Castle o' Montgomerie," to name but a few. He was at Mossgiel from 1784 to 1786, and was returning from Tarbolton one night in a state which he describes as

"I was na fou, but just had plenty"

with the moon rising over the distant Cumnock Hills, getting forward as best he could :—

"I was come round about the hill,
An' toddlin' down on Willie's mill,
Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
To keep me sicker ;
Tho' leaward whiles, against my will,
I took a bicker,"

when he met with the apparition told of in *Death and Doctor Hornbook*. This is but one illustration to show how local he could be. Even after he removed to Dumfriesshire his fancy returned to these spots. There his best work had been done, and as his poems show he still lingered over their memory.

We shall not ask the reader to visit with us those various places, but one of them must be referred to for it touches on the most perplexing, most debated incident in his career. Not far from Tarbolton is Coilsfield, named by Burns the "Castle o' Montgomerie" from its then owner. The house itself scarce merits notice, but its situation has a still and pensive charm. The Fail burn runs through the grounds to join the Ayr ; these are finely wooded, quiet and secluded. At or near Failford Bridge took place the memorable parting with Highland Mary. Of Mary Campbell next to nothing is known : her father was a sailor, as her name implies she was a Celt, she had been a nursemaid in Gavin Hamilton's family or as some say a dairymaid at Coilsfield ; she comes for a moment into the fierce light that beats about Burns. It was the lowest ebb of his career, he was almost penniless. Relations between him and Jean Armour were

for the time broken off, he was on the point of emigrating to the West Indies when this pure and tender vision glided across the troubled stage and then vanished for ever. She passed a Sunday with Burns in the woods about Coilsfield. According to his own account, "we spent the day in taking farewell ere she should embark to the West Highlands to make arrangements for our projected change of life. At the close of the autumn following she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock where she had scarce landed when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to the grave in a few days before I could even hear of her illness." So this turned out to be their last meeting. Before they parted they, 'tis said, went through a curious ceremony. Standing on opposite sides of the burn, they dipped their hands in the water and holding a Bible between them swore to be true to one another. That Bible has had a curious effect on the story. It was a sentimental touch which attracted the popular fancy and provoked what Mr Henley would have called "oceans of bleat." In many a Scots household at the present day you come upon a curious print obviously "made in Germany." A stream flows through a prim landscape. Burns and Highland Mary toe the bank with curious exactness; the bard has the usual properties; plaid, bonnet, dog in the background, etc. Mary is of course barefooted ("a bare legged Beatrice" in Mr Henley's phrase) but the centrepiece is a huge copy of Scripture which the pair suspend with obvious difficulty above the water. All this is an easy mark for sarcasm; but taking the story as true, we must conclude that the volume was simply used as the machinery of a solemn oath, just as in fact it is used in the English Courts of Justice at the present day. Remember also that the Scots law gives an even less formal ceremony the binding force of a marriage contract and why gird at the proceedings?

The story has real points of permanent interest; the

girl's romantic name, her brief passage across the stage, her early death, the tantalising mystery never now to be solved regarding her, more than all the strange deep feeling which Burns shows in her regard explain how this is. Their parting was on 14th May 1786, and she died in October of the same year. Before then he must have written *Will you go to the Indies, my Mary* and *My Highland lassie O.* In three years afterwards he gave us the verses *To Mary in Heaven*, and after other three years the well known lines on *Highland Mary* beginning

> "Ye banks and braes and streams around
> The Castle o' Montgomerie."

With Burns out of sight out of mind was in most cases true. His life in its own way was so engrossing, so full of pressing needs and cares and interests that he brooded little over the absent. Even the memory of Clarinda soon faded away: strange then that he should treasure so seriously this almost fugitive and elusive vision. As for the girl, she probably had a certain natural Celtic refinement and purity, that magic gentleness we find in the Celtic saints, such as had not hitherto been known to her lover. There is some secret, now never to be solved, behind, though he ever sings of this as his purest, highest love story. Mary "was buried in a dingy churchyard, hemmed by narrow streets—beclanged now by innumerable hammers" and within a stone's throw of passing steamers, and the fated hour has brought forth the inevitable monument. Her true monument is the four poems in which her lover has embalmed her memory.

Before we pass from Coilsfield it is worth remembering that of the three divisions of Ayrshire, Carrick, Kyle, and Cunningham, Kyle the middle one is more emphatically the land of Burns. Kyle is the same as Coil.

> "'Twas in that place o' Scotland's Isle
> That bears the name o' auld King Coil,"

as Burns has it in *The Twa Dogs.*

We now leave "the Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," and this part of the Burns Country. The Edinburgh episode must go with a word. In the capital he met all sorts of distinguished people, among them Scott. *Vidi tantum Virgilium* wrote Sir Walter afterwards of the single occasion when he saw and exchanged a word with the poet. There the Clarinda affair had its rise and progress, and there his poems were published by Creech. His last years were spent by the Nith. That river rises in Kyle not far from Burns' birthplace, it goes someway north-east, and enters Dumfries in Kirkconnell parish. It runs through the whole county, passing in its course the town of Dumfries, and falling finally into the Solway Firth. Some 5 miles above Dumfries the banks, covered with broom and with trees, rise abruptly from the stream which now is pure water running over pure gravel. Here is Ellisland, the house that Burns built for himself and his wife, where during three years he made his last desperate effort to establish himself as a tenant farmer. A beautiful place that Ellisland in its peace and quietness, with its hills and fields, and the pleasant country around; the house so perched above the river that as day declined it threw a lengthening shadow over the other bank. Yet it was soon said he had made a poet's, and not a farmer's choice; the soil was poor, and it was not the ground he was accustomed to labour. Then he had his usual ill-luck, for there was a dismal succession of bad seasons. It was easy to accumulate reasons why he did not prosper. "Fail, how could he miss but fail!" said a neighbouring farmer, "he brought with him a bevy of servants from Ayrshire; the lasses did nothing but bake oat cake, and the lads sat by the fireside and they ate it warm with ale." Burns himself has recorded that toasted oatcake in the ale is a "delicate relish." You fancy he would have smiled at this idyllic picture of rustic ease and merrymaking, but we are told the "Maister was oot." Well, the "Maister" was very

FAILFORD BRIDGE

often "oot." He had an excise appointment which took him much about the country; then he was already a famous man, and strangers came to see him, and they took him as was natural to some tavern, near or remote, great or small, and it was not a temperate age, and the talk was no doubt of the very best, such as the stranger never heard before, and would certainly never hear again. For him an ever memorable night, but there was the work of the next morning for the poet! And so things did not go well, and at the end of three years he got rid of his farm, and came to live in Dumfries.

These last six years of his town life are the saddest of all, "Tine heart, tine a'" says an expressive Scots proverb. Burns practically gave up the fight. Dumfries is a pleasant enough place under favourable circumstances, but a small Scots town in the eighteenth century was dull and dreary, only in a way tolerable if you were well off, and lived according to certain cast-iron traditions. No doubt he half despised and half envied his superiors in wealth and position, and he was galled when they returned his despite without any envy at all. He was not a drunkard; he did his daily task as excise officer well, and he did not run into debt to any extent, yet how to deny frequent debauches, ignoble love affairs, if they are worthy to be called such? There are many traditions, scandalous, grotesque, terrible, pathetic about this period. One tells how he walked on the shady side of the street, whilst the fashion of Dumfries were on the other, and how he repeated to a young friend the ballad that begins

> "His bonnet stood once fu' fair on his brow,
> He said it looked better than many ane's new;
> And now he let's wear any way it will hing,
> And casts himself dowie upon the corn bing."

And another tells, how dressed in his full volunteer uniform

but overcome with liquor he lay down to sleep in the public street. Alas! there was no princess of France to bend down and kiss the poor lips that had spoken so many radiant and immortal words but we can scarce blame his fellow townsfolk for that! Alas how to treat Apollo when he masquerades as Satyr?

Things one is glad to think were better towards the end. During his last illness, Dumfries became concerned and anxious; Mrs Burns was ill, but Jessie Lewars the sister of a brother exciseman tended his last hours. He could give her only one gift, but that was immortality; she is the subject of poor Robin's swan notes

"O wert thou in the cauld blast,"

And

"Although thou canst never be mine."

The songs he made for her are all love songs! His harp like Anacreon's could sing of love alone! Just before the end he went to Brow on the Solway in a vain search after health. He was at the Manse there one evening when a daughter of the house noticing that the sun was in his eyes rose to adjust the blind. "Thank you my dear," said the sick poet, "let him shine, he will not shine long for me." This was towards the end of June 1796 and on the 21st July he was dead. "Do not let the awkward squad fire over my grave," he said with a last touch of his old self. Alas! it is what the awkward squad has done ever since. "Wha's to be our poet noo?" asked one inhabitant "with much simplicity." Ah! who indeed! But the Dumfries folk gave him a decent funeral and presently got inordinately proud of him, and they made sufficient provision for Mrs Burns' modest wants and the monuments were not unduly delayed. He was laid to rest in the churchyard of St Michael's; his remains "were originally interred in the north corner upon which a simple table stone was raised to his memory, but in 1815 his ashes were removed to a vault beneath an

elegant mausoleum which was erected by subscription as a tribute to his genius at a cost of £1450. This monument contains a handsome piece of marble sculpture, executed by Turnerelli, representing the genius of Scotland finding the poet at the plough and throwing her inspiring mantle over him"; and in 1882 a statue was erected and all these things were at least well meant, and t'were hypercritical to gird at them. And yet that simple stone, which the humble hands of pious friends placed at the first, is still the best monument of Burns, surely one which his own purer taste would have preferred. He has grown too big for all our monuments! In St Michael's Street is the little house where the poet lived and died, the rooms are reported small and poor but not smaller or poorer than was the fashion of the day for folk of moderate means. When we were in Dumfries some years ago we went with thoughts full of Burns to visit the house, but were informed it was not shown. Disappointed we finally came to acquiesce with contentment: it was not a museum, nor a place of refreshment licensed or unlicensed, and we put down the credit of the refusal to the highest motives. Ah! Burns is among the immortals. Difficult indeed to judge him by ordinary rules! As we look back on his life it fashions itself out as inevitable tragedy: the singer must suffer that his songs might be perfect.

CHAPTER XV

THE LEGEND OF THE COVENANT

The value of the Covenanting Legend for the Scotland of to-day—Scott's portrait of the Covenanters—History of the Covenant—National enthusiasm—The scene in Greyfriars—The Restoration—Persecution of the Covenanters—The records of the struggle—Epitaphs of the martyrs—Conventicles—The wild country—Peden the prophet—His life story—His graphic and mystic sayings—"A stubborn crew"—The Priesthill tragedy—Case of the Wigton martyrs.

WHAT is the value of the Covenanting Legend for present day Scotland? Thought has moved far since those days, removed from us by so much more than years; most the Covenanters did can only be excused by the sufferings they underwent; their doctrines are not now held even by the strictest of Church parties, the old high and dry, true blue Presbyterian. Their story is full of deeds of astonishing bravery, of hairbreadth escapes, of wild romantic adventures, of stubborn resolution. Their inner life exhibits strange mental conditions. All is of truly fascinating interest. Here too is a record of which Scotsmen may be proud. The Covenanting Legend is part of the national heritage, it has thrown over Presbyterianism the colours of romance. It has made excellent literary stuff. In the hands of Scott most of all, this legend of the north becomes a legend of the ages; it passed into the literature of the world. Scott himself has said that those stories once treasured by the whole Scots nation were fading into oblivion from the superior interest of contemporary history. Scott's time was cast in the stormy days of the French Revolution and our life and death struggle with Napoleon. He did not foresee that even interest in that would in its turn fade

away, and that men would linger again over the old dreams. He himself found (did he altogether realise it?) his choicest literary material on the Presbyterian and popular side of his country's history. Jeanie and "douce" Davie Deans, and Mause and Cuddie Headrigg (pattern of all time-servers), Bailie Nicol Jarvie and Edie Ochiltree, are real figures of flesh and blood, whereas his Dundee and Montrose his Helen Macgreggor and Fergus Mac-Ivor are merely cheap actors on their little stage. Perhaps Scott's material and not the bent of his genius accounts for this. Spite of all their braveries is there not something of pasteboard and tinsel about the Scots Cavaliers? Once only does Scott touch them off to fell purpose, but that is when he accepts the popular legend of their crimes and their doom; then in *Wandering Willie's Tale* you have his supreme effort.

Scott's sympathies were not with the Covenanters, and the better part of a century ago there was a considerable controversy as to the truth of his pictures. The learned Dr M'Crie elaborately refuted him in his ponderous *Review of the Tales of my Landlord.* The feeling was widespread; an honest carpenter once told us that though having once begun *Old Mortality* he could not put it away till he had finished; many passages made his "bluid boil" at the manner wherein the author spoke of men of whom the earth was not worthy. But M'Crie and the extremest pass away and the Wizard remains with all his magic powers. Scott was so steeped in the past of his country that he wrote with the vividness of one who had seen the events he describes. He had many advantages. Besides his genius he was generally fair minded, he was artistic. There is only one better source of information. Study the original documents for yoursef. How few care to do this! how few have the time and the skill to pick out what is true and apposite from the huge mass. Two slight qualifications must be made. Scott like all other men had the defects of his qualities. Apart from

political view he was by nature what they were wont to call in the North a Moderate; he had no sympathy for popular causes or for extreme passions—and again his Cavaliers as Claverhouse, are mere figures of romance. Yet the place which he has gained by his art he will hold by his truth. No better portraits of the Covenanters will ever be placed before the world.

All that we can do here is to give some illustrative extracts from the story of the Covenant. And first this brief and bald historical summary. In 1557 a number of eminent Scotsmen of the Reformed faith assembled in Edinburgh under the 4th Earl of Argyll, and bound themselves "to apply their whole substance and very lives to maintain, set forward and establish the most blessed word of God." The document with their subscriptions was called The Covenant. This banding together for a defined purpose had been a Scots habit for centuries. A new covenant was signed 23 years afterwards by King James, who whatever his faults knew the stomach of the nation, and afterwards warned the English statesmen of the difficulty there was in making "that stubborn kirk stoop more to the English pattern." In 1638 the Scots thoroughly alarmed at the projects of Charles I. and Laud again signed the Covenant. The chief place of meeting was Greyfriars Churchyard, and the scene was one of indescribable enthusiasm. "Such was the zeal of many, that for a while many subscribed with tears on their cheeks, and it is constantly reported that some did actually draw their own blood, and use it as ink to undersign their own names." This passionate enthusiasm spread over the country; gentlemen travelled from place to place carrying copies of the Covenant which were signed by all and sundry; it was the constant theme from the pulpit Sunday after Sunday. The movement even affected the highlands; "the Mackenzies, the MacKays, Macdonalds, Camerons, Grants and other northern clans for the most part subscribed,"

THE MARTYRS' MONUMENT, GREYFRIARS CHURCHYARD, EDINBURGH

though it is not at all likely that they knew or really cared what it was about. In essentials the Covenant bound the subscribers to protect the Presbyterian faith, whilst it professed devoted loyalty to the King. It knit the nation together and gave it for a little a preponderating weight among the English parties so that it seemed as if Presbyterianism was to be the established religion of the three kingdoms. That devout imagination soon passed: Charles was beheaded, and Charles II. having in his turn duly subscribed the Covenant, perhaps with his tongue in his cheek, perhaps too indifferent even for that—what cared he for theological discussion?—was crowned King according to the ancient rights.

The nation's opposition to Cromwell was decisively crushed at Dunbar and Worcester, and matters remained quiet till the Restoration in 1660. Then the Scots sent Commissioners to England to remind Charles of his promise. One of these Commissioners went over; he was James Sharpe the hated Archbishop of St Andrews. Presently the Estates passed the Act Recissory which made a clean sweep of all legislation since 1633, then Episcopacy was re-established and the Covenant burnt by the hangman. In 1666 the first armed rising of the Covenanters took place; they moved from the west on Edinburgh and were defeated at Rullion Green a slope of the Pentlands by old General Dalziel. The numerous prisoners were cruelly treated; "most of the prisons in the whole country are full of them, Barbadoes will be full plenished next year," so gleefully wrote one of the victors. Then the Highland Host, a horde of savages from the north, were let loose on the disaffected parts of the country. The assassination of Archbishop Sharpe in May 1679 was immediately succeeded by the battle of Drumclog. This, the only victory of the disaffected, gained over the hated Claverhouse, swelled for a little the ranks of the insurgents, but on the 22nd June they were crushed by the Duke of Monmouth at the

decisive battle of Bothwell Brig. Exactly a year after the extreme party took the final step by the *Sanquhar Declaration* in which they threw off their allegiance to the Government. This was succeeded by the *Apologetical Declaration* even more extreme, and this in its turn was met by the *Abjuration Oath* the net effect of which was that a man must swear that he was loyal and not of the Covenanting party or suffer instant death. It was from this time till 1685 that the persecution was at its height, and then occurred the most affecting cases in the martyrology of the Covenant. When James II. [or VII. as the Scots called him] came to the throne he was anxious to favour the Roman Catholics, and he could only do so by relaxing the attacks on the Nonconforming Protestants. Thus the persecution, without ceasing altogether, became much less vehement. Indeed although James Renwick the last of the Martyrs, was executed as late as February 1688, he was only left to his fate after every effort to make him recant even a little, failed. He protested from the scaffold against many things but principally "against the absolute power assumed by this usurper," for so he called James II. "and against toleration flowing from this absolute power."

The literature of the struggle is bulky. Among the surviving samples are *The Scots Worthies*, a popular composition which is still read, and Wodrow's *History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland from the Restoration to the Revolution*, a work, as has been pointed out, larger than Gibbon. Here is the fullest record. Here you observe with almost microscopic minuteness the agonies of a nation. The region covered is a comparatively small part of Scotland; Lanark, Ayr, Wigtown, Kirkcudbright, part of Dumfries. Even to-day on the desolate moorlands, now and again you come across a stone with carved rude rhymes telling of a Covenanting tragedy. It was such that "Old Mortality" spent his life in restoring, and pious hands have not been wanting since

to refresh the inscription. Literature in Scotland, as one has occasion to note, was till our own time continuously on the side of the Cavaliers. Least of all do you look for grace of style in these rough memories. The quaintness of the rhymes is wondrous though one must remember that the quaintest are the best known. This from Mauchline reminds us that the place had a poet before Burns :—

"Bloody Dumbarton, Douglas and Dundee,
Moved by the Devil and the Laird of Lee
Dragged these five men to death with gun and sword,
Not suffering them to pray, nor read God's word,
Owning the work of God was all their crime,
The eighty-five was a saint killing time."

This other example surpasses the one just given. It possessed Scott's mind when a boy with peculiar horror, and he vows that after an interval of forty years he could repeat the epitaph without a break :—

"This martyre was by Peter Inglis shot,
By birth a tiger rather than a Scot;
Who, that his hellish offspring might be seen,
Cut off his head, then kicked it o'er the green.
Thus was the head which was to wear the crown
A football made by a profane dragoon."

More than a century had to pass before those who cherished the legend of the Covenant could express themselves in decent verse.

One of the most impressive features of the time was the Coventicle or hill preaching. This was held in some remote and lonely region; scouts were posted on the hills to give warning of the approach of the troopers, a rock served for a natural pulpit whence the preacher poured forth his impassioned harangues, his hearers gathered round in a circle, in front were the women and children, behind were the men, their Bibles in their hand, their arms by their side. It was said of Richard Cameron that he lived praying and preaching, and died praying and fighting, but so all the Covenanters

were prepared to die, neither side gave nor expected mercy or consideration. It was everything or nothing. The Covenanting country in the south-west of Scotland was chosen by a sort of natural selection as the environment of Covenanting life. Much of the more tractable portions have now been brought under the plough; in other parts great store of mineral wealth has been discovered under the soil, and by day and night the hills echo with the clang of machinery, the sky reddens with the glare of furnaces; but enough is left to inform us how it then appeared. It was a land of wild, solitary, desolate hills, part covered with heather or with stunted grass, part bare aud rocky. Over them you might travel for miles, the only sound of animal life being the rare bleat of the sheep or the cry of the curlew. On the lower slopes there were huge bogs and morasses, and again steep solitary glens in parts thickly wooded, through which rushed mountain streams with a continuous roar. In these were caves and hiding places without number wherein the preachers hid and baffled pursuit for years; they or their faithful followers knew the safe tracks over the bogs on the hillside, knew also where the best hiding places lay. It is difficult for us to realise the life these men led, and impossible not to admire their courage and daring. Let us give some account of one of them.

Alexander Peden, who lived between 1626-1686, was perhaps the most famous, and of the grim strange figures that lend their grim strange charm to the annals of the Covenant, Peden the prophet is surely the strangest and the grimest. He was ejected from his charge in 1662, and with an interval of five years of imprisonment at the Bass Rock, he spent most of his time in ministering to the faithful remnant and in evading the forces sent in search of him. Even to-day every cave in the West Country is either Wallace's cave or Peden's cave. His gift of sharp biting speech, and the shrewdness or good fortune of his predictions raised him to fame in his own day and for long

after, and his foes held him in as much awe as his friends for the very mystery of his utterance disturbed their minds. "God," he said of the persecution, "had a mind to search Jerusalem with lighted candles," and it was his duty to be in the thick of it all; thus it was that he abided ever in the wildest places of the wild country. He was but a voice in the wilderness, but a voice that ever spoke with terrible power. That he was harsh and morose goes without saying; an unjust charge of improper conduct had been made against him in his youth—"he walked at a waterside upwards of twenty-four hours and would neither eat nor drink"; even when he was righted the wicked accusation rankled within him "for this Surfeit of Grief that she hath given me there shall never none of her Sex come within my Bosom." And not only did he never marry but also he had never a good word for women while he lived. "Young Men and young Women" he would cry out, "O you with your graceless wanton Mirth and your Lusts burning strong within you!" All earthly pastime and pleasure were abhored, yet life held for him plenty of desperate excitement. Time and again he was proclaimed, and time and again God hid him in the hollow of his hand. In vain was it published that "the said Mr Alexander rides up and down the country with sword and pistol and grey clothes," no one would give information as to his whereabouts. Having no certain residence or dwelling, he was comprehensively "charged at the market crosses of Kirkcudbright, Dumfries, and Edinburgh, and Pier and Shore of Leith to compear personally before the Privy Council," and of course he disobeyed. And when at last he was taken and sent to the Bass where he remained some years, "envying with reverence the birds their freedom," he remained as ever potent and terrible. For a certain girl who "mocking with loud laughter" broke his prayer was made the subject of a "sudden surprising judgment" and was blown shrieking into the sea, whilst

a word from him converted a blaspheming soldier into a devout Christian. "There was never the wale since syne" says the ingenious R. L. S. in the very manner of Patrick Walker "and it's a question wi' mony if there ever was his like afore. For indeed he was wild's a peat-hag, fearsome to look at, fearsome to hear, his face like the Day of Judgment; and the voice of him was like a solan's and dinnle'd in folks lugs, and the words of him like coals of fire." He was taken off to be shipped to the Plantations, but the scheme fell through in London, and he returned to Scotland and the work of his life. Again the pursuit was hot and instant. Once he lay hid from the Dragoons in a Galloway cave; he crossed the raging water in their teeth and turning on them, dared them to follow under pain of death and the flood, so that no man would face his word and he got clear away. And again he was chased over miles of moss and hags till, in answer to his prayer "for a lap of the lord's cloak," the mist rolled down from the hills and walled him safe from his persecutors, whilst the Dragoons "roared like fleshly Devils" for that they could not "get the damned Whigs pursued."

His prophecies are innumerable; he foretold the fortunes of the Royal House with a certain angry joy. "Have at the unhappy race of the Name of Stewart, off the Throne of Britain they shall go if all the World would set side and shoulder to keep them on." He announced the death of Charles II. and foretold the deposition of the Duke of York, as he delighted to style James II. and VII. He murmured dark details as to the disastrous later history of the Covenant and he had certain mysterious sayings about foreign invasion. "Oh, the monzies" he would ingeminate "the French monzies, how they run! how long will they run? O Lord cut their houghs and stay their running," and he had mysterious warnings as to French invasions; all these evils being judgments for a burned, broken and buried Covenant. Yet even Peden

had his softer hour. He had been minister at New Luce in Galloway, a fair valley set in a ring of desolate and sombre hills. But the act of 1662 required presentation by a patron and collation by a bishop, and Peden would have none of these. His last preaching was a "weeping day in that Kirk so that the greater part could not contain themselves" before his words; the darkness of the night found him still speaking, but at length he left the pulpit, shut the door, and knocking thrice at it with his Bible he said; "I arrest thee in my Master's name, that none ever enter thee but such as come by the door as I did." His old parishioners were faithful to the end. At one of his last preachings when they broke bread together he gave each of them a piece out of his own hand, calling them his bairns.

He was out in the Pentland rising, but hurried back before Rullion Green, a piece of backsliding for which he never forgave himself. "I should have stayed with them though I should have been cut to pieces." He had gone to Ireland where he was safely housed but could find no peace. Sitting down to a plentiful repast he reflected, "the poor honest Lads in Scotland are running about on the Hills, and have little either Meat or Drink but Cold and Hunger." He could not rest, his soul yearned for the hillside and the fierce words that rose on the wind, and the clinging mists and the rumour and onset of the redcoats. "The Blood is running like water upon Scaffolds and Fields" he cried, "rise let us go and take part with them for fear they bar us out of Heaven." So his party took ship forthwith; and "when he began to pray the sails were all hanging strait down, but ere he was done they were all in blown bladders": such it was believed was the power of his desire and the persuasion of his word. His last years were full of the confused noise of battle; "seldom he unclothed himself or went to bed," his sole longing was to "win cleanly off the stage." Once he made a

pious pilgrimage to Aird's moss where was Cameron's lonely grave. "O to be with thee Richie!" he sighed. Yet it was not given to him to fall in battle on the hillside or "to glorify God in the Grassmarket" in Lauderdale's brutal phrase He died in his brother's house in his native place. He pathetically hoped for "Rest in his Grave for he had gotten little in his Life," but such rest was not his. Six weeks after his burial in Auchinleck churchyard the redcoats howked up his body and laid it on the Gallows hill at Cumnock, but grave after grave was placed round it, and soon the place became the most honoured of sepulchres. Such was Peden, but he was only the most eminent among a host of others of equal constancy and purpose. Let us take one other illustration.

Whatever were Archbishop Sharpe's crimes, his cruel murder on Magus Moor would now be defended by no one. The actors in it however never repented. One of them, William Daniel, lay hid in a lonely house and saw no one excepting those who brought him meat and drink in the night time. He reflected much on the tragedy in which he had been so eminent an actor, and when he rejoined his companions he delivered himself thus: "he had never so much of the presence of the Lord before for all that eight or nine days he was in a rapture, and the Lord had confirmed them and approved of all they had done, and still to the day of his death he was kept in a rapture of joy, and to his death witnessed against the indulgence, and declared that the Lord had let him see that it was hatched in Hell to ruin the Kirk of God." They were good haters those old Scots; they were implacable even unto death and beyond it, they never doubted that they did well to be angry, and nothing satisfied those Covenanters but the most complete victory. After the Revolution they would split the last remnant of the Remnant upon the most minute point of discipline or doctrine, as to whether it is lawful to pay toll in passing

over a bridge or ferry to the representatives of an "uncovenanting King!" Again, notwithstanding the perilous life they led, their inner history, their spiritual trials and conflicts, ever occupied the first place with them. We have a number of their diaries and a great body of their statements: there are eternal spiritual conflicts with Satan who took enormous and surely flattering interest in their affairs. They lived in a spirit world: unseen forces attacked, unseen forces comforted them. This it was that gave them their supernatural courage and resolution.

We have spoken of Lauderdale's phrase about the Grassmarket. It was there that most of them, taken to Edinburgh and formally condemned, were executed. Even martyrdom has its conventions. It was essential that each of the condemned should give forth his "Testimony" against all the evils of the time, and then the Martyr went to his death with perfect courage and in the midst of an awestruck and deeply impressed multitude. Strange sights were witnessed in those old times with their daily executions! In cases like this they had their powerful effect, and were reported by eyewitnesses through all the towns in Scotland and in lonely farmhouses and shepherd's huts, so that the constancy of the Martyr sank into the hearts of the people. It would be impossible to give in detail an account of even the most remarkable tragedies of the killing time, yet a process of natural selection has raised two to a remarkable pre-eminence. The stories are probably not new to the reader, yet as examples and signs of the times they must be briefly retold.

The one is the case of John Brown the Christian carrier. He lived in the parish of Muirkirk in the Kyle division of Ayrshire; he was a man of some force of character, his farm of Priesthill, amidst "Heaths, moss bags and rockies," gave probably but a poor living. In the phrase of the time he was "an eminent professor, and a singularly

savoury Christian," and had been for long a marked man: he was intimate with the leaders of the Hillfolk. Peden had married him to his wife Isabel Weir and had then spoken this terrible sentence. "Keep Linen by you for his winding sheet, though you will need it when you are not looking for it, and it will be a bluidy one." Three years afterwards the prophecy was fulfilled. Claverhouse was in the neighbourhood, and Brown, it would seem, had been informed against: it was told probably that he had sheltered Renwick and that he refused to hear the curates. Now the procedure in the case of suspected persons was simplicity itself. A short form of abjuration was put to the accused; if they refused it, the directions were "that—whether they have arms or not—they be immediately put to death, this being always done in the presence of two witnesses, and the person or persons having commission from the Council to that effect." Brown was engaged with a companion at some work among the moors, when Claverhouse and his Dragoons were seen bearing down on them; there was a long chase, but at length he was taken and carried towards his house. One of his children standing at the door ran in to tell the mother that a number of horsemen were coming towards them, and that her father was with them. She came out, not to wail, not to beg for mercy, but to encourage him in his purpose. The house was searched and some papers, considered incriminating, were found; it is not certain whether or no the oath was offered to him, if it was, it was at once refused. The rest had better be told in Wodrow's words. "With some difficulty he was allowed to pray, which he did with the greatest liberty and melting, and with all in such scriptural and suitable expression, and in a peculiar judicious style—he having great measures of the gift as well as the grace of prayer—that the soldiers were affected and astonished, yea, which is yet more singular, that—as my information bears—not one of them would shoot

him or obey Claverhouse's commands, so that he was forced to turn executioner himself, and in a fret shot him with his own hand, before his own door, his wife with a young infant standing by, and she very near the time of her delivery of another child." And yet the horror of this tragedy was not over, Claverhouse turned to the widow "What thinkest thou of thy husband, woman?" Her perfect courage was not broken. "I ever thought muckle good of him, and now more than ever." His victory such as it was, must have seemed incomplete. "It were but justice to lay thee beside him," he snarled. "If ye were permitted I doubt not your cruelty would go that length!" One other word of solemn reproof she had for the reckless soldier. "Well, sir, you must give an account of what you have done." His answer has the aspect of a real vivid utterance. "To men I can be answerable and as for God I will take him into mine own hand"; and then he and his troop took their way across the moor. The woman bound up the head of her husband in a napkin, she composed his limbs, and covered them decently with her plaid, and then amid the silence of the hills, she sat down to lament for her dead.

Other historians of the troubles have added many curious details, but the most interesting is Claverhouse's report of the affair to the Privy Council. It runs thus "On Friday last among the hills, between Douglass and the ploughlands, we pursued two fellows a great way through the mosses, and in the end seized them. They had no arms about them and denied having had any. Being asked if they would take the abjuration, the eldest of the two called John Brown refused it, nor would he swear not to rise in arms against the King, but said he knew no King, upon which and there being found bullets and match in his house, and treasonable papers, I caused, shoot him dead; which he suffered very unconcernedly." Hill Burton has noted a certain bluff honesty and straitforwardness in

Claverhouse's despatches. Here the story is essentially the same as that given by the Covenanting historians. This is not the case with the other instance, that of the Wigtown Martyrs. An attempt was made to dispute the authenticity of the generally received account, but it was completely refuted, and therefore we can accept as genuine and follow Wodrow's picturesque narration with its moving incidents.

At the height of the persecution in the year 1665, the three children of one Gilbert Wilson a substantial farmer in Wigtownshire were noted examples of juvenile piety: these were Gilbert aged 16, Margaret 18 and Agnes 13. Though their father was a quiet conformist they would "by no means conform or hear the Episcopal incumbent, but fled to the hills, bogs and caves, though they were not of that age that made them obnoxious to the law." The son escaped abroad and only returned to Scotland in quieter and happier times. The girls were living in the house of a certain Margaret MacLachlan in Wigtown, where they were seized, and in due course put upon their trial, for non-conformity, attending conventicles in the fields, and other offences of a like nature. From a technical point of view the case was clear enough, and a verdict of guilty was the inevitable issue. It was ordered that on the 11th day of May next, "all the three should be tied to stakes fixed within the flood mark in the water of Blednock near Wigtown where the sea flows at high water there to be drowned." Drowning was then the ordinary mode of putting female prisoners to death and had this been all, the tragedy had passed unnoticed with its kind. Then ensued a curious chain of circumstances. The father, a man personally of some influence, hastened to Edinburgh and procured the pardon of the younger daughter; then Margaret MacLachlan was induced to sign a confession of her errors. The elder child, of sterner build and full of heroic zeal, was already

"COVENANTING PREACHING"
BY SIR GEORGE HARVEY

engaged on her testimony. "During her imprisonment Margaret Wilson wrote a large letter to her relations, full of a deep and effective sense of God's love to her soul and an entire resignation to the Lord's disposal, she likewise added a vindication of her refusing to save her life, by taking the abjuration and engaging to conformity. Against both she gave arguments with a solidity and judgment far above one of her years and education." Perhaps this was judiciously concealed from the Privy Council. However her reprieve was issued, but those in authority at Wigtown determined to disregard it. The extremest persecutors were there in power: there was Grierson of Lag, the original "Redgauntlet" of *Wandering Willie's Tale*, and David Grahame the brother of Claverhouse. It was not a time of full records, and how exactly they ventured to do this we cannot tell. However on the 11th May, the two women were brought out and fixed to stakes in the water, the elder further from the shore, and thus certain to be drowned first. The swift flow of the Solway is proverbial and the death was not in itself an unmerciful one. A great crowd were assembled on the banks, and they gazed and listened as the women sung psalms in the words of the Scots version. Then the tide closed in; the elder woman was at once drowned, and the water was rising over Margaret Wilson when a strange incident happened which gives its peculiar touch of romantic pathos to the tragedy. "While at prayer the water covered her; but, before she was quite dead, they pulled her up and held her out of the water until she was recovered and able to speak, and then by Major Windram's orders, she was asked if she would pray for the King. She answered that she wished the salvation of all men and the damnation of none. One deeply affected with the death of the other and her case said, "Dear Margaret, say God save the King! say God save the King!" she answered with the greatest steadiness and composure "God save him if he will, for it is his

salvation I desire." Whereupon some of her relations near by, desirous to have her life spared if possible, called out to Major Windram, "*Sir, she has said it, she has said it,*" whereupon the Major came near and offered her the abjuration charging her instantly to swear it, otherwise to return to the water. Most deliberately she refused and said, "*I will not, I am one of Christ's children, let me go,*" upon which she was thrust down into the water where she "finished her course with joy."

These records are more than the tragedies of a sect; they are documents of human endurance, and so of interest for all time, and it is due to them, more than to the influence of a creed outworn, that the Covenanting Legend still captivates the imagination and even influences the thought and feeling of modern Scotland.

CHAPTER XVI

YARROW AND TRAQUAIR

By cycle to Yarrow—The Grey Mare's Tail—"Tibbie Shiels" and its history—A classic witticism—The Ettrick Shepherd—Burns and Yarrow—The charm of Yarrow—St Mary's Loch—St Mary's Kirk—Philliphaugh—The rout of Montrose—*Vae Victis*—Ettrick forest—Scott and Mungo Park—Carterhaugh—The ballad of young Tamlane—The Dowie Dens—The note of Yarrow poetry—Comments on some ballads—Legend of their origin—Traquair—The closed gates—The author of the *House with the Green Shutters*.

THE last time we visited the Vale of Yarrow we cycled from Selkirk. It was an autumn evening and the scenery grew wilder as we pedalled higher and higher; the road was quite deserted and the barren hills looked lonely and sad in the gathering darkness. It was no bad entrance to the "Dowie Dens." One speaks of all those roads as "tourist haunted," but that only means that two or three coaches pass over them in the middle of the day. For all practical purpose, Yarrow now is as simple as ever Yarrow has been. The great sight on the way from Moffat is the waterfall called the "Grey Mare's Tail." This is according to all accounts a very creditable display; unfortunately we did not know that it was hardly visible from the road, and whether it was the falling night or a certain feverish impulse, the microbe of unrest which possesses the cyclist, we kept pushing on and so missed it. No unique experience! We met a cyclist belated like ourselves, and like ourselves, searching for it, and comparing notes came to the conclusion that we had both passed it, which was undoubtedly the case. We had now attained the highest point and began to rattle down the hill towards the Loch o' the Lowes (or Lochs). This is two miles long and is fed by the Yarrow which rises some way higher up.

As we went on, a statue glimmered through the darkness, it was of course that of the Ettrick Shepherd surely the *genius loci*. The Loch o' the Lowes is followed by St Mary's Loch, and beautifully situated on the ground between them is "St Margaret's Cottage," much better known as "Tibbie Shiels'." That was our resting place for the night. There are other excellent hotels in Yarrow, but why go elsewhere? Mrs Richardson, the so-called "Tibbie Shiels," died here in 1878 at the age of 96. She had entertained Scott, and Hogg, and Wilson, and Wordsworth, and almost every eminent literary man since, and she was succeeded by her son who died as late as 1892. There is still a touch of the antique world about the Inn; the landlord was for years a shepherd, and he retains that air of benevolent caution, of almost virtuous wisdom, which the shepherds of Caledonia share with their collie dogs. The Cottage has enlarged itself, though if you are careful after such things, you may sleep in the Scott bedroom. However growth and advertising are in such matters inevitable. Be thankful that you can still smoke your pipe in the old fashioned kitchen with its box beds and its huge fireplace, and hear the Scots tongue spoken in something of its pristine purity. On a former visit we remember looking with interest at Tibbie Shiels' son, and then heard, not for the first time, the local joke how the Shepherd on a certain "morning after" royally but impossibly commanded "Tibbie, bring ben the Loch," and one could not help recalling Tibbie's opinion of the poet that he was "a gay sensible man for a' the nonsense he wrat." Tersely put, but scarcely accurate; Hogg, like another Goldsmith, "wrote like an angel, but talked like poor poll," at least so the select Edinburgh lot, Lockhart and the others, have led us to believe.

In the morning we strolled over to do homage to his statue, of which you can only say that it was well meant. The figure has a plaid, a staff, a crook, and in fact all the

requisite properties, and yet is rather out of place; a cairn had been better, or even the name alone carved in the rock. No poet, not even the unknown singer of the *Dowie Dens* is so identified with the place as Hogg. At Mount Benger further down you pass his house, and he was saturated as nobody before or since, with the native literature of the district. The most remarkable fact in his history was that he never heard of Burns till a year after the latter's death, when he himself was a well grown man some 25 or 27 years of age. One day on the hillside a gangrel bodie revealed in recitation *Tam o' Shanter* to him. A unique event! The last of the old line of poets, almost the last who wrote without the idea of money rewards, spoke in the old minstrel fashion to a genius only less than his own! Burns by the way never visited this *fabulousus Hydaspes* of Scots song, though he mentions "the hills whence classic Yarrow flows" and the river itself in a fashion that proves his thorough appreciation of their eminence.

> "Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune:
> Owre Scotland rings:"

Thus the *Epistle to William Simson* of May 1785.

We followed the windings of Yarrow down the glen, and mused on the charm or secret or magic of the place, and yet strip away the poetry and the legends and what remains? Exactly what Wordsworth has pictured:—

> "What's Yarrow but a river bare
> That glides the dark hills under
> There are a thousand such elsewhere
> As worthy of your wonder."

Perhaps this is the impression of reaction; but as you stand and gaze it strikes you as a true picture. The lower reaches indeed are wooded and that is all. Yet Yarrow *is* superior to other vales; the hills are exquisitely rounded; the beautiful water runs over small and large

white stones with an absence of weeds and serge, clear and clean and cool, with nothing but the green grass on the banks that rises to meet the heather on the hills; and there is the graceful bend of the Loch, and the stream and the vale itself. And then there are alluring glens that run to either side of you, each with its ruin and its legend, but here again you bring in the literary effect. Albeit so often quoted we venture to repeat again the lines in *Marmion* about St Mary's Loch:—

"—nor fen nor sedge
Pollutes the pure lake's crystal edge!
Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink;
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.
Far in the mirror bright and blue,
Each hill's huge outline you may view;
Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare
Nor tree nor bush nor brake is there."

So much for St Mary's Loch. Of St Mary's Kirk nothing is left, though they still bury in that lonely graveyard, lonely though generations lie there, scores of old time freebooters, centuries of pastoral folk, and even adherents of the Covenant, for the glens were suitable for hill meetings. Here Renwick, the last of the Covenanting martyrs, preached his final sermon. When that passionate and gifted spirit spoke to the multitude some shadow of the end added force to his always weighty words; "when he prayed that day few of our cheeks were dry." Shortly after he was taken and went gloriously to his death.

In the history of the Glen there is this difficulty. Legend and historical statement, fact and poetry are so mixed together, that it is hard indeed to disentangle them. Some things stand out clear enough. Thus Philiphaugh, a plain near the junction of the Yarrow and the Ettrick is historically famous for the battle in which Leslie put so emphatic a stop to the career of the brilliant

ST. MARY'S LOCH

Montrose, on a misty September morning in 1645. There is something tragic and pitiful about that struggle. Montrose himself was esteemed by the great French Cardinal to possess all the points that made famous the daring warriors of antiquity; he had descended on the Lowlands after six Highland victories leading, one would have thought, an army flushed with success; but his forces were largely depleted by desertions, and plain David Leslie had but to wave his hand, and the Cavalier army went to pieces like a column of smoke. Montrose found the battle already lost when on the first alarm he rushed to the field, and though he made a gallant effort to retrieve the impossible, and though his very escape was a thing of skill and valour and endurance, yet he never held up his head again to any purpose, and his only other impressive appearance on the stage was that melancholy procession up the Canongate and High Street Edinburgh with the gallows very plain at the end of it, his last journey on earth! It was not a time when any pity was shown for the fallen, if indeed they looked for any. A number of captives were taken; they were promptly shot in the courtyard of "Newark's stately tower." They still call their place of sepulchre "Slain man's Lee." That same tower is a very prominent object on the bank of the Yarrow, the Scots Kings of a far off time kept it as a hunting lodge, for bare as the hills are now they were once densely covered with the trees of the old Ettrick forest, and there were boars, and wolves, and wild cats, and deer, and what not, so that the Kings had enough and to spare of the excitement of the chase, and those dead and gone animals have left ever present memories in the place names, for there is still an Oxcleugh, and Hindhope, and a Hartleap, and a Deerhame and so on. In the *Sang of the Outlaw Murray* the forest is touched off with a few broad strokes:—

"Ettricke Forreste is a fair domain
In it grows monie a semelie tree;

There's hart and hynd and dae and rae
And of wild beste's a grete plentie."

In more modern times, Newark was a residence of Anna the widow of the Duke of Monmouth. You remember that the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* was sung there to her, and you do not wonder that Scott who was so devotedly attached to the "bauld Buccleugh," and who claimed him as kinsman, took occasion to pay the family some very fine compliments. Scott's name reminds us that not far from here though on the opposite bank of the river, Mungo Park the African Traveller was born. The house now in ruins, though at its best it must have been but a mean place, is marked with an inscription. Scott tells us of their last meeting on Williamshope ridge just before Park's final departure for Africa, "I stood and looked back but he did not." He had been recently married and was afraid to take leave of his wife. He told Scott he meant to send his farewells to Edinburgh. Yet he was determined to go, the voice of strange command that calls men to their destiny was in his ears. How often amid those horrid African swamps, and the parching heat and the strange tropical growth, he must have thought of the sweet, cool vale far off amidst these hills, and the kindly well known faces!

Hard by Philiphaugh is Carterhaugh, which lies between the two streams, the Yarrow and the Ettrick, just where they join some 14 miles from St Mary's Loch, a fair enough place in itself but fairer still in song for it is the scene of the delightful old ballad of *Young Tamlane* It is all pure phantasy though Tamlane declares

"Randolph, Earl of Murray was my sire
Dunbar, Earl March, was thine."

But you do not identify those high sounding names, though you remember how Tamlane met his beloved as she was plucking red roses on Carterhaugh "by the ae licht o' the mune" and he tells that when he was nine

NEWARK CASTLE

he was kidnapped by the Queen of the fairies who treated him very well. But a terrible fear possesses him :—

"And never would I tire, Janet
In fairy land to dwell,
But aye, at every seven yeare,
They pay the kane to hell,
And I'm sae fat and fair of flesh,
I fear 'twill be mysell" :

and he gives explicit directions to Janet, how she is to act that he may be delivered from his thraldom, all which comes off, to the great chagrin of the Queen of fairyland who expresses herself strongly on the subject.

A mile or two up the water from Newark Castle you come upon Yarrow Church. This is the *locus* of the famous ballad of the *Dowie Dens of Yarrow*. The story goes that the lady, a Scott or a Napier, had a brother, a mortal enemy of her husband on account of—the settlements! and that he procured his death either by unfair dealing in a duel or by a hired band of assassins. A field called Annan's Treat is noted as the scene of the combat; Annan being the supposed name of the brother, and two mighty monumental stones are pointed out as marking the exact spot, but then Annan's Treat turns out to be an invention of Hogg, and sharp eyed antiquarians have spelt out the inscription on the stones, and they tell of some far off prehistoric battle, and so if the story does not quite vanish, it suffers wondrous change. The *Dowie Dens* first got into print in the *Minstrelsy*, and Scott as usual touched it up here and there. Why not after all? Each singer of the old ballads, without any thought of preserving a pure text, shifted the words as seemed to him good, but even if the first verse be a late addition what an excellent opening it makes!

"Late at e'en, drinking the wine,
And ere they paid the lawing,

They set a combat them between,
To fight it in the dawing."

And then we have the combat and the lament of the lady for her lord,

"She kissed his cheek, she kaim'd his hair,
She search'd his wounds all through,
She kissed them till her lips grew red;
On the dowie houms of Yarrow."

Now Yarrow has a literature of its own, considerable in bulk, ever increasing, but why, it has been said, is sadness the distinctive note of it all? Various answers might be given. There is first of all the "pastoral melancholy," the plaintive note of the river, the soft, gentle and yet bare character of the hills. Again, Scots minor poetry and ballad poetry in general turns naturally to sadness; both deal with simple and yet strong emotions, passions, feelings. The memories of a rude time are mainly tragic, and scarce one of the ruins up the glens but had its melancholy legend. Also, the most famous of the ballads, *The Dowie Dens* itself, seems to strike the note of all that followed, it undoubtedly inspired William Hamilton of Bangour's *Braes of Yarrow*, one of the very best of literary efforts on the subject. There is even a verbal reason worth noting. It was a sort of poetical convention to use the word Yarrow in every verse of the songs. It has a sweet sound, but the reckless and improvident bards did not reflect how soon their store of golden words would be spent. Not very many words rhyme with Yarrow; 'sorrow' and 'marrow' are the two most obvious, and the easy stanza of the minor singer suggested their use with almost fatal facility. However it came about the great writers of a century ago, Hogg and Scott and Wordsworth fixed it for ever, and if you will write on Yarrow the rule is you must be melancholious, and as it is the subject on which every prentice hand is exercised, the natural result is melancholy all round!

The bulk of Yarrow poetry may be divided into three species. There is the old ballad literature. This is the best: the imperfect efforts in this style perished of themselves; a ballad must rise to a certain standard of excellence or it will never attain that place in the popular imagination necessary for permanence. Thus in *Willie's drowned in Yarrow* every verse is impressive. Take this for instance:—

"O gentle wind that bloweth south,
From where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth."

Then again there is the *Douglas Tragedy* connected with the glen of Blackhouse through which the Douglas Burn flows some little way to join the Yarrow. The story tells how the knight fled with the lady a daughter of Lord Douglas, and how the father and the seven brothers pursued them, how there was a great combat during the which the lady like the "wanton Shrewsbury" of a later age held her lover's horse. He made an end of the seven brothers one by one in swift succession; the lady's feelings were somewhat mixed:—

"O! hold your hand, 'lord William!' she said,
For your strokes they are wondrous sair;
True lovers I can get many a ane,
But a father I can never get mair."

However, the father falls and the lady follows her lover "for you have left me no other guide." Evidently she was partial to obvious though belated reflections. Then come three verses of the very highest excellence. They tell how they rode on by the moonlight and they lighted down at "the wan water," and it ran tinged with his guid heart's bluid, and the dying man vows 'tis but the shadow of his scarlet cloak, and then we have one of the conventional endings, though after all with a difference, for of course the lovers die, and of course they are buried in St Mary's

Kirk, and the bonnie red rose grew out of *her* grave, and the brier grows out of *his*, and they meet and twine as a plain hint to mankind that two lovers are buried there, until the black Douglas comes by in anything but a sentimental mood, and he lays violent hands on the bonnie brier and flings it down into St Mary's Loch. Of not less excellence is the *Border Widow's Lament* During James V.'s expedition against the marauders of the Border in 1529, he seized Cockburn of Henderland, one of the most eminent of these, and hung him over the gate of his own tower. Henderland and Cockburn's Castle are on the left bank just over St Mary's Loch. The ballad tells how

> "I sew'd his sheet, making my mane ;
> I watch'd the corpse myself alane ;
> I watch'd his body night and day ;
> No living creature came that way."

There are other noble verses. Alas, historical criticism, is again destructive! There is near Henderland the grave of Perys Cockburn and Marjorie his wife, but then the ballad itself it seems had nothing to do with these, and there is considerable evidence to show that it is a mere *pastiche* of other ballads, but indeed in all these you must do like the wise epicurean, who if the food delighteth his palate, asks no impertinent questions.

Of the second group of Yarrow ballads, those which were written by the great Scots poets, Hamilton of Bangour's is the best ; even the curious iteration of the first verse of each song has a striking and touching effect. Scott and Hogg are chiefly descriptive, Wordsworth is commonplace relieved by some striking lines and even verses. His Scots is of the poorest, and he rings the changes on "Yarrow" and "sorrow" and so forth with pedestrian woodenness. As W. E. Henley said, "the *cliché* is intolerably blunt and primitive." As for Allan Ramsay and John Wilson and Henry Scott Riddel and many more the

result is various. Of living poets or those who have just gone—Professor Blackie and Principal Shairpe, James Brown, Andrew Lang and "Surfaceman"—there is no need to speak, nor is it any derogation to them to say that the third sort is the worst, and it could scarce be otherwise. Yarrow should now be a tabooed subject, strictly forbidden ground for at least a century! We cannot leave the ballads without repeating one fascinating and (alas!) absolutely untrustworthy legend of their origin. Near St Mary's is Dryhope Tower the birthplace of Mary Scott, "the flower of Yarrow"; her husband was Scott of Harden who had a justly earned reputation, for "lifting" other people's cattle; "lifting" in fact was a second nature with him, he needs must take anything and everything. Was it not he who bewailed the fact that stacks of hay had not feet and were therefore impossible? However, once he brought back —a child, with him; his wife took and reared the infant, who turned out no warrior, but one who delighted to collect and record the deeds of others and so he "nameless as the race from whence he sprung, Saved other names and left his own unsung."

We left the valley near Mount Benger, and by the road that Wordsworth and Hogg travelled together on one occasion, we passed on to Innerleithen and Peebles. We wished above all to visit Traquair which is a little way off the main road before you come to Innerleithen. This last town, by the way, is best remembered as the original of *St Ronan's Well*. We sought eagerly for the "Bush abune Traquair." There were plenty bushes to choose from. It is the sweetest and most beautifully wooded of places in all that fair country side. We stood long at the gate of Traquair, and looked down the grass grown avenue, at the old house, said to be the oldest in Scotland almost a thousand years in parts of it. Here surely is the model of Tullyveolan for are not the Bears above the gates? But the house, the home of an ancient race of nobles now gone

for ever, has enough romance of its own. The legend of the closed gates is that Prince Charlie was entertained at this seat, and when he fared forth on his fated quest and they were shut behind him, the then Earl vowed that shut they should remain until the Stuarts had their own again. Alas! this legend must go with the rest as baseless. It seems however that on the death of the Countess of Charles the seventh Earl, he vowed that the gates should not be opened until a new Countess came to Traquair, but Charles the eighth Earl never married; the peerage is now dormant, and the old house with the closed gates and the deserted avenue looks forlorn and deserted spite of the woodland charm. A literary touch of another kind is connected for us with this visit. The cyclist whom we met was a Parish Dominie; his favourite pupil had been George Douglas Brown. He made us promise forthwith to read *The House with the Green Shutters*. How strange and strong a book is that bitter and reasonable corrective to the maudlin sentimentality of the "Kailyard School" and indeed to maudlin sentimentality generally! Alas for that *infante perduto* of letters, he who painted with such a strong, firm hand the seamy side of Scots provincial life! Would he have followed this out with wider judgment and larger experience in other works? Was he the possible Zola of the north? In vain even to attempt an answer!

CHAPTER XVII

THE BORDER AND THE SOLWAY

The Border line—How it was fixed—The Border Country and the Border Folk—Present day aspects—Town and country—A typical Border stronghold—Gretna Green past and present—Hermitage Castle—Its position and history—Queen Mary's visit—Other legends of the Castle—A shepherd on the hillside—Langham—The Tarras Water—Johnie Armstrong and his fate—Solway Moss—Kirkconnel Lea—The Border Ballads—The influence of Scott—Abbotsford as a tourist shrine—The Solway Firth and its danger—Criffel—Sweetheart Abbey—Caerlaverock and other Castles—Early haunts of Thomas Carlyle.

THE Solway forms a natural boundary between the two Kingdoms throughout the length of its course, but the land on either side is not included in the term Border. The line between Solway and Berwick is, as the crow flies, about 70 miles; but the windings of the division boundary measure 110 miles, and for more than half that distance it seems purely arbitrary. The two Kingdoms, for three centuries ever pushing against each other, gained here and gave there; and then at some moment of time or other it was agreed that here should be set up the mere stone. As you know, Scotland and England were at deadly grips for centuries, and at the junction of the Kingdoms was necessarily the hottest of the fray.

The Scots Border country as we know it is a pleasant pastoral land, with soft rounded hills and streams, innumerable and secluded valleys where the ruins of the old Peels or Feudal Castles intimate a troubled past: that past has left a precious literary legacy, for the Border Ballads are the finest of the wheat. They preserve as only literature can the joys and sorrows, the aspirations, hopes and fears and beliefs of other days and

vanished lives, they are voices from out the darkness, yet we feel

> "He had himself laid hand on sword,
> He who this rime did write."

The most of them have no certain time or place; even the traditional stories help but little to make things clear, yet they tell us more, and tell it better than the dull records of the annalist. We know from them who these men really were—a strong resolute race, passionate and proud, rough and cruel, living by open robbery, yet capable of deathless devotion, faithful to their word, hating all traitors and cowards to the death, not without a certain respect and admiration for their likes across the line, fond of tale and song, equal on occasion to a certain rude eloquence, but above all, most turbulent and troublesome. Indeed when one thinks of that narrow strip of country hemmed in by the Highland clans on the north, and the Border clans on the south, one fairly shudders at the burden *it* had to endure, for you must understand that the dwellers in that district did all the work that Scotland had to do in the world during the most troubled years of her history.

At one time a complete code of laws, the *Leges Marchiarum*, applied to the Borders and regulated the relations of the English and Scots Marchmen to one another; these laws were full of quaint and curious details, but in 1603 on the Union of the Crowns all became obsolete. The Borderers did not take kindly to the new conditions, but to these they must gradually adapt themselves. For centuries there was something remote and savage about them; they followed their feudal lords and took little part in the general history of the Kingdom. In the old days their want of religion had been noted, though superstition made them tell their beads devoutly ere they started on a theiving raid. The Reformation made its way but slowly to those remote glens and among an indifferent population, and indeed it was not the

district from which zealous Covenanters were drawn. Godly Mr Welch opined it was a case for strong measures, when he gave his famous advice to Richard Cameron going forth to preach the gospel in their midst. "Set the fire of hell to their tails, Richy," said he, but even his exhortations had no pronounced effect. It was during the nineteenth century that a number of active agencies brought them thoroughly in line with the rest of the Kingdom.

Agriculture at the beginning of the century was in a backward condition; ere it was over, all the land that could fairly be considered arable was brought under the plough, and with rotation of crops and the most advanced implements, you touch the high scientific farming of the Lothians. Almost within the memory of men still living an enormous smuggling trade, chiefly in whisky, was done on the Border line, but that too is clean vanished. Perhaps in poaching, especially salmon poaching, and in the mimic contests of the football field, the antique Border spirit still leaps forth in a flash, "the auld Ridin bluid will oot," as the folk half gleefully half apologetically, say of their small excesses. But the great change on the Border has been in the coming of the Tweed Mills. Towns have grown almost as they do in the Western States of America. Galashiels, for instance, which in 1831 had but 2209 inhabitants, has now some 14,000, and Hawick and Selkirk have progressed in like fashion. These manufactories have brought enormous wealth: wages, the standard of living, the price of land have all increased; huge chimneys pollute the air as manufacturing refuse does the waters, the lone hill sides are fouled and besmirched in some districts; but over the most of it all, they are lonelier than ever! The people have left the glens and crowded into the towns, and at no period of their history were some parts of the Border less populous.

You can read the story of the lonely Peel tower for yourself. Once it was a centre of busy life, the laird and his

family dwelt therein, and a host of retainers, hangers on and tenants, were nigh at hand. Their huts were of perishable material and have clean vanished, but the solid permanence of the stone Peel still chains it to the desolate hillside. All this busy life is gone, the very excellence of the main roads confines traffic to them, of old time one hill track, you fancy, was as good as another. People trusted more to their own activity in the way of communication. There must have been a great deal of going to and fro over what is now deserted ground. There is another and quite different reason. Rural labour becomes rarer and rarer, because as things are it is not a popular form of employment: thus the farmer does with less and less hands, and trusts to improved machinery and adventitious help to redress the balance

We do not say that these changes are to be regretted, we merely chronicle them: but one thing is clear enough. The present history of the Border is not interesting or exciting: the stranger turns away from the manufacturing town and the farming district to the lonely hillside, or again he leaves the present and finds in the records of the past that interest and excitement which to-day no longer possesses. Here as elsewhere the antique has a certain money value. The Tourist stream flows strong and deep during its season among those famous spots, and the Tourist creates the Guide of one sort or another with his more or less accurate historical yarns. Among the population of the Border there exists a general knowledge of the most famous events in Border history, and a pride in the gallant deeds of their forefathers, and may be even some acquaintance with the most famous of the Ballads that spring from the very soil. But there is such a gulf between the present and past life of the Border that one cannot believe that the one practically affects the other.

We do not here record that past life, interesting as it is,

in any detail. The mass of history and tradition and legend and poetry is enormous, and it has been separately treated by many eminent hands. Let us as sample of the whole tell of a visit to and repeat the story of one castle, that of Hermitage, the most famous of them all. Our visit was on an autumn day; we cycled from Dornock some way to the east of Annan, passing through Gretna Green and in Longtown going over the Border to England for a little. Gretna Green by the way would deserve a chapter of itself, though nowadays those "shores of old romance" form as commonplace a collection of houses as you shall anywhere discover. One word of explanation must be given. The Scots law allows a valid marriage to be contracted simply by the consent of the parties though for purposes of proof it is no doubt highly desirable that the matter should be carried through with some formality, and in the presence of witnesses. Now in 1753 Lord Hardwicke's Marriage Act by making certain formalities essential put a sudden stop to summary unions by parsons, which up to that time had been a prolific source of scandal in England and specially in London. The consequence was that runaway marriages began to take place at Gretna Green, which was just over the Border, because by a well known principle of international law, the marriage being valid in Scotland where it took place, was held valid in England though its celebration there in the same manner had been a criminal offence. The first house over the Border was a toll house, and a blacksmith who had this was the self constituted priest for those ceremonies. He kept the register, gave a certificate and, though he had many competitors, he did the bulk of the business and netted now and again very handsome profits; nay people came from various districts in Scotland to be married at Gretna Green though their own parish would have done equally well. Competition finally brought down the priest's fee to half a crown,

and every tippling house had its own official; nay the very roadman on the highway that joins the Kingdoms pressed his services on passing couples. The history of those Gretna Green marriages is full of quaint incident, not to be told of here. In 1856 Lord Brougham's Act required a Scots domicile or a residence of twenty one days immediately preceding the marriage by one of the parties in order to make it valid. At one fell blow the unnatural prosperity of Gretna Green vanished and it returned to its ancient state of rural obscurity.

From Longtown we followed upwards the track of the Liddle water, pleasant and picturesque it is, but without striking feature. After some twelve miles or so of good road a side track was marked off as the way to Hermitage Castle. The site is impressive: it stands among those Liddesdale hills bare save for the bracken on their sides, and the flush of heather on their tops. Hermitage Fell, Arnton Fell, Hartsgarth Fell, Din Fell, gather round and hold it tight in their grip. In front runs the clear cold—oh so icy cold!—Hermitage water, the alders on its banks the only trees far or near. Grim, gaunt, stern with no touch of leaves or boughs to drape its nakedness, it takes of right the centre piece in the landscape, a square keep with flanking towers in strict accord with its environment of morass and heath and hill. No other building in sight, a traveller no common object on these untrodden ways. A strong fortress! The Hermitage water in front, burns on each side to fill the moat, best of all its massive walls guard it well. About the oldest Castle in Scotland it has stood there the better part of eight centuries almost as it is now, the most complete, too, for save that it lacks a roof—and that were no difficult matter to add—there is no sign of decay. "Ruin" applied to it is a mere conventional term. Another age deemed it safe from all save treachery or famine.

However ignorant you may be of its story the place

HERMITAGE CASTLE

itself reveals its old time inmates. Little they cared for smug comfort or soft raiment. However high in station they asked but the simplest things, shelter from the weather, safety from sudden death or capture, store for provision against famine. Fit symbol, this grim tower, of old Scots life. Everything cut down to the quick —no passion or affection lacking, but all reduced to its simplest—its most elemental expression! Fit home for man whose tears were iron tears, who loved and hated with direst passionate intensity, whose love was "stronger than death," whose hate death could scarce appease! What better theatre for tragedy (you ask) than Hermitage Castle? Its history more than confirms the impression—it is tragedy upon tragedy, horror upon horror. And yet a strange fate has linked this stern ruin with the most fascinating woman in Scots, nay we might say in human history. Here Queen Mary spent two memorable hours. It is of her you think most as you gaze on the Hermitage. But there are two other legends in its history impossible even then to forget. Let us recall them in the fewest possible words. And first as to the name. "Hermitage" has a soft, almost modern sound, out of keeping with the place. It is said of old time the water was the Merching Burn, but a hermit settled on its banks and—the change is explained! At the end of the 13th century there ruled here the wicked Lord William de Soulis,—a sort of Scots Gilles de Rais! A long succession of cruelties and murders was laid to his account. He put "Bores" in the shoulders of his vassals, that he might yoke them to the sledges wherein as beasts of burden they dragged materials to build and fortify the castle. He was leagued with the spirits of evil, and they helped him further to strengthen the hold. Treacherous to friend and foe alike his very name called forth a shudder of horror. At length his vassals rebelled, and with some assistance from True Thomas of Ersyldoun (Is it not written in a ballad of

Leyden's?) they wrapped the Wizard, spite all his incantations, in a shroud of lead and boiled him alive in a huge cauldron at the Nine Stane Rig. Unable to bear the weight of the horrors of which it had been the theatre, the castle itself sunk under ground. Were its present walls gifted with so rare a sensitiveness, it had long since disappeared! In 1342 Sir William Douglas, called the Knight of Liddesdale and Flower of Chivalry, held the Castle. You wonder a little at the name! His friend Ramsay of Dalhousie was made Sheriff of Teviotdale. Douglas was so envious that having treacherously wounded Ramsay at St Mary's Church, Hawick, he threw him on a horse carryed him to Hermitage and there plunged him in a dark dungeon, into whose depths you may still peer to day, and so left him to perish of starvation. By accident or fiendish design some scanty droppings from a granary protracted Ramsay's agony for 17 days. His captors still hearing his groans at length drew him forth and gave him—a priest! in whose arms he forthwith expired. The horrors of the story are not ended. A few years after the Flower of Chivalry whilst hunting in Ettrick Forest, was treacherously slain by his own godson, the head of the house of Douglas, who was (it was whispered) jealous of the dead man's intimacy with his Countess. The fragment of a rude old ballad, preserved by Godscroft, describes the Countess distracted by the news, rushing forth her bower and proclaiming her own shame:—

> "And loudly there she did ca'
> It is for the Lord of Liddesdale
> That I let a' these tears down fa'."

The centuries move on and Hermitage gathers to itself its most striking memory. In 1566 Bothwell the evil star of Mary's life was Warden of the Scots Marches. The Moss troopers were specially troublesome, they had preyed on Fife and the Lowlands as well as on England. The

authorities in Edinburgh were moved to an exhibition of stern justice, and Mary was to hold a solemn Justice Aire at Jedburgh. Bothwell was at Hermitage collecting prisoners for the Court, but in John Eliot of the Park, better known by his to-name of "Little Jock Eliot," a most notorious Freebooter, he found more than his equal. The well matched pair of ruffians had a hand to hand combat, the Warden got much the worse, and was carried off grievously wounded to Hermitage Castle. Jock was inordinately vain of his exploit, and you may be sure the Ballad very well expresses his sentiments :—

> "I vanquished the Queen's Lieutenant
> And gar'd his fierce troopers flee :
> My name it is little Jock Eliot
> And wha daur meddle wi' me ?"

Mary soon heard at Jedburgh of the supposed mortal peril of the object of her infatuation. After some days' suspense anxiety got the better of prudence. Mounted on a swift stud palfrey, and with an escort of nobles, she dashed off for Hermitage. For some reason of convenience the cavalcade took the way through Hawick. What a prize for a party of Freebooters ! The peril of the way she did not altogether escape, her horse sunk in a morass, still called the Queen's Mire, and was freed with difficulty. A silver spur afterwards found there was believed to be hers. However she reached the castle to the profound astonishment of its inmates, and to Bothwell's "great pleasure and contentment."

Partly from the deep human interest of her story, partly from its bearing upon momentous affairs of State, the smallest matters about Mary Stuart are of the first importance. Historians have descended to the level of gossips, and ask in perplexed amazement what it was she saw in him ? Abuse of Bothwell was the only thing on which his contemporaries were unanimous. To the English Envoys he was "a glorious rash and hazardous

young man"; to the French Brantome he was "the ugliest of men and of the worst possible demeanour"; to his countryman Buchanan he was merely "an ape"; and for this man the fairest Princess in Europe dared so much! She was two momentous hours with him, for this meeting was set in the most serious year of Mary Stuart's life. It was in October. Rizzio's murder had been in March, Darnley's was to be in February. Mary's knowledge of or share in the coming tragedy is not here discussed. However the two hours ended, she rode back again (some fifty miles in all). On her arrival she was carried from her horse in a dead faint, a violent fever followed, and for days and nights she lay between life and death. An acute observer noted as "the principal part of her disease, deep agony and sorrow." Often she repeated "I wish to be dead." But in Master Nau she had the most skilled physician of the time, and so was preserved for worse evils. Never again did she see Hermitage. Bothwell in his Danish dungeon may have sighed—as in Professor Aytoun's poem—for far off Liddesdale, which he too was to see no more.

Spite its sombre attractions, we were not sorry to leave this gloomy castle with its still gloomier memories. As we addressed ourselves again to the road, we came upon a shepherd by no means disinclined for a "crack" to relieve the tedium of his day. "There no thrang thae roads" he began wistfully as his glance swept the long path that now little better than a cart track, wound itself up the hillsides, and then his gaze rested on the castle "a rale auncient place" he remarked sententiously. The shepherd is nothing if not sententious. With a certain antique courtesy—so the Russian peasant might offer bread and salt, or the Bedouin of the Desert dates and water to the stranger—he passed us his huge "mull." Though snuff taking is to the most of us a lost art, we were not so churlish as to refuse a pinch. Then he drew his plaid about him

and took his way slowly over the moor and we set to work climbing the hill, bicycle and all. Except for a few yards here and there, riding was impossible, and at length the road practically disappeared. A terribly lonely way it was, but after some hours we got over the hill, joined the road that runs down by the Awes water and were soon spinning along the few miles that lay between us and Langolm. From Langolm we followed the course of the Esk, which winds here among charming woods and hills. On the left bank the Tarras water falls into the larger river. It runs through a wild glen and foams and dashes over huge masses of stone. Some forgotten poet has left a brief emphatic couplet about it which, to our mind, is even more striking than the more famous one commemorated by Ruskin, wherein the Till brags that it has drowned more men than the Tweed. Here it is—

> "Was ne'er ane drown'd in Tarras, nor yet in doubt,
> For e'er the head can win doun, the harns are out."

The point you see is that the Tarras never drowned anybody, because more swiftly and more surely, it dashed out the brains of its victim ere his head touched the bottom of its stream. Further down you pass the ruins of the picturesque tower of the Hollows; quiet and peaceful it looks to-day in the evening sunlight, and yet here dwelt the most famous robber of them all, no less a person than Johnie Armstrong to wit. In 1529 James V. made a determined attack on the wild freebooters determined to make the "rush bush keep the cow." Gilnockie, as in Scots fashion he was called from his tower on the Esk, presented himself before the king, with matchless effrontery accompanied by a band of horsemen richly apparelled. He was Captain of Langolm Castle, and the famous ballad tells how he and his companions exercised themselves in knightly sports on Langolm Lea whilst "the ladies lukit frae their loft windows" and sighed "God bring

our men well hame agen!" The ladies' apprehensions were more than justified, for Johnie's reception lacked cordiality. "What wants yon knave that a king should have?" asked James in amaze as he ordered the band to instant execution. Gilknockie and company were presently strung up on convenient yew trees at Carlenrig, and but one escaped to tell the tale. Many of Johnie's clan, among them "ill Will Armstrong" tersely described as "another stark thieff" went to their doom. The execution was bitterly condemned on the Borders; the country folk loved to tell how the dule trees faded away, and they loved to point out the graves of the Armstrongs in the lonely churchyard, but in the ballad the raider has found his best monument. It unblushingly commends Gilknockie's love of honesty, his generosity and his patriotsim. Even if the view of the Border singer was not that of the Edinburgh lawyers, the execution was the violent act of a weak man and it had no permanent effect.

The night had long fallen, though the full moon made all plain as we again left Longtown and swept westward over Solway Moss. Here the road is partly hemmed in by dark woods, and partly the way goes through lonely peat moors. It was well-nigh four centuries ago that the Scots Army of James V. came to such hopeless and disgraceful ruin, yet it required no strong fancy to people the place with the ghosts of the departed. But at length the long day's journey came to an end, and by the peat fire of a little house at Dornoch Brow with the voice of the Solway in our ears, it was pleasant to recall the day's adventures. It would be well to visit all those scenes by moonlight; under that magic influence the past seems at least possible. In the day time, in the very shadow of the Hollows Tower you can scarce believe that Johnie Armstrong ever existed. Nay even Dandie Dinmont, that immortal type of the old time Border farmer, seems an equally impossible figure, and as for delightful young Lochinvar and the bride whom he so deftly abducted, the very presence of Netherby Hall, which

is within three miles of Longtown, scarce helps you to realise that famous heroic story, wherein Scott has struck the romantic note with all his wizard power.

Yet one other ballad and one other memory may here be noted. On the Kirtle water a pleasant stream which, after a course of sixteen miles runs into the Solway, is Kirkconnell Lee, and there in the lonely churchyard of Kirkconnell the graves are pointed out of Helen and her lover. It is a secluded spot set in the midst of fields and braes and waters, fit scene for the oldtime pathetic tragedy commemorated in the ballad. Helen was courted by two gentlemen, and the one attempted to slay his more favoured rival. The lady threw herself in the path of the bullet and fell dead in her lover's arms. He followed the murderer and slew him after years of pursuit according to one version of the story, and then he returned home at length to be united in the grave to his life-long love. No need for us to discuss the exact measure of truth in the story or to choose from the various versions of the ballad. He was a true poet who wrote that sad refrain :—

> "I wish I were where Helen lies,
> Night and day on me she cries ;
> O that I were where Helen lies,
> On fair Kirkconnell Lee."

How wonderful these old ballads are ! They deal with strong, simple elementary passions and feelings in a straitforward direct way. In an age like ours of super-refined sentiment and far-wrought imaginings, they come as a breath of moorland air to dwellers in a hothouse. They thrill us with the fierce joy of battle and rough hard foray, the constancy of love, the sweetness of revenge—all expressed in easy flowing style, with broad swift strokes. Most had some foundation in fact. *Kinmont Willie* obviously commemorates the raid made by the "Bauld Buccleuch" on Carlisle Castle, and the freeing from imprisonment of the stout hearted raider. Most often you

cannot trace the actual event; it is a private tragedy but you are sure the event happened. So much you can say but little more. The ballads are the centre of a huge mass of controversy. How to fix their author, their date, or their text? You remember that Scott went year after year to Liddesdale, "raided" the whole country-side in fact, in search of specimens, and he edited them drastically, and he and Leyden and others wrote some poems quite in the ballad manner. There are other collectors, more scrupulous it may be, and more accurate, but Scott is so much greater than his fellow workers that his name is inseparably connected with the Border ballads, and his versions take rank to the exclusion of the others. Just as Burns gathered together and reissued with a fuller, finer, stronger note much of the fragmentary remains of old Scots lyric poetry, so Scott gathered together and reissued the old ballad poetry of his native land. In both cases let us wisely enjoy the feast set before us: it were as foolish to regret that Scott has retouched the ballads, as to mourn that Burns has transformed the songs.

We have said little about Scott in our wanderings over the border, yet his footsteps are everywhere. Abbotsford, on the Tweed where he lived from 1812 is not merely interesting from the numerous Scott relics, but from its mighty collection of curious articles which the Wizard of the North there amassed. It is one of the great tourist shrines of the land, and it is with something of an apology that we let it pass with this scant notice. Scott not merely lived on the Border territory, but as he was proud to remember he derived from those who had dwelt and fought and raided there in the old times. He passionately loved the glens, and he drank in their history and tradition and he had thoroughly assimilated what he had learned. The Historical Novel has many examples. Thus George Eliot's *Romola* is a wonderful piece of cram, but very different indeed from the *Abbot* and the

Monastery inspired with the full deep knowledge of a lifetime. He wrote like a contemporary of the folk and events he describes. He not only tapped but almost exhausted his subject, those who came after, including the ingenious R. L. S. himself, have but gleaned in the field he had already reaped.

Here it will be well to say a few words on the Solway, which continues the border line between England and Scotland. It is a hasty and tempetuous Firth, the swift flow of its waters is proverbial.

"Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide,"

says the hero in *Young Lochinvar.* Under favouring conditions it will rush up as quickly as ten miles an hour. The spectacle is at once magnificent and terrible, the sullen, boding roar, the huge wave of foam and the mass of water six feet high tearing along in violent commotion, are things not to be forgotten. Alas for the unhappy wanderer caught in the flow! And that is not the only danger. Quicksands are numerous and change their position with the changing tide. At an earlier day mishaps were frequent, there was no railway bridge over the waters, people were probably more daring, certainly they were poorer and trusted less to mechanical means of transit: and so, a daring band would make a dash for the other side, or they would spread themselves over the shore in the old times methods of salmon fishing. No doubt you remember the vivid picture in *Redgauntlet* of the hair-breadth escape of Darsie Latimer by the help of the stranger on the big black horse.

If you wish a complete view of the whole Solway, you will do well to climb Criffel; that noble impressive mountain which rises on the north side of the Firth, at the estuary of the Nith. Thence you see not only the whole extent of the Solway, but the Cumberland mountains, Arran, and even Ireland and the Isle of Man.

"In the evil time coming safety shall nowhere be found except a'tween Criffel and the sea:" so it is averred spake Thomas the Rhymer ever so many centuries ago, a saying hard and dark, in sooth almost beyond the wit of man to unravel. Why, a little way off, Criffel seems to rise strait from the water's brink, and at the very best the accommodation there is of the scantiest! Old Michael Drayton makes Skiddaw address the mountain in this quaint fashion.

"Scurfell from the sky,
That Annadale doth Crown, with a most amourous eye,
Salutes me every day, or at my pride looks grim,
Oft threat'ning me with clouds, as I oft threat'ning him."

Between Criffel and the Nith lie the beautiful ruins of Sweetheart Abbey, but a few mouldering columns, yet exquisite in themselves, exquisite in their setting. You curse the destroying hands; whether of English invader or Scots Reformer or mere Annandale peasant, you stop not to inquire. Ah! you forget the terrible strain and stress of that old Scots life, against which those delicate columns were not strong enough to hold out. At least reflect that such ruins have the magic power of waxing in beauty as they wane in strength. The strange name has its own pathetic legend. Devorguila, mother to John Baliol, who for a brief space held the Scots crown, was so devoted to her husband's memory, that for years after his death she carried about with her his heart enclosed in an ivory coffer. She died in 1289 and was buried under the high altar of *Dulce Cor* or Sweetheart Abbey, in the grave where lay the remains of her husband. She had raised this noble foundation to serve for their common tomb, and to serve as a sign to future ages that love is stronger than death.

We must still linger a little by the Nith. Opposite on the left bank is Caerlaverock Castle, the Ellangowan of *Guy Mannering*. In old times it was so hemmed in by lake and morass that it might seem impregnable to an age unacquainted with artillery; even to-

day it looks strong and stout, bearing well the burden of all its centuries and its troubled records of wars and rumours of wars. Ever since the thirteenth century the ancient house of Maxwell possessed this castle. Their title was that of Baron Herries, but for over a century, to wit from 1716 to 1858, it was under attaint, the family having cast in their lot with the exiled Stuarts. In that last year it was revived; there were great rejoicings and for a few merry hours Caerlaverock hummed with more than its old life. One might linger long over the many castles in the Solway country. At Lochmaben there is one romantically situated in a wood amidst seven lochs where the great Robert Bruce was born, again there is Drumlanrig Castle a mighty erection on the right bank of the Nith set among fair woods, a seat of the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry. Again on the Dee is Threave Castle on an island in the river, a seat of the house of Douglas and a place that for tragic tales might vie with Hermitage itself. On the front wall of the ruin you note a large block of granite just over the principal gateway: this was "the Gallows Knob" as it was called, whereon victims of the Douglas vengeance, we can scarcely call it justice, were summarily strung up. The head of the house was supposed to view this evidence of his power with considerable complacency, and to take very good care that the Knob was not long wanting a "tassel," as with brutal pleasantry the burden was named—but we must leave those mouldering ruins whose annals record little but violence and cruelty.

One brighter memory may fitly conclude our notes on the Border. The most remarkable literary man, in some respects, of the 19th century was born at Ecclefechan in Annandale, and after his long and strenuous life (1795-1881) he was buried there. Surely Thomas Carlyle was the last of the prophets. At present his fame suffers from a certain inevitable reaction, but that

too will pass away, and he will take his permanent place as the great historian of the brilliant Victorian era. *Sartor Resartus* is full of reminiscences of Ecclefechan, there called Entepfuhl. His long life was spent amidst other scenes, but the beautiful memoir of his father, James Carlyle, mason, shows that to the very end there lay strong upon him influences of the places and folk among whom he had spent the days of his youth.

"THOMAS CARLYLE"
BY JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER

CHAPTER XVIII

STIRLING AND PERTH

Historic Stirling—Battle of Stirling Bridge—Battle of Bannockburn, its peculiar character—The Bannockburn patriots—The Bored Stone—The battlefield—Bannockburn village—Stirling Castle, its historical associations—The town of Stirling—The cemeteries on the castle rock—Antiquarian remains—"Mar's Wark"—Misuse and mutilation of the royal buildings—View from the ramparts—View from the Wallace Monument on the Abbey Craig—Cambuskenneth Abbey—Sheriffmuir—Bridge of Allan—Keir—Doune—Perth—Scone—The Tay—Kinnoull Hill.

IN its combination of beauty of situation with historic interest Stirling can scarce be said to be more than rivalled, if she is rivalled, by Edinburgh. She has indeed a historic pre-eminence above all other towns in Scotland from her intimate associations with the birth of Scottish nationality. Little is known of her earlier fortunes; but from the twelfth century onwards her castle was one of the most powerful fortresses in Scotland, and a frequent meeting-place of parliaments. Her historic annals commence in 1297 with the battle of Stirling Bridge—then situated at Kildean, a mile further up the river than the bridge now known as the "Old Bridge." At Kildean Sir William Wallace opened his first campaign against the English, by the splendid charge of his spearmen, which suddenly transformed the mighty English host into a bewildered and terror stricken crowd. But in 1304 the English were able to surround the castle and to cause its surrender through famine, although it had defied with impunity the assaults of the most powerful battering engines that the resourceful ingenuity of the English king could bring to bear against it. It was still in the hands of the English in midsummer 1313, when its governor Sir Philip de Mowbray made offer to Edward Bruce, in command of the besieging Scots that he would

surrender it within a year unless it were relieved. The compact was made rather in the spirit of knight errantry than of war: and by reason of its consequences it is entitled to rank as one of the most noteworthy compacts in the annals of chivalry. By taking up the gage which Mowbray had thrown down the Scots virtually dared the English to come and relieve the castle. The prowess of the two nations was staked almost as formally, as knights staked their prowess in the fights of the arena. Each had about a year to prepare for the great contest, and the field of battle had virtually been mutually agreed upon. Robert Bruce with the armed might of Scotland took up his stand to bar the approach of Edward to the castle, and Edward hoping to encompass, overwhelm and annihilate the Northern army advanced to its relief. The chivalric purpose was however more manifest on the part of the Scots than on Edward's part. Even if victorious against what was undoubtedly great odds, they could not expect so much as Edward hoped to gain. Edward hoped to gain not only the castle but Scotland as well. The Scots hoped to gain the castle, but even if they gained national freedom as well, they could not hope to gain England. With no possibility of an advantage corresponding to their possible disadvantage, they virtually staked their all on the issue, for had they lost, it would have been very difficult for their army, with its back to the river Forth, to have escaped annihilation. The formal character of the challenge, the chivalric character of the compact, and the complete victory of the smaller nation that was fighting for its very existence, thus entitle Bannockburn to rank not only as the greatest battle in Scots history, but as one of the most memorable in the annals of war.

The peculiar circumstances of the battle explain the exceptional exultation with which the Scot was accustomed to look back on that glorious day. True, the victory

of the Scots was only a modified calamity to England —though for the time-being it greatly tarnished her renown; but it was a momentous deliverance for themselves—a deliverance so signal that it was bound to raise the national enthusiasm to a pitch not approached before. Its moral effect was not to be reckoned by the number of the slain English. It was illimitable. The pride of that great achievement infused itself into the very life blood of the nation, and was one of the determining factors of its destiny. The Scots had still many reverses to suffer at the hands of the English—reverses as complete as that which the English suffered at Bannockburn—but the glory of the great victory was bound to endure as a sufficient consolation for them, so long as the reverses did not prove fatal to their national independence.

The Bore Stone, where Bruce is stated to have set up his standard—and he undoubtedly pitched his royal tent not far from where the stone now is—may be reached by taking the tram car to St Ninians, from which it is distant some half mile to the south-west. On the 24th June it is annually the scene of a great deal of extravagant and superfluous eloquence; but there is nothing dangerous in the fiery patriotism of the Bannockburn orators—nothing that warranted the hesitation of the Government to take measures for the preservation of the stone. The pretence of the resolution, which practically at first amounted to a refusal, was doubt as to the genuineness of the stone tradition. In the end the Government satisfied themselves that Bannockburn had been fought and won. They came to the conclusion that there was no strong reason why the modest whim of the Scots, if whim it was, should not be gratified; but having done so, they discovered that the stone was private property!

Gillies Hill, over the brow of which the mob of camp-followers appeared, is about three-quarters of a mile to the

north-west of the Bore Stone. The position of the Scots was a strong one; for the way of approach by the carse ground to the east was hardly in these days passable by horsemen; and Edward if he avoided the carse, was compelled on account of the steep banks of the Bannock, and the marshes of Halbert's Bog and Milton Bog, to make his advance over a comparatively narrow space of ground, which Bruce, it is said, had filled with pitfalls. Drainage and cultivation have completely altered the character of the country; but the steep banks of the Bannock which formed an immense trap for the retreating English army, can be very well observed at the bridge on the main highway through the village. It may be added that for the greater part of last century the tartans for the Scottish regiments were, with a certain appropriateness, woven at Bannockburn; but this industry as well as carpet weaving is now in a condition of decline, and the historic village bids fair eventually to become a centre of the coal-mining industry.

Notwithstanding Bannockburn, Stirling Castle was again, from 1333 to 1339, in the hands of the English party; and in 1385 the town was burned by Richard II; but henceforth town and castle remained in Scottish hands until the capture of the castle by the Cromwellian English under Monck in 1651. During the intervening years the annals of the town and castle are crowded with historic memories. After a friendly banquet in the castle, James II., in 1452, stabbed to death in a retiring room the imperious and arrogant Douglas. It was the favourite residence of James III.; and for its possession his supporters and the revolutionists who had set up as their King the young Prince, afterwards James IV., fought at Sauchieburn, about a mile to the south of the older battle field, when the father was defeated, and in his flight was assassinated in a house at Milton where he had taken refuge. To James IV. the memories associated with Stirling rendered

INCHMAHONE, LAKE OF MENTEITH

it unpleasant as a place of residence, but he was accustomed annually to retire to it, from "the merrines" of Edinburgh, in order to do penance in the church of the Franciscans, for having been the indirect instrument of his father's death. This custom was the occasion of a poetical remonstrance by Dunbar, in the form of a parody of the Romish funeral service: *The Dregy to the King bydand to lang in Stirling*. It ends with the imitation of a peal of bells:—

"Tak consolation
In your pane;
In tribulation
Tak consolation;
Out of vexation
Cum hame again;
Tak consolation
In your pane."

James V., untroubled by penitential moods, built here the splendid palace which but for defacement is still pretty entire. Stirling was one of his favourite haunts; and during his rambles *incognito* among his people he was accustomed to take to himself the soubriquet of the "gudeman of Ballangeich," from the name of a hollow on the castle rock. During the troubled years that followed his death, the castle was deemed a safer asylum for his infant daughter, the hapless Mary, than either Linlithgow or Edinburgh. Here she was crowned Queen on 9th September 1543, and here with the exception of a few months at Inchmahone in the Lake of Menteith—under the shadow of Ben Lomond and about six miles from the Trossachs by Aberfoyle—she lived until transferred to Dumbarton with a view to her removal to France. Here also her son James VI. was baptized 12th December 1566—at one of the most critical periods of her fortunes; and as early as the 24th July of the following year he was—she being a prisoner in Lochleven Castle—crowned in the parish church of Stirling as her successor.

During the thirteen years that the child-king had his home in the Castle, Stirling was the scene of several happenings that must have caused no small excitement amongst the burghers. On 6th April 1571 they had the privilege of feasting their eyes on the dangling corpse of Archbishop Hamilton who was hanged in the market place, in his pontifical vestments, for connection with the conspiracy for the murder of the young king's father, Lord Darnley; and on the early morning of 8th September following, they were roused from their slumbers by the noise and tumult of armed men, when the Regent Lennox was shot, at the instance of the Hamiltons in revenge for the Archbishop's execution, and, after the raiders had made off, was brought into the castle to die. They witnessed also on 6th January 1578 the sudden thronging of the town with the opponents of Morton, who at a packed convention held in the parliament house induced the vain and conceited boy to take upon himself the government and put an end to Morton's regency. On 8th May thereafter the castle was, however, to the young king's great alarm, suddenly seized in Morton's interest by the young Earl of Mar its hereditary keeper; and this was followed by a gathering of opposing forces to fight, as in the days of Bannockburn, for its possession, when a compromise was effected through the mediation of the English ambassador. It was followed by a great banquet of reconciliation in the castle, given by Morton, in returning home from which the Earl of Atholl, one of his most prominent opponents, suddenly sickened and died. In 1585 took place what is termed the "raid of Stirling," when the Protestant Lords seized the castle from the Earl of Arran and took possession of the King, who prudently expressed the utmost satisfaction with the new arrangement. In the castle was born on 19th February 1599 Prince Henry, for whose baptism a magnificently adorned chapel was built, the ceremony being made the occasion of rejoicings

which outvied in splendour those that celebrated the baptism of James over 22 years previously.

During the Covenanting struggle the castle was held by the Covenanters; and after the execution of Charles I. the Scots continued to hold it against Cromwell until its capture by Monck in 1651. Dundee with his small cavalcade of horses rode through its streets and over its bridge at a gallop, in 1689 before he began the campaign which ended with his death, in the moment of victory, at Killiecrankie. During the '15 the castle and town were held by Argyll against Mar and the Jacobites; and it was from Stirling that the forces of Argyll marched northwards, on 12th November, to intercept Mar on the heights of Sheriffmuir above Dunblane. During the '45 the Young Chevalier on his way south headed his Highland troops in their passage, 13th September, of the Forth at the Fords of Frew 2 miles above the town, and he was entertained by the provost, though fired upon by the garrison. On his return north the now partly discomfited Prince took up his residence at Bannockburn House—where he made the acquaintance of Wilhelmina Walkinshaw—his troops finding quarters in the neighbouring villages. Stirling capitulated but the castle held out, and after obtaining the capitulation of the town, the insurgents marched to Falkirk where on 17th January they defeated General Hawley. The Prince then proceeded with the siege of Stirling Castle, and, had he been allowed his own way, would have sought to rival the deeds of Bruce at Bannockburn; but in the depleted state of his army through sickness and desertions, the folly of attempting to defy the might of England on the old historic field was sufficiently manifest to the military leaders; and on 13th February the retreat northwards commenced which resulted in Culloden. On the day they set out, the powder in the church of St Ninians blew up, the church being completely levelled except the tower, which is still permitted to stand

in its solitary isolation—an appropriate enough memorial of the ill-starred rebellion which virtually blew up on the same morning.

As for the town of Stirling, its site hardly admits of extension without the destruction of its charm. All the ground immediately surrounding the rock on which the town is mainly built, is flat; and the wooded region, between it and St Ninians, sloping up from the carse, is now nearly all occupied with villas. The speculative builder is therefore, in a manner at his wit's end; for an attempt to interfere with the amenity of the King's Park has lately been defeated; and apparently the most likely form that any extensive additions to the town will assume, is that of miners' cottages. The coalworks in the carse are gradually extending nearer to the town, and in the afternoons stray coal-dusted Irishmen with small lamps dangling from their blackened caps, may be seen either on foot or on bicycles making their way to their homes in the narrower streets of the town. Meantime what the town seems most in need of is a new railway station. The present one is evidently in the last stage of decrepitude. Not only does it strikingly contrast with the almost palatial character of the stations at the villages of Doune and Dunblane, but it is, beyond doubt, the dirtiest, shabbiest, and most disreputable-looking station of any considerable town in Scotland.

The castle rock outside the bounds of the Castle can be reached most conveniently by what is termed the "Back Walk," a wide and finely shaded path which winds along the west side of the rock beneath the castle battlements. It may, however, be reached from the castle esplanade by passing through the cemetery in the hollow at the south-west of the Castle. Here the remark may be hazarded that at Stirling the curious stranger is furnished with a notable example of the proclivity of the Scot for placing his cemetery where his place of "pleasance" should be, or, rather,

making his cemetery his place of "pleasance." This was perhaps excusable in the past centuries, when pleasure, untinged with a certain shade of sadness was regarded as bordering on sin; but if the national notions in regard to the moral advantages of melancholy are now less rapturous than they were, the forms of the old melancholy domination still, after a fashion, survive. Thus not only did the melancholy enthusiasts of Stirling think good, in the mid-nineteenth century, to turn the old place of games and tournaments, almost immediately below the windows of the palace on the castle rock, into a cemetery, but only recently they have been moved to seize on several acres of ground on the rock to the east of the Castle for this same hallowed, but at the same time sad, and not quite sanitary, purpose; so that in the course of generations, the whole of the available ground on the eminences, bids fair to become one immense place of tombs.

On the lower ground to the south-west of the Castle the eye is caught by the view of a grass field in the shape of an octagonal terraced mound with a depression in the centre. It is known as the King's Knot, and at an earlier period was termed the Table Round, an allusion in Barbour's *Bruce* proving that it existed before the battle of Bannockburn. Beyond it is the King's Park, an old pleasure-ground of the Stuart kings, and the race course, now used for golfing purposes. In Baker Street and the narrow wynds near the Castle there are a few sixteenth and seventeenth century houses, now tawdry and dilapidated and tenanted mostly by Irish—a numerous colony in Stirling. But though these streets manifest abundant evidence of having seen better days, the town, except in the immediate vicinity of the Castle, shows little trace of its great antiquity. The oldest building in a state of entirety is the Church of Greyfriars, 200 feet in length, with a tower 90 feet high, and, internally, still deformed through its occupation by two separate

Presbyterian congregations. It contains in its western portion some good Early English work, but underwent extensive repairs in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

Just before you reach the castle esplanade, you pass the main front—all that now remains—of the splendid town residence commenced in 1567 by the Earl of Mar—hereditary keeper of the castle, and afterwards regent—but probably not quite finished before his death in 1572. It enclosed a large square, and evidently was one of the most magnificent examples in Scotland of domestic Renaissance architecture. Traditionally it is known as "Mar's Wark"—probably in wonder, mingled with contempt, at its immense cost. Apparently, also, the owner or designer was aware that the citizens would be disposed to regard it with a critical, and, it might be, a disdainful eye, for the following three inscriptions are still decipherable on its front:—

"I pray al luckaris on this luging
With gentil e to gif thair juging!

"The moir I stand on oppin hitht
My faultes moir subject ar to sitht.

"Esspy, speik furth and spair notht,
Conseddir weil I cair notht."

At one time the opinion prevailed that much of the buildings' ornamentation was simply that of Cambuskenneth Abbey, from which it was supposed that the stones had been sacrilegiously taken; but architectural authorities have recently shown that the essential character of the building is Renaissance. Without doubt, however, this splendid residence, like others in Scotland of contemporary date, was built out of the spoils of the Church, of which the nobles had the lion's share. The chief features of the front are the octagonal drum towers, with the carved arms of the Earl of Mar on the south tower and of his Countess on the north tower.

The Corporation have now got the ruins placed under

the care of the Board of Works; and this very proper arrangement may possibly suggest to the Government that it has also a good deal to undo in connection with other historic buildings of Stirling, which from time immemorial have been under its special care. The manner in which these have been misused and mutilated by Government sanction and direction is nothing short of a national scandal; and now that Stirling Castle has ceased to be more than a military depot, the continuance of the misuse is without a shadow of excuse—although much evil done them can never now be remedied. Not far from "Mar's Wark," is what is known as "Argyll's Lodging," built by the first Earl of Stirling in 1633 and afterwards a residence of the Argyll family. It is one of the finest examples of the town residences of the seventeenth century, and during the '15 the Duke of Argyll made it for a time his headquarters. In 1799 it was purchased by the Government for use as a military hospital, and a military hospital it is still. This may have saved it from destruction though not from grievous defacement; but what can be said in excuse of the base uses to which the ancient royal buildings within the Castle walls have been put? The historic Parliamentary Hall, built by James III., has been hoplessly disfigured by the monstrous vandalism of utilising it as a barracks, and its sculptured ornamentation, after bad defacement through the uses to which the apartment has been put, has actually been covered by a coating of plaster! The Chapel built by James VI. has been converted into a two-storied building, the ground floor of which is now partly occupied as a waiting room for visitors; while the Renaissance Palace of James V., with its fantastic carvings, has been largely made use of as a barrack store. Opening off the small garden near the ramparts is the closet known as the Douglas Room, where, according to tradition James II. stabbed the Earl of Douglas.

From the ramparts, to the north-west of the Douglas room, there is a fine panoramic view of the western portion of the Carse, bounded by its semi-circle of mountain heights: but all the views from the Castle ramparts are completely eclipsed by the comprehensive character of that from the summit of the Wallace Monument on the top of Abbey Craig. The Monument may be reached by taking the car to Causewayhead about two miles north from Stirling, and then climbing the hill by a walk through the woods up its northern slope. On the way to Causewayhead the car passes on the left the Old Bridge of Stirling, built towards the close of the thirteenth century. Whatever opinion one may be disposed to entertain as to the architectural merits of the Monument, its projectors have provided an incomparable vantage point for a prospect of the beautiful scenery in the midst of which it stands. Your position is very similar to what it would be were you suspended in a stationary balloon about 600 feet above the level of the valley. The valley's western end is terminated by billowy wooded heights rising into the mountain summits of Ben Lomond, Ben Venue, Ben Ledi, and Ben Vorlich. The view of the northern boundary of the western valley, being oblique, is not so fine as that from Stirling Castle; but the woods of Blair Drummond, the Keir grounds and the villas of Bridge of Allan are seen to advantage against their hilly background. Directly below you are the wooded policies of Airthrey Castle, in which may be seen two standing stones traditionally affirmed to commemorate a defeat of the Picts by the Scots in 839. They lie at the foot of Dunmyat, with the heights of Sheriffmuir stretching northwards from the west shoulder of the hill, while the steep ridge of the Ochils is continued eastwards, with various villages nestling in the woods at their foot. Southwards the western portion of the valley is bounded by the Campsie Fells and the Menteith hills, until within a few miles of the

battlements of Stirling, which front you directly to the south. To the south-east the links of the serpentine Forth are seen gradually broadening into a frith; and, on a clear day you can descry the turrets and steeples of Edinburgh, and the ridges of the Pentlands. The amphitheatre of mountains and hills, and the variegated carpet of the fruitful and cultivated valley below you dotted over with grass lands and ripening fields of corn, interspersed with farm homesteads, and villages, and towns, and strips and clumps of green plantation, and intersected by the winding, silvery streak of water that in the far east merges into the sea—all combine to form a prospect which in the variety of its charm can hardly be rivalled in Great Britain. It quite surpasses that from any of the neighbouring heights, though that from the top of Dunmyat commands a wider southern view.

From the south of the Abbey Craig a pathway conducts to Cambuskenneth Abbey, situated within one of the loops of the Forth, and containing the tomb of James III., but now nearly all in ruins with the exception of the square tower about 70 feet in height. Or should you desire to visit Sheriffmuir you may do so by a road that winds up the hill a little west of Causewayhead. From the heights Dunmyat is easily accessible. The watering place of Bridge of Allan, about a mile eastward from Causewayhead, is frequented both for its saline aperient water, and, in the colder months of the year, for its sheltered situation. There are charming walks in the wooded heights above it. The beautiful grounds and gardens of Keir, about a mile further eastward by the Dunblane road, are also on certain days opened to visitors; and after visiting them, or whether he does so or not, the pedestrian or cyclist may, with advantage, continue his journey to Doune Castle. By this road we obtain a very fine view of the northern mountains, and there is before we reach Doune a charming prospect of the valley and

mountains to the west. Doune is one of the few charming old villages in Scotland, and still retains much of its antique appearance. The cyclist may continue his journey to Callander, and then on to Loch Vennacher, The Trossachs, Loch Katrine and the Inversnaid Hotel, Loch Lomond, or by the Pass of Leny he may proceed to Strathyre Inn or Lochearnhead. The pedestrian may return from Doune to Stirling by train, or he may journey on foot by Bridge of Teith, from which there is a delightful view of the river and the castle of Doune. Also, a footpath to the south of the United Free Church leads into grass fields on the south side of the river, and the walk may be continued by its beautiful wooded banks until the highway is reached at Mill of Torr. The high-road from Doune to Stirling runs chiefly along the level carse, but is saved from monotony by the heights on both sides of the wide valley.

By motor or cycle Perth is reached by Stirling through Bridge of Allan and Dunblane, the highway preserving a very similar direction to the railway. Above Dunblane you attain the high tableland which was the scene of the curious double retreat of the combatants at Sheriffmuir, and subsequently of the ruthless devastation of Mar in order to hinder the advance of Argyll to Perth. Auchterarder, about halfway between Dunblane and Perth, is the village where Scott's hero, Waverley, got into difficulties on his way south, and it has a peculiar place in Scottish ecclesiastical annals from the fact that in the thirties of last century it was the scene of the disputed settlement case, that in the end brought about the Disruption.

Perth now famed chiefly for its dyes and its whisky is perhaps a city of greater antiquity than Stirling. Possibly it was a Roman station and the tradition is that the Romans on first beholding the Tay from the Wickes of Baiglie exclaimed *Ecce Tiberis*! Some identify it with Victoria,

PERTH FROM BARNHILL

but from 420 it was known as Bertha until the foundation of its church dedicated to John the Baptist. Hence, until after the Reformation it was known as St Johnstoun. This is the name under which it occurs in the historical documents of the period; but the distaste of the Reformers for the sainted designation gradually caused the total disuse of it for the secular one which had been gradually modified into Perth. Until the middle of the eighteenth century Perth was a walled city with a castle. It was frequently besieged and captured during the Wars of Independence. Its North Inch, was also in 1396 the scene of a savage tournament fight, described in Scott's *Fair Maid of Perth*. Thirty picked men of the Clan Chattan and thirty of the Clan Kay hacked at one another until on the one side all were slain except ten, all of whom were wounded, and on the other only one was left unslain. From an early period until 1482 Perth was regarded as the capital of Scotland, and it was a frequent meeting place of parliaments long after this. Its Blackfriars monastery—now no more—was the scene in 1421 of the brutal murder of James I. by Sir Robert Graham; and in 1600 James VI. would, according to his own account, have been murdered in Gowrie House but for his own exceptional prowess. The city was in the course of centuries occupied in times of internecine war by the Queen Regent, Mary of Guise, by her opponents the Lords of the Congregation, by Montrose, by Cromwell, by Claverhouse, by Mar, by the Pretender himself, and by his son, Prince Charlie; but no memorial of their presence there now exists. Nowhere indeed, even in Scotland, has vandalism had quite so victorious a career as in the Fair City. It was here that the rascal multitude commenced their work against the "monuments of idolatry," and here they did their work more thoroughly than it was done almost any other where. Every ecclesiastical building in the neighbourhood of, or within, the city was devoted to de-

struction, with the exception of the Church of St John which was also robbed of its ornaments and very much defaced. "So was men's consciences," writes the exulting Knox "before beaten with the Word, that they had no respect to their own particular profit but only to abolish idolatry, the places and monuments thereof; in which they were so busy and so laborious that within two days these three great places, monuments of idolatry—to wit, the Grey and Black thieves, and Charterhouse monks (a building of a wondrous cost and greatness)—were so destroyed that the walls only did remain of all the great edifications." Not even the walls of these edifications now remain. The Church of St John, of which the main feature is the square tower 155 feet high, is, in the non-æsthetic Presbyterian manner, occupied by three separate congregations, much of the portion occupied by the west parish congregation having been rebuilt. In fact the tower of the church may be regarded as virtually the sole surviving memorial of Pre-Reformation Perth. Every vestige of the ancient walls and towers of the city have been removed. The magnificent old citadel was gradually demolished for building purposes. The site of the old Parliament House is now occupied by the Freemasons' hall. Gowrie House, after being for some time made use of as an artillery barracks, was in 1805 bought by the Corporation with a view to erect on its site the present County Buildings.

A similar iconoclastic fate has overtaken the historic Scone about a mile and a half W.N.W. of the city. Every one knows that its famous Stone of Destiny, on which the Scottish kings were, for many ages, crowned, is now lodged in Westminster Abbey. All of historic interest that remains to it is, in fact, its Mote Hill with the aisle of a ruined parish church, erected in 1624 and containing the burial ground of the Viscounts Stormont. The ancient Abbey and Palace were completely levelled by the Reformation mob, and the new palace finished by the

first Viscount Stormont, was superseded in 1803-8 by a castellated modern residence.

Perth and Scone can hardly be said to be now even haunted by the ghosts of their historic past. To the visitor their ancient glories seem altogether shadowy. What they were of old he has hardly sufficient material for even faintly imagining. Only the fairness of the scenery has undergone little change except by the addition of houses—which really do not interfere with its fairness, but probably rather enhance it—and a greater growth of woods. The two Inches, or public meadows, bordering the river, and now finely shaded with trees, are all that the city now presents of special interest; but it is worth while to go as far as the middle of the bridge if only for the sight of the clear, deep, strong current of the broad and sweeping Tay, and it is still more worth while to ascend Kinnoull Hill on the other side of the river, the prospect from which bears a certain resemblance to that from the Stirling battlements, or that from the Abbey Craig.

CHAPTER XIX

DUNDEE

The view from Dundee Law—Growth of the town—The old borough—History of the place—The Jute trade—Streets and buildings—Oranges and whales—The man and woman in the street—Literary associations—"The Piper o' Dundee."

"SUCH labour it was to found the Roman State." So Virgil concludes, with a certain complacency you fancy, his story of the early struggles of imperial Rome. Thus some citizen of modern Dundee might also say, standing on Dundee Law, now the town's property, and looking down on the prosperous and thriving scene at his feet; the mile of harbour stretching along the shore, the crowded shipping in the docks, the innumerable factories, engaged in a smoke output competition, the busy streets, the suburbs on the slopes of the hill with their large comfortable mansions and every where the rule of law, order and industry. And if our citizen, whom we suppose a person of education, casts his mind backward and thinks of the thousand years of struggle, that went to produce all this, how there was failure after failure as industry after industry was tried, with more or less chance of success, and then languished and flickered out only to be replaced by another till at last the indomitable burghers hit upon things that paid, and the town jumped up by leaps and bounds, and the price of land in the central parts rose in a few years three times its first value, he will piously murmur *Dei Donum*, the prophetic town's motto! And all this prosperity is so late a flower! In 1746 the highest rent in the High Street was but three pounds!

Dundee as all the world knows lies on the north side of

TIDAL BASIN, DUNDEE

the Firth of Tay, and indeed the old town was altogether built on the shore. You could stick this old town into a corner of modern Dundee and lose it there. It had but two streets, Seagate and Cowgate, the first, as its name implies, near the water, and the other a little way behind. The ground rises from the sea in a succession of braes until, at the distance of a mile and a quarter from the shore you reach the top of Dundee Law. It is on those braes that the suburbs and extensions of the town are built—well enough and usefully enough, but not very regularly or impressively; yet the surroundings of forest and hill are so beautiful, that when you look at the place away from the smoke and dirt and noise, it composes as fine a bit of the picturesque as you shall anywhere discover. Our citizen on the top of the Law is in the best position to see everything. He can trace the course of the Tay for miles, Fife is spread out before him as a map, the German Ocean bounds his view in the distance beyond the town and bay of St Andrews; inward are the lofty reaches of the Grampians, and there is the whole panorama of the town at his feet. But how deceptive those distant external views! It is the commonest of traveller's tales that Constantinople and the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus are a perfect fairy vision of delight from the sea, but when you disembark and go through the streets your admiration passes into disgust and horror. Surely it is not the same with Dundee? However let us try the experiment of a nearer survey, but first let us venture a few words on the past.

Unless a place-name is of quite obvious origin, there are sure to be inconsistent accounts of its meaning; here you have Latin and Celtic derivations from which to choose; let us leave them both, as well as such myths as make Dundee a place important at the time of Agricola's invasion. You come on it in 834 as capital of one Alpin King of the Scots. At a battle against Brude King of the Picts on Dundee Law, this same Alpin came to

hopeless ruin and lost his life, and in 1071 Malcolm Canmore built a palace there for his fair haired Queen Margaret, from which time to the Wars of Independence it was the greatest town in the Kingdom; but during these wars, it was taken again and again by the various parties, and Wallace and the Bruce and the Bruce's brother on the one side and the Edwards on the other fought and struggled much over it. In later days Dundee went solid for the Reformation. Wishart the Martyr returning from banishment during the plague of 1544 preached to the terrified inhabitants from the battlements of Cowgate Port, and indeed the East Port, the only standing remains of the old City walls and one of the very few surviving antiquities of the place, owes its preservation to this incident. Queen Mary was here for two days in 1565, and her son in 1617 was delighted by the recital of two Latin poems in his honour, and Montrose and Charles II. and the Pretenders Old and Young as well as other royal and notable persons have from time to time honoured the town with their presence.

But the true history of Dundee is plainly enough not in these wars and rumours of wars and passings of royal shadows, but in the commercial struggles culminating in the time when the citizens found jute and in jute found material salvation; and now the annual output of jute with some smaller textile fabrics is something like eight million sterling. All impressive in its own way, but unless you are engaged in the fierce commercial struggle, you are repelled not attracted, and find the whole place merely dull. There are warehouses and mills everywhere, huge blank warehouse walls in some of the best streets: the *poab* as they call the fine-dust from the jute mills blows through the finest thoroughfares. An oily substance from these same mills carried out by the feet of the workers becomes mixed with the mud of the street forming a peculiarly viscous and abominable compound. The houses are built

of a grey soft stone that takes on the smoke and dirt as if it were a natural garment, so that the finest buildings look dingy at once. The architecture affects the useful rather than the ornamental, the churches are mostly in the earlier Presbyterian style and seem to have taken the warehouses for their models, and though there are buildings as the Albert Institute, the Royal Arch, the Town Hall, the Royal Exchange for each of which something might be said, from the point of view of comeliness, yet these are not sufficient to leaven the whole mass. Nor are the new thoroughfares very spacious or very regularly built, and the suburbs, though as we have said finely placed, and full of very comfortable houses, cannot be called distinguished. The ingenious Cynicus has a postcard which fairly describes the town on some of its less bright days. A number of chimneys are belching forth smoke on a foggy atmosphere, and beneath is written "Bonnie Dundee"!

There are other industries besides the jute, and the one that rises to the mind most readily is not unfragrant nor unpalatable, for here is surely the marmalade storehouse of the whole universe. The Messrs Keillor's huge manufactories are within a stone throw of the Town Hall, and there are great ironworks in which many of the male population are employed, and of course we all know the adventurous Whale and Seal fishing fleets, that have annually set forth for a long time, though of late in diminished numbers, for the Polar seas on a quest which still retains in itself some elements of romance. Of all these and many other things of a like nature the Dundee man is proud enough; yet he has not that zeal for the beauty and glorification of his city which his fellow of Edinburgh hath; and whether the zeal of the man of Edinburgh is altogether according to knowledge matters not, he must at least be credited with the aspiration. Perhaps the wealth of Dundee is all too new for right

application, and in the nature of things the desire to amass still holds the prominent, the all engrossing place. The Scot succeeds because he is concentrated, and if concentrated you needs must be narrow, and if your difficulties be great, the very effort to surmount them increases your force and your narrowness also, and here no sufficient currents run the other way. Dundee is the third town in Scotland, yet it is not the seat of any of the four great national universities. True that since 1882 it has had a college now affiliated to St Andrews, and true that it has had for some time an annual Fine Art Exhibition, but these cannot as yet forcibly affect the life of the place. Think of Glasgow with its mighty University dating from medieval times and yet bustling and active in every direction; then think of the Glasgow school of painters and its ever growing influence on British Art: there is nothing like that in Dundee at all, its very college is chiefly concerned with the applied sciences and their relation to industry.

The man in the street hereabouts is a "buirdly chiel," whom you might mistake for a countryman, and when he opens his mouth and talks in the broad, deliberate Forfarshire accent, he seems still more rural, but of course you will not presume on this, for his rusticity is only apparent. And the woman on the street is mainly a millgirl. These flood the town in thousands before and after work, arm in arm with their shawl over their heads chattering like pies. There is a certain energy and heartiness in the townsfolk which it is impossible not to admire; if they work hard they play hard, enjoying themselves in a rough vigorous fashion; if their merrymaking has the fault of most Scots merrymaking and there are "some suspicions of an alcoholic presence" alas!

> "Unknown to them when coarser pleasures cloy,
> To fill the languid pause with finer joy,"

but they are not singular in that.

There is a great deal of cheap popular literature produced in Dundee by the enterprise of the proprietor of the chief newspaper, but though cheap it is by no means nasty, and indeed may be commended from every point of view. And here too the popular critic of modern Scotland, George Gilfillan, laboured as a U.P. minister for forty years, and did his level best to fan into flame every spark of talent that he found anywhere in Caledonia. It has long been the fashion to sneer at "gifted Gilfillan," but his literary judgment was sound as well as generous, and many a well known man of letters still amongst us, has good cause to remember his memory with gratitude. The name of Dundee is connected with two popular Scots songs though not in a very direct manner. The one is *The Piper o' Dundee*—possibly you remember the chorus :—

"And wasna he a roguey
A roguey, a roguey,
And wasna he a roguey,
The piper o' Dundee."

The song is notable for the record of a number of old ballads which the aforesaid Piper played, and whose names are thus preserved. In old days Dundee was the haunt of the Forfarshire gentry and this refers to some meeting of theirs connected with the '15. The other may be put down to the same date. Its author was a certain Patie Birnie, a strolling fiddler. It is called *The auld man's mare's deid* and describes how the unfortunate animal had every possible disease, had all sorts of work to do and died out of shere perversity. It is well described as a "rich specimen of rustic Scots humour" and with the chorus we shall take our farewell of the town of jute and marmalade :—

"The auld man's mare's deid,
The poor man's mare's deid,
The auld man's mare's deid,
A mile aboon Dundee."

As the title of the old tune has it, *Adew Dundee!*

CHAPTER XX

THE GRANITE CITY

The Granite City—Its approaches—Aspects of the town—Granite in sun and shade—History of Aberdeen—The fishing industry—The steam trawler—The Granite quarries—Other industries—Aberdeen University—The Bursary system—Aberdeen culture—Residential Aberdeen—Byron and Aberdeen.

ABERDEEN was long ago called the Granite City, and the name means more than the mere description of the buildings that compose it. In every way it is a striking and impressive place. Although at no great distance there is every variety of splendid Highland scenery, and the river on which it stands has in its course recesses of choice and rare beauty, yet the neighbouring approaches are cold and barren. In the coach days you plodded over a long dreary moor ere its towers rose before you, or if you came, as most people did, by sea, you had a bare and barren coast up to the very mouth of the harbour. Nor did you then reach the splendid city you see to-day. Here is, as in Dundee, the almost monotonous tale of centuries of struggle against poverty and every hard condition of life, and then a rapid change and a steady new development, a change which one would contemplate with profound gratification were it not that the great mass of poor people subsist through it all, and that they seem ever poorer, ever more crowded together in contrast with the wealth and ease of their more fortunate townfellows. However we must take Aberdeen as it is. We find it a city of great broad streets, of which Union Street is the best example, with long stretches of huge Granite palaces. There is Granite everywhere! The streets

are paved therewith, everything is faced with it. Granite too are the heads of the Aberdonians, Granite their strength of body and mind and will, Granite too, their enemies would urge, their conceit and pride and prejudice. 'Tis a wonderful material that same Granite. In summer after a shower of rain the whole street sparkles and glitters till it makes your very eyes ache. You would swear that some magician had powdered the house fronts with diamonds. In time of hoar winter frost there is a touch more inspiring still in the keen glitter as of naked swords! There is another side to the picture. When Tennyson called Edinburgh "the gray metropolis of the north," he seemed to eyes accustomed to the warm hues of brick built London, to have summed up the Scots capital in one remarkable line. But in the dreary and gloomy days that fill so much of a northern winter, Aberdeen looms grayer and duller than Edinburgh itself. The Granite is always monumental but then it is sepulchral also!

Aberdeen like most of the other Scots towns has its own famous history, part of it mythical, but good part genuine and authentic. It had a charter from the great Bruce, it was burned by the English again and again, an oldtime Provost fell at Harlaw, that "sair field" of oldtime chronicle; it was wasted again and again by the plague, it was a Cavalier's and Episcopalian stronghold in later days, but not uniformly so, since Montrose smote it grievously, both as Covenanter and as Cavalier. Through it all the folk of the brave town, as they called it, stuck dourly to their huts by the Dee and German Ocean, and fished and trafficked under every adverse condition until the tide turned and they seemed to have little to do but float with the stream. Aberdeen now fills up the whole space between the Dee and the Don, some three miles from north to south, and you may go three miles inland and you are not rid of the town, which you find growing on the other bank of the river. The harbour, as you remem-

ber, is at the mouth of the Dee; on the coast between Dee and Don there is a fine stretch of Links, and along the ocean another fine stretch of beautiful sand.

There are many industries in Aberdeen and first you place the fishing which of late years has grown under the shape of trawling to quite colossal dimensions. You might live in Aberdeen all your life and know nothing about this, for the trawlers bring back their prey in the early morning and ere you are up it is on its way over the earth, but it is worth while to go down of set purpose to the harbour to view the sight. Thousands and thousands of tons of all manner of fish, colossal spoils of the ocean, are spread out before your astonished eyes, but not for you to contemplate at your leisure, for the booty is forthwith packed into an interminable fish train which at express speed, and without any real stop, is forthwith away off to London. It is the way of such huge enterprises to make short work of humble competitors; the days of the cobble boat and the line and the creel and all the picturesque incidents of the old time fisherman seemed gone for ever. The villages on the coast about Aberdeen became almost deserted, the young men had to work for the trawlers or try something else; yet already a return has come to earlier methods. The trawler's catch is somewhat marred in the getting, the line fish is lifted clear and fresh from the water, and your Scots epicure soon learned consistently to prefer the latter to the former. Also it was not worth while for an industry which dealt with such huge quantities to potter about supplying local wants, and so the local fisherman found his trade not so far gone as he at one time supposed. One local delicacy illustrated the old and the new. The Finnan Haddock was to the north what the Yarmouth Bloater was to the south. It still has a great and extended repute though all has suffered change. It was caught by the line or the net, hung up in the rafters of the fisherman's

THE FISH MARKET, ABERDEEN

hut and slowly dried by the smoke of his peat fire, which burning in the middle of the room and having for chimney nought but a hole in the ceiling was admirably suited for the purpose. Alas! what the Finnan was is but a memory. Now it is scooped up from the depths of the High Seas and it is hastily prepared by chemicals in a few hours. That it is eatable at all is a tribute to its intrinsic merits.

A characteristic Aberdeen industry is the quarrying and cutting of Granite. This is obtained from the Rubislaw quarries inland to the west of the town. For monuments sepulchral or otherwise it is in great demand, and is altogether as characteristic of the place as marble is of Carrara. Another great industry is printing; an Aberdeen workman is intelligent and reliable, and that fits him for this business. If a London book is not printed at Edinburgh the chances are about even that it was at Aberdeen. One may note in passing, that a large meat trade both in live stock and in preserved stuffs is done. The most important of the city's industries is at the other end of the scale; the great industry of education. For centuries there were two Universities here; there was King's College a mediæval foundation after the exact model of the old time University of Paris, possessing the four nations of Mar, Buchan, Moray and Angus, tracing its foundation to a Papal Bull of Alexander VI., and so largely endowed that, had it not suffered cruelly at the Reformation, it had now rivalled a great English University in splendour. It still stands in Old Aberdeen, whilst Marischal College founded in 1593 by George fifth Earl Marischal, was a Protestant foundation placed in New Aberdeen. Here, by the way, one ought to note that these names are somewhat misleading. Old Aberdeen is really the chief place in the parish of Old Machar, whilst New Aberdeen, the modern town, was called to distinguish it from the place on part of the same site which was destroyed by Edward III. and his army in

1336. In 1860 the two Universities were united into the University of Aberdeen; in 1906 to celebrate the fourth centenary of the older part, new buildings of splendid magnificence were opened at Marischal College, and there were junketings on such a scale as might have made the old time founders turn in their graves.

Into the details of this huge and prosperous University we do not enter. Much good work is done in philosophy and medicine and all that lies between. Of philosophy, Professor Alexander Bain was for long the leading representative. He was, it will be remembered, of the school of Stuart Mill, and stood out in piquant contrast to the general brand of Scots philosophic thought. Nor do we enter into details of the flourishing Grammar School, the Gordon Hospital or the numerous other educational institutions of the place. Owing to a system of bursaries of which the University possesses 250, it was possible for the poorest to obtain a University education. It was the ambition of every crofter in the district to send his son to college, it was the ambition of every parish schoolmaster to train his best pupil to capture the chief bursary, if it was possible to cultivate literature in Edinburgh on a little oatmeal—to repeat the ancient joke—it was still easier to do so in Aberdeen where the distractions might seem fewer, the mode of life more Spartan, and the local Granite more enduring. The enormous impetus thus given to education is easily understood. Southern scholars were inclined to grumble at the result; they turned up their noses at the quality of Aberdeen Latin prose, cursed its barren grammatical correctness, and vowed that it smacked not of old Rome at all. Perhaps the fault lay deeper than a question of Latin style: the Granite head has its qualities, but it needs must be narrow and stubborn with a profound confidence in itself. "Tak' awa Aberdeen and ten miles about it and where are ye?" the "ye" being apparently the rest of the British Empire or of mankind—so runs a famous

Aberdeen apothegm which we shall not attempt to answer. Suffice it to say that in mathematics and harder branches of study, the Aberdonian has always had a wonderful success; if he is sometimes wanting in culture or in sweetness and light, remember that you do not find opposite qualities in the same type. To no willing and determined man in Aberdeen has, for centuries, the highest education been rendered difficult of attainment, and now the Carnegie benefaction has come and done in one stroke what the smaller bursaries did of old times: that is made education free, and the effects upon the future are not to be estimated here.

The Aberdonian loves his city and is proud of it. Has he amassed gold in foreign parts, he gladly returns to spend the evening of his days in quiet here; thus there is a residential, leisured and travelled and, may not one say also, cultured circle, which has its influence on the sentiment and thought of the community. And all connected with Aberdeen delight to embellish and improve it. The Hotel de Ville is splendid, the private gardens throughout the city and the Victoria Park and the Terrace Gardens make powerfully both for beauty and health. Of the Bridges, mention must be made of Telfour's Union Bridge which carries Union Street over the valley; in this valley runs the railway a fact of which you are unpleasantly made aware by the smoke, spite of special Act of Parliament, blinding you as you cross. A more famous Bridge, in poetry at any rate, is that of Balgownie over the Don, it dates from 1320 and some put it down to Robert the Bruce:—

> "Brig o' Balgownie, though wight be your wa'
> Wi' a wife's ae son, and a meer's ae foal
> Doun ye shall fa'."

You remember that Byron hung over it when he was a child with a delicious shudder, for was not he the one son of his mother?

It only remains to add that among Scots towns, Aberdeen comes next to Dundee in the matter of population. Indeed it is only as you limit the vague boundaries of either place that you make the one greater or less than the other.

CHAPTER XXI

A HIGHLAND SURVEY

The Highlands a modern discovery—Statement of Burt—The Highland courts—Social polity—Relations with the Lowlanders—Cattle stealing—Montrose, Dundee, the '15 and the '45—Abolition of Clan system—Advantages of the system—The modern Highlander—Tourists in the Highlands—Anecdote by Sir Walter Scott—The playground of Britain—The sporting landlords and the crofters—Methods of enjoying the Highlands—Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond tour—Twilight at Inversnaid — Characteristics of the central region — Route from Loch Lomond to Oban—Characteristics of Oban—Glencoe, Appin, and Morven—Loch Laggan—The Rannoch—Killiecrankie—Falls of the Tummel—Loch Lomond—Loch Tay—Ben Lawers—Killin—Glen Ogle—Lochearnhead—Loch Lubnaig—Pass of Leny—Balquidder—View of Loch Katrine—Ascents of Ben Nevis, Ben Lomond, Ben Lawers, Ben Cruachan, Ben Ledi and Ben More—Cairngorm Mountains and Aberdeenshire Highlands—Oban to Inverness—Inverness—Culloden and Findhorn Glen—Western Ross—Sutherlandshire.

WE have the authority of eminent English historians of the present day to the effect that the average Englishman's knowledge of Scots history is not very specific; and in this enlightened twentieth century there may thus be a few Englishman, recognised as educated, who are not aware that the Highlands of Scotland were, two centuries ago, a comparatively unexplored region—that they are, in a sense, as much a modern discovery as the continent of America or the interior of Africa. Up to the middle of the eighteenth century they were even to the Scots Lowlander practically an unknown land. "The Highlands," wrote Burt in 1726 "are but little known even to the inhabitants of the low country of Scotland, for they have ever dreaded the difficulties and dangers of travelling among the mountains; and when some extraordinary occasion has obliged any of them to such a progress he has generally speaking made his testament before he set out, as though he were entering on a long and dreaded sea voyage, wherein it was very doubtful if he should ever

return. But to the people of England, except some few and those chiefly the soldiers, the Highlands are hardly known at all; for there has been less that I know of written upon the subject than of the Indies, and even that little which has been said conveys no idea of what a traveller almost continually sees and meets with in passing among the mountains, nor does it communicate any notion of the temper of the nation, while they remain in their own country."

From an early period some of the famous hunting grounds in Argyll and Atholl, which were in near proximity to the Lowlands were frequented yearly by the king and nobles for purposes of sport; but beyond this the king had but little knowledge of the wild mountainous regions and their inhabitants, who acknowledged but an imperfect allegiance to him; and he never penetrated far into the Highland fastnesses where, even if the chiefs had been entirely friendly to him, he could have found but few of the civilised comforts to which he was accustomed. The measures adopted by the Government from time to time for putting an end to clan feuds and for introducing the arts of civilised life, remained very much a dead letter even in the eighteenth century. Thus within the bounds of Britain, and within less than 500 miles of London there were little more than 150 years ago, to use the words of Macaulay, "many miniature courts in each of which a petty prince attended by guards, by armour-bearers, by musicians, by a hereditary orator, by a hereditary poet laureate, kept a rude state, dispensed a rude justice, waged wars and concluded treaties." But the miniature courts were of a rather tawdry character, and squalor, dirt and poverty somewhat dimmed their savage splendour. The chief was disinclined to introduce the habits and customs of civilised life, because he knew this would mean in the long run the dissolution of his authority. Notwithstanding the early missionary labours of St Columba and others the

bulk of the Highlanders still remained unchristianised; or rather, since the time of the Reformation they had relapsed more and more into their primitive Paganism. It passed the power of the Kirk to make them exemplary Protestants; and since they were deprived of the rites of Catholicism, their old Pagan memories revived, and their religion became a gross mixture of Christianity and of Pagan superstition. Unable to read or write and without inducement to better their worldly circumstances, they continued to live their old half hunter, half pastoral life; and retained the customs, habits, language and social polity which their forefathers had, long ages ago, brought with them to Britain.

During the Wars of Independence the Highlanders had aided their Lowland fellow-countrymen against the English aggression; but against those who, on account of differences in speech and manners and polity, they came to regard as *Sassenachs* a kind of estrangement grew up, which was aggravated by the attempt of the Government to interfere in their clan feuds and to come between them and the authority of their chiefs. They refrained from inflicting personal injury on the Lowlanders: they never did them the honour to be at feud with them; their rude chivalry prevented them attacking those who were unarmed and unaccustomed to war; they deemed it also below their dignity to break into their homes and steal their goods; but urged partly by poverty, partly by their sporting instincts, they felt occasionally impelled to rob them of their cattle. "It is certain," wrote Burt, "some of the Highlanders think of this kind of depredation as our deer-stalkers do of their park and forest enterprises: that is to be a small crime or none at all. And as the latter would think it a scandalous reproach to be charged with robbing a henroost, so the Highlander thinks it less shameful to steal a hundred cows than one single sheep, for sheep-stealing is infamous among them."

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, however, a

new phase of Highland history commenced. It had its origin in the quarrels of the Lowlanders with their Scottish kings. Strange to say, the Highlanders now appeared as the devoted supporters of the dynasty whose interference in their clan feuds had for centuries aroused their bitter antagonism. The magician who caused this change in their sentiments was the great Montrose. He did so partly because he was a great warrior, partly because he supplied them with the opportunity of enriching themselves by plunder, but chiefly because he was the sworn foe of Argyll, towards whose house the clans, with justice, cherished an inveterate hate. For the peculiar brilliancy of his exploits Montrose was largely indebted to the exceptional characteristics of his Highland followers; but he was an ideal general for such soldiers. In his relative Dundee the Highlanders also found another leader after their own heart. Had Dundee not died at the moment of victory at Killiecrankie, William of Orange would have had a very hard task in establishing his authority in Scotland: but in the case both of the '15 and the '45 the lack of skilful generalship made disaster inevitable, even had these enterprises been less essentially hopeless than they were.

The failure of the '45 sealed the doom of the old clan system. But for the rashness of the chiefs in engaging in these two Jacobite rebellions, it might, probably, in at least a modified form, have been permitted to survive a good many years longer, though the general tendency of social, political and commercial progess was all against its permanent continuance. But that it was in many respects an admirable system is beyond doubt. It had made the Highlander in some respects a better man than the Lowlander was. It had exercised over him a moral influence of a purer and more elevated kind than that of the mere mechanical respect for law and order by which it was superseded: and certainly the relations between the clansman and his chief, were of a more kindly and human

character than those between the crofter and his modern landlord. The latter relations have often been those of antagonism, a most unhappy condition of things, whichever party may be at fault. But in the olden time the clansman was the member of an organisation of which the chief was the paternal head, an organisation his very connection with which developed in a peculiar way his manly self-respect. Half Pagan, half savage though he was, it was yet his proud conviction that he was "a gentleman." He was not the serf, he was the kinsman of his chief. Against a hostile clan he was capable of using every kind of guile and deeds of appalling cruelty, but towards the members of his own clan his standard of conduct was exceptionally high.

The thorough and admirable character of this old clan discipline was revealed after its abolition. Under his new conditions the Highlander developed with amazing rapidity those qualities that make for good and successful citizenship. As a soldier he was unsurpassed for willing obedience, prowess and enthusiasm, and in commercial pursuits he combined probity with shrewdness, diligence and enterprise. While he remained in his native glens his traditional idle habits prevailed and they still to a considerable extent prevail there; but this was and is mainly attributable to the influence of custom, and to the lack of sufficient scope for his energies and abilities, and of rewards fitted to fire his ambition. Placed where the struggle of life is keen, and where the improvement of his circumstances is possible, he rapidly gets quit of his inertia. In the large towns of the Lowlands he soon proved himself the equal of the Lowlander in any department of commercial enterprise or in any of the professions. Many descendants of the rude clansmen of the '45 are numbered amongst the most distinguished Scots of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The sincerity, the generosity, the courtesy the great natural ability of the High-

lander speedily secured for him in the Lowlands universal friendship and respect. The latent kinship between the two peoples seemed immediately to assert itself in a remarkable fusion of sentiment and opinion. As the results of intermarriage many Scots are now of a mixed Highland and Lowland descent; indeed there are probably now more persons of Highland descent in the Lowlands than in the Highlands themselves.

The revulsion of sentiment that followed the cruel punishment of the rebellion of '45, and the latent sympathies of many both in Scotland and England with the Stuart cause tended to create, throughout Britain, a special interest in the Highlanders and their country. The surprising loveliness of some of its lake and river scenery, the rugged grandeur of its wilder regions met, however, with only gradual appreciation; for even in the eighteenth century its pleasures hardly compensated for the difficulties and inconveniences of travel. Properly the great popularity of the Highlands as a touring district dates from the publication of the poetry and romances of Sir Walter Scott. Of the remarkable effect of the publication of *The Lady of the Lake*, he, himself, in a note to Burt's *Letters* supplies an amusing proof. A guide with whom he happened to foregather on the north side of Ben Lomond bemoaned to him his evil fortunes in recent years through the decrease of persons desiring to make the ascent of the mountain. On Scott asking the cause of this he was informed that it was "that d——d Walter Scott that everybody makes such a work about." "I wish," added the guide, "I had him to ferry over Loch Lomond, I should be after sinking the boat, if I drowned myself into the bargain; for ever since he wrote his 'Lady of the Lake' as they call it, everybody goes to see that filthy hole, Loch Katrine, then comes round by Luss, and I have had only two gentlemen to guide all this blessed season, which is now at an end. I shall never see the top of Ben

Lomond again! The d—l confound his ladies and his lakes say I."

The Highlands are now becoming more and more the playground of Britain. Within the last forty years the value of the estates, or it would perhaps be more correct to say their rental or their price in the market, has more than doubled. This increase in market value is merely, so to speak, a fancy increase. It has nothing to do with increase in productiveness—with agricultural or pastoral improvement, or the increased value of stock or produce. It represents chiefly their power to minister to the pleasure of the proprietor or lessee—the pleasure derivable from beauty of situation or surroundings, combined with the facilities for sport, mainly salmon fishing, grouse shooting and deer stalking. For the pleasures of sport amidst enchanting scenery and in finely exhilarating air, the wealthy man is prepared to pay a fancy price; and he makes use of the estate mainly for the promotion of his own pleasure and that of his friends. That, as a consequence, the crofter, the native Highlander, has been hardly dealt with can scarcely be denied. True, some proprietors affirm that the modern utilisation of Highland estates for purposes of sport has really been beneficial to the natives, by affording them occupation as gillies and in other capacities, and by the circulation of money throughout the country. But to benefit the natives is, obviously, very far from being the primary aim, if it be an aim at all, of the sporting proprietors. Their main aim is merely to enjoy themselves. Had they cherished any serious desire to benefit the native population, they might, with comparatively little sacrifice of the sporting value of their estates, have found it oftener possible to supply the crofters with better facilities for making a living than they voluntarily afforded them. On the whole it is not surprising that the crofters should have cherished towards them a bitter resentment, as aliens and intruders into

regions which were once in the sole possession of their clan. But at the same time there are few districts in the Highlands in which there is room for any considerable development of the crofter system; and, at the best, that system affords but a limited scope for enterprise and ability. Except for the Highlander's strong traditional attachment to his native glen, the home of his forefathers for immemorial ages, he has really nothing to lose, but everything to gain, by exchanging his crofter life, as many Highlanders do, for that of a Lowland policeman, or an emigrant to the colonies.

The fascination of sport in the Highlands is greatly enhanced by the charms of the scenery which the sportsman has especially opportunites for realising. The main drawback—a drawback which is absent in the case of sport in wild countries — is that he has to confine his wanderings within a comparatively limited area. The antipodes of the sportsman's method of enjoying the Highlands is the railway method, or the motor car method —or, as both may be termed, the kaleidiscopic method: a rush at headlong pace along the side of the enchanting lakes, through the wild or beautiful passes, over the lonely moors, and past the foot of frowning precipices or towering mountains. The rush of the railway method may be mitigated by coaching, by sailing on the lakes, by walks to scenes of special interest, or by occasional mountain climbing. On the whole a combination of cycling and walking, or walking by the non-cyclist, is the best. The Highlands cannot be properly known or enjoyed by rushing through them. It is necessary to live in them for however short a time—be it a week, a fortnight, a month or longer—before their charm can be sufficiently revealed. True, some of the most exquisite scenery of the Highlands is easily accessible; the favourite single day's tour, both on account of its accessibilty and its exceptional attractiveness, is the Loch Katrine, Loch

Lomond tour—Callander to the Trossachs by Loch Vennachar and Loch Achray, sail down Loch Katrine, coach to Loch Lomond, sail down Loch Lomond. It does not imply a very great rush, and it means a variegated succession of delights. But nevertheless such exquisite scenery deserves more than a passing glance from the top of a coach or from a steamboat; its varied beauties are best realised by those who are able to linger as their fancy prompts them; indeed its characteristics vary as the day varies, as the sun runs its course, or as sunshine is interrupted by cloud or storm. Almost unrivalled for instance as is, in its own kind, the island scenery in the lower half of Loch Lomond, it is only by remaining over night at Inversnaid that we can witness the impressive beauty of the twilight in the narrow upper portion of the lake, when the deepening shadows of the mountains begin to fall upon it.

Visitors to the Highlands, for the first time, can hardly do better, especially if they have not more than a fortnight to spare, than confine themselves to the central region, in which are concentrated more closely than elsewhere, all the finer characteristics of Highland scenery. Though this region lacks the luxurious loveliness of portions of the English lake district, it has the advantage over it as regards variety and wild grandeur. Such a superb combination of lake, wood-land, moor, mountain and river scenery is hardly to be met with in so concentrated a form elsewhere. True, within its circuit there are some bleakly desolate vistas, but the more uninteresting miles can generally be avoided, though their occasional intrusion does not really matter very much. Having visited Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, you may proceed by Tarbet and Glencroe to Inverary, and thence to Oban by Glen Aray, from which a superb view is obtained of the northern or finer portion of Loch Awe, to whose finely wooded shores the ruins of Kilchurn add striking picturesqueness, whilst the majestic

mass of Ben Cruachan, towering in the background, confers on the scene an impressiveness that reaches the sublime. After rounding the head of the lake to Dalmally, we turn southwards and then westwards through the precipitous Pass of Brander, and then by Taynuilt, Loch Etive and Dunstaffnage to Oban.

Oban—where there is usually abundant accommodation for all classes of tourists—is picturesquely situated opposite Kerrera island. The views from the heights behind the town, of Mull and the various inlets is rather striking especially towards and after sunset; but the town derives its popularity mainly from the fact that while it is within easy reach of some fine inland scenery, it has steamboat communication with the western islands—including the day's return sail to Staffa and Iona—and by the Caledonian Canal with Inverness. From Oban we may sail up Loch Etive, and thence—by Glen Etive or by a mountain track from Dalness—to the wildly desolate pass of Glencoe, at the further end of which is Ballachulish where there is good inn accommodation; or sailing to Ballachulish by steamer we pass between Appin and the gloomy mountain region of Morven. Regarding Morven it is impossible to refrain quoting the description of Dorothy Wordsworth, who viewed it from the Appin shore. "A covering of clouds rested on the large range of the hills of Morven, mists floated very near to the water side, and were slowly shifting about. Yet the sky was clear, and the sea, from the reflection of the sky, of an ethereal or sapphire blue, which was intermingled in many places, and mostly by gentle gradations, with beds of bright dazzling sunshine; green islands lay on the calm water, islands far greener, for so it seemed, than the grass of other places; and from their excessive beauty, their unearthly softness, and the great distance of many of them, they made us think of the islands of the blessed in the *Vision of Mirza*—a resemblance more striking from the long tract of mist which rested on the top of the steeps of

LOCH AWE

Morven. . . . If there were trees near the shore they contributed little to the delightful effect of the scene: it was the immeasurable water, the lofty mist-covered steeps of Morven to the right, the emerald islands without a bush or tree, the celestial colour and brightness of the calm sea, and the innumerable creeks and bays, the communion of land and water as far as the eye could travel."

From Ballachulish the steamer may be taken to Fort William, if it be thought desirable to ascend Ben Nevis. On the other hand Ballachulish is—by Glencoe—within easy reach of the wild Rannoch region, which should be visited when the moor is clad with the full brilliant purple of its heather. Should we go on to Fort William we may proceed along an excellent thoroughfare by Spean Bridge to Loch Laggan situated in the midst of finely wooded scenery. In the parish church of Laggan Mrs Grant wrote her *Letters from the Highlands*. There is a tradition that Prince Charlie after Culloden stayed a night with Ranald MacDonell at Aberarder on Loch Laggan. It is quite unverified; but the Prince journeyed round the foot of the loch to reach Cluny MacPherson's "cage" in the face of "a very rough high rocky mountain, called Letternilichk, which is still a part of Benalder." The site of the "cage" is the only attraction in the Loch Ericht region, the scenery of which is wild and bleak. Instead of visiting Ericht the train may be taken at Dalwhinnie—about ten miles south-west of Laggan—to Blair Atholl, whence, after visiting the defile of Killiecrankie, we may proceed by a road skirting the rapid and rocky Tummel to Loch Rannoch; or, shortly after passing Loch Tummel, we may turn southward to the east of the imposing Schiehallion to Kenmore. At the Bridge of Garry some distance below Killiecrankie are the falls of the Tummel; and from a rock near the road at the east end of Loch Tummel, we have the magnificent view of the loch and Schiehallion, termed the

"Queen's View." Before going to Kenmore it is also worth while to explore the lower portion of Glen Lyon. From Kenmore we may proceed by steamer on Loch Tay to Killin, or may journey by road along the north side of the loch, or along the south side, from which a much finer view is obtained of the loch and of Ben Lawers. But those who wish to ascend Ben Lawers should either select the north road or take the steamer as far as Lawers where there is a comfortable inn.

From Killin situated at the west end of the loch, amidst scenery of striking and diversified grandeur, we may proceed by Glen Dochart and Glen Falloch to Loch Lomond, or we may turn down the wild and gloomy defile of Glen Ogle—from the lower end of which a beautiful vista is obtained of Loch Earn and the mountains to the south—to Lochearnhead, and thence by the side of Loch Lubnaig, and the magnificent birch-clad Pass of Leny to Callander. The journey from Killin to Callander may, of course, be made by rail; but there is no reason why scenery of such rare charm should thus be affronted by a cyclist or any able bodied pedestrian who is not pressed for time. If the Pass of Leny has been already visited we may at King's House turn west to Balquhidder and, after visiting Rob Roy's grave, cross the moor to about the centre of the northern shore of Loch Katrine—of which we obtain from the moor a specially fine view with Ben Venue as a background—and proceed to Callander by the Silver Strand and the Trossachs.

As regards mountain climbing in this district, our personal experience is confined to Ben Nevis, Ben Cruachan, Ben More, Ben Lawers, Ben Lomond and Ben Ledi, not all ascended in the same year. Ben Nevis every one ascends; but though the highest peak in the Highlands, finer prospects are obtainable from Ben Lomond, Ben Lawers and Ben Cruachan in the order named. Ben Lomond has the advantage of overlooking

a wider stretch of Lowland country than the others; and apart from the entrancing view of the lake at its foot the magnificent variety of its prospect is unequalled in Britain. The prospect from Ben Lawers, the ascent of which is mainly a gradual slope, is somewhat similar to that from Ben Lomond, but neither quite so extensive nor quite so striking, though, in addition to a magnificent view of the mountain summits to the north-west and south-west, it overlooks, to the south-east, a wide extent of Lowland country including glimpses of the Haddingtonshire coast. The chief feature of the Ben Cruachan prospect is the remarkable panorama of the islands, sounds and inlets of the western and south-western seaboard; Ben Ledi has a certain advantage over Ben Lomond in the character of its view of the Forth valley as far as Edinburgh; and Ben More is chiefly notable for its wild prospect of mountain summits.

Of the Aberdeenshire Highlands the main feature is the closely grouped Cairngorm mountains, the narrow precipitous glens of which display in miniature some of the characteristic idiosyncracies of Alpine scenery. Some of the most striking may be observed by walking from Braemar to Aviemore, or *vice versâ* by Glen Lin, the Wells of Dee, and the lofty Larig Ghru Pass. The mountains of this group usually ascended are Ben Macdhui, the next highest summit in Scotland to Ben Nevis, and Cairngorm; but the view from both is much intercepted by the close proximity of other summits; and it will better repay the visitor to ascend Byron's "Dark Lochnagar," which commands an extensive prospect of nearly the whole peninsula between the Tay and the Moray Firth. There is much lovely and picturesque scenery both on Speyside and Deeside though not comparable in variety and grandeur to that of the central region. From Aberdeenshire this central region may be reached by Glen Tilt in the forest of Atholl, the scene of

the ancient deer *tainchels*, witnessed, as recorded by the chroniclers, by James V., and by his daughter Mary Stuart.

There is a very comfortable steamboat service from Oban to Inverness, through the series of lochs joined by the Caledonian Canal. The scenery on both sides of the lochs is varied and sometimes strikingly beautiful, while some of the western glens, even apart from their associations with the wanderings of Prince Charlie—who spent nearly a month in a cave in Glen Moriston—are well worth exploring, more particularly Glen Shiel and Glen Affrick, by either of which routes Skye may be reached. The tumultuous, savagely beautiful, and horrificly suggestive fall of Foyers, near Loch Ness, should be made the object of a special visit, or the night may be spent at the Foyers Hotel. Inverness is very picturesquely situated on the Ness near the junction of the Beauly and Moray Firths ; and the neighbouring heights command prospects of a fine combination of lake and mountain scenery.

The visitor to Culloden Moor from Inverness, should continue his journey as far as Forres for the sake of the exquisite Findhorn glen, while Elgin Cathedral will also well repay a visit ; but there is nothing of special interest or attraction in the more easterly portion of the coast which gradually becomes wilder and barer. There is much picturesque scenery on the opposite shores of the Moray Firth and its inlets. But the finest route in the northern Highlands is that by Dingwall, the sulphurous watering place of Strathpeffer, Conon, Loch Luichart, and Strathbran to Loch Maree and Gairloch. The journey may be made to Achnasheen by rail, and thence by coach ; but the traveller would do well to linger by the way for many pleasant side excursions can be made. Loch Maree presents a greater variety of aspects than almost any other of the Highland lochs, and the lofty mountains that overhang its northern shores, with the precipitous and fantastically wooded cliffs confer on the scenery characteristics

suggestive of the Alps. From Slioch mountain a fine view is obtained of the lake at its foot, of the neighbouring mountain heights, of the various inlets of the sea, of the northern heights of Skye, and, on the distant horizon, of the shores of the Hebrides. None of the scenery of Sutherland can compare with that of Western Ross. From Bonar Bridge we may proceed by Strath Oykel and Loch Assynt to Lochinver ; but this district is rather a fisherman's than a tourist's paradise ; and a similar remark applies more emphatically to the Loch Shin region, though there is a good deal of picturesque mountainous country to the north-west ; and the journey may be continued to Durness and Cape Wrath. Along the wild northern shore there is some fine cliff scenery ; and the climate is particularly exhilarating.

CHAPTER XXII

A NOTE ON CAITHNESS

The Norsemen and Caithness—Place names—The coming of the railway—Glory of the mail coach—Characteristics of the people—A "land of brown heath"—The coast line—John o' Groat's house—Legend of its origin—The head of the table—The wild moorland—The Ord of Caithness—An oldtime road—Legend of the Sinclairs.

IN the tenth century of our era the Norsemen took firm hold of Caithness, expelled its Celtic inhabitants, and possessed it till 1198, when William the Lyon brought it under the Scots crown. Although some of the Gaelic place words linger, as indeed they do over the whole island, most of the settlements and even natural objects have very plain Scandinavian names. Thus Wick is Scandinavian for Bay, so that Wick Bay might seem mere redundancy, and Thurso is very clearly Thor's island, and Holburn Head is plainly not at all Gaelic. Even to-day there is a flavour of remoteness about Caithness, and here if anywhere old customs might be supposed to linger. It was not till 1874 that the railway was carried through the county, and on to Wick and Thurso, and the railway is the great leveller and destroyer of all purely local differences. Even yet, as you will see if you look at the map, the iron horse only crawls along, a thin red line, through part of Caithness. In the pre-railway time steam vessels did all the intercourse with the rest of the Kingdom, and they still do much of it. It is the only part of Britain where middle-aged men can remember the dazzling vision, called the Mail Coach with its glory of red and scarlet, its galloping horses, its gorgeously clad officials, and the notes of its horn sounding far over

hill and dale. We have the imitation article on Southern roads in plenty, but the real thing, running day and night all the year round, was much more impressive. The language of the people is not Gaelic nor Lowland Scots, one can scarce call it a dialect of English, it is merely English modified through long years by local associations, sprinkled with Scandinavian words and expressions, and pronounced in a way of its own which we shall not attempt to reproduce. A good deal of Gaelic is spoken, and in fact there are regular Sunday services in that tongue in the churches, but this is because there are great temporary migrations from the Highlands of people who come to assist in the fishing. And you find certain Gaelic characteristics in the folk; a deep-seated melancholy and adherence to the most rigid Calvinistic schools, the same proneness to follow leaders, the same feeling of clannishness in short, but that is because the life is much the same.

The crofter is here as in the Highlands, and has the same hard struggle with adverse conditions of existence, and like the Highlander he has been secluded from free intercourse with the rest of the Kingdom. But the lie of the country is as different from the Highlands as can be. In well-known lines Scott spoke of his Fatherland as

> "Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
> Land of the mountain and the flood,"

but only the first and last of these is applicable to the extreme north. Great part of Caithness is a flat, desolate, treeless waste—bog land, moor land, peat land. Once there were trees in plenty, for the peat moss contains their remains in countless thousands, but now they will not grow save under shelter. The coast line is very different from the interior—prominent headlands, imposing rocks against which the wild ocean waves beat year after year, century after century. These rocks are twisted into all manner of fantastic shapes by the action of the water. Some stand

out as isolated columns; these are called "stacks"; others are hollowed into caves or fissures running far up into the land.

The best known spot in Caithness is one that as visible structure has no real existence, and that is John o' Groat's house, everywhere taken as representing the extreme north of the Kingdom. "Frae Maiden Kirk to John o' Groat's" sings Burns in a well-known line. Of course he means from one end of Scotland to the other, and in our own day Motor races are frequently run from the Land's End to John o' Groat's, that is between the two ultimate points of Britain. The quaint legend of the house is this. John o' Groat, a wealthy Hollander, came to Scotland in the time of James IV. whose trusted favourite he soon became. Possibly he lent him money and was not particular about the repayment; the dignity of those old Scots monarchs was out of all proportion to the length of their purse, and must often have been a sore burden to them. For commercial purposes John established himself in Caithness; he had money and royal favour and could not but prosper; and not he alone but his whole clan down to the last branches thereof had large estates in those remote parts. Now it was the habit of the Groats to meet together and have a family banquet once a year in memory of their common origin, but a great difference arose at one of these meetings, when the question was propounded, who should be head of the table? You fancy that some of those people, called, in stern contempt of literature, by the old Scots Acts, "Bardis and other sic like runners about" and classed with "Sorners, feigned fules and broken men," had been puffing them up; this one because he was (reputed) richest, and that because he was (believed) most powerful and this other again because he was wisest (in his own conceit). It was with difficulty that old John de Groat persuaded them to sit down peaceably, promising that he would satisfy everybody at their meeting

JOHN O' GROAT'S HOUSE

next year. They spent the interval in preparation, and on the anniversary each approached followed by his clansmen with bagpipes droning, banners flying, tartans waving and steel glancing, for of course the question of the head of the table had developed wonderfully in the interval. When they reached the appointed place John o' Groat's house burst on their astonished view. It was a perfect octagon, eight houses as it were rolled into one, for there were eight doors and eight windows and eight tables and eight chairs; and there was John o' Groat himself beaming with satisfaction and ready to show each man to his seat, where he needs must be the head of the table. However they might puff or strut, the Groats were not a warlike or contentious race. With hearty good will they accepted the solution, toasted the venerable John and all was peace, happiness and concord.

This question of head of the table is not so ridiculous as it seems. In a Highland Castle or old English Hall, the whole family feasted together, and as a matter of necessity each had his own place and order: the chief of the house in the centre, at the raised end or dais, his kinsmen around him, and the dependants further down. Thus the head of the table was the keystone of the whole social fabric, it meant, not an empty honour but the place of the lord of the land as first of the family, and when there was any contest among various branches of the clan as to who was entitled to the leadership the question might become of burning importance, and then John o' Groat's house would have been of very little use, nay even the device of the great Macnab himself might have failed. This illustrious man dining with some person of importance, of himself took up a comparatively retired position; asked to go up higher he steadily refused, and being pressed he at last burst forth: "Know sir, that wherever the Macnab sits *there* is the head of the table." But these be Highland questions, not likely to arise among the humble crofters

and fishermen of Caithness, and we must remember that after all the Groats were a foreign family puffed up by their rapid and recent rise. The house having served its turn presently vanished, and though its supposed site—for in a sceptical age its very existence is questioned—has been indicated by some mark on the turf no vestige remains. A very commodious hotel, which, as Baedeker might remark, is well spoken of stands hard by. Therein you will be entertained as royally as were the old Groats—and you can well believe that your view seaward and landward is scarce changed from that which lay before the eyes of the ancient family on the great day of their reconciliation.

With all their dreariness there is something impressive in those long stretches of lonely moorland, something of the same feeling that comes over one, you fancy, in the Sahara. As a stranger you will probably see them in the summer time. There is then the endless weird light of the northern sunrise and sunset, there is the charm of the sunlight; and nature using such magic effects is potent to infuse strange attractions into the wilderness itself. But the infinite gloom of the days of winter, the long periods of darkness, the rain-cloud and the storm-cloud sweeping at their will over the wild moorland without any mountain screen to break the storm! Can you wonder that men who spend their lives amid such scenes become gloomy and taciturn, and that sadness seems inseparable from such surroundings, and poverty inevitably appears twice as cruel and as harsh here as elsewhere? Caithness has always its own industries; fishing is carried on in the villages of the coast, and at times of the year Wick is completely given over to the herring trade, and the price of land and the value of labour is much higher than it was a century ago, though the crofter's lot is not materially improved; but enough has already been said on those burning questions.

Caithness is not destitute of mountains, especially on the Southern boundary. Here is to be noted the

WICK HARBOUR IN THE FISHING SEASON

Ord of Caithness, the mighty ridge that separates that county from Sutherland. In the pre-railway time, and that you will remember was little more than thirty years ago, the only road by land between the north and the south lay over those mountains. Once it was so difficult as to be positively dangerous. It went straight up and down the hill side, in that uncompromising way that old roads affected. When the Chiefs of the house of Sinclair, who were the great folk of those parts, passed along it on their way southward, their tenants congregated at the pass, took the horses out of the carriage, and after laboriously pulling it up the steep ascent, just as laboriously held it back as it swung down the other slope. Even after a new road was made the way seemed still dangerously steep, and as the coach always took it at headlong speed—at least it seemed so to the passengers—these needs must hold their seats and their breath with might and main. As there were no accidents after all, perhaps the driver was right in affirming that this was the safest way to take the hill. An oldtime legend of the Ord tells that yearly on the anniversary of the fight at Flodden a legion of shadows, the "spectral brave" of Leyden's verse, are seen to glide over the sombre mountain mass, led by a youth clad in green. This is the Earl of Caithness and his followers who had marched over that road to join their King, James IV., in his last fatal campaign of Flodden Field. All save one perished in the disastrous combat.

CHAPTER XXIII

ROUND THE ISLANDS

Staffa and Iona—From the Crinan Canal to Oban—Corrievrechan—Eigg—Rum—Loch Nevis—Loch Hourn—The Western shore—Kyle Akin to Broadford—A winter ride—Winter view from Portree—Loch Scavaig—Loch Coruisk—The Hill of Drumhain—The Hart o' Corry—Corry-na-Creich—Seuir-na-Gillean—The Storr Rock—Prince Charlie in Skye—Flora Macdonald's Grave—Duntulm Castle—The Quirang—Dunvegan—Macleod's Murderer—Macleod's Tables—The Outer Hebrides—The Stones of Callernish—Uist—The voyage from Portree to Stornoway—St Kilda—*Thule*—Early History of the Orkneys and Shetlands—Their modern condition—Character of the Scenery—The Summer twilight—Characteristics of the Orkneys—Hoy—The Western Coast—Kirkwall—Picts' houses—The Standing Stones of Stennis—Maeshowe—Fair Isle—Lerwick—Characteristics of Shetland—The wild coast—Sheep, ponies and cattle—The industrious women—Wild charm of the Islands—*Es war ein König in Thule.*

ONE of the finest excursions from Oban is the return journey to Staffa and Iona, round the island of Mull; the voyage in calm weather being delightful in itself, and affording many beautiful views of island scenery. Sufficient time is allowed for visiting the wonderful basaltic-columned Fingal's Cave at Staffa. With the main features of the cave everyone is familiar by pictures or engravings; but a picture conveys but a faint idea of the impressive grandeur of this sculptured temple of the waters which swish and boom, and heave and fall beneath its columnar archway. The bareness and isolation of the small island of Iona, emphasise the impression of remote antiquity conveyed by the spectacle of the scattered remains of the latter portion of her great ecclesiastical past—the nunnery of St Mary, St Oran's Chapel, the burying ground with its tombs of ancient kings and chieftains, the ancient tower of the Cathedral, and the ancient crosses of Maclean and St Martin.

Those who have already explored by steamers the

beauties of the Firth of Clyde may prefer to embark on the steamer for the Western Isles rather at Oban than Glasgow, for much of the latter part of the voyage until you reach the Crinan Canal at the north end of the Sound of Jura is accomplished during the night watches. The sail through the archipelago of islands beyond Crinan is very picturesque, but the rush of the tides sometimes promotes a turmoil of the waves, that is apt to cause temporary discomfort to those who are not good sailors.

A little to the north of Crinan we pass the strait occupied by the whirlpool of Corrievrechan, the caverns of which were anciently supposed to be haunted by mermaids. From Oban the voyage is continued through the Sound of Mull, after which we come into the full swell of the Atlantic. Here we have a splendid view of the columnar cliffs of Eigg—beyond the flat island of Mull—which culminate in the peculiar-shaped Scaur of Eigg, about 1500 feet in height; of the lofty plateaus and rugged peaks of Rum several of which have an elevation of over 2500 feet, and of the Cuchullin hills of Skye in the far distance. The geological features of Eigg, which are of special interest, have been described by Hugh Millar in his *Cruise of the Betsy*. There are also on the island remains of ancient Scandinavian forts, and a barrow supposed to be the grave of St Donan, who with his followers was, in 617, killed by the orders of the savage queen of the island, just after they had finished performing their first mass. A more gruesome relic of the past is the great cave of Frances, some 260 feet in length, where the Macdonalds with their families to the number of 200 were smothered by the Macleods. A notable modern feature of the island is the enlightened and successful crofter system introduced by the present proprietor, who in place of the ancient stone and turf shanties, has built, for his cottars, stone and lime dwelling-houses and has taken care that they shall be provided with the possibilities of earning a fairly comfortable livelihood.

Rum, on the contrary, has been almost entirely denuded of its people in order to be turned into a deer forest and a sheep run.

From this point until we reach Kyle Akin, the western shores are grandly picturesque, the long inlets of Loch Nevis and Loch Hourn being overhung by towering and precipitous mountains, in some parts finely clothed with wood. Loch Nevis means "the loch of Heaven" and Loch Hourn "the loch of Hell," the latter from the greater height of the mountains on both sides presenting the darker and gloomier appearance. All this western shore is well worth exploring: it is most conveniently done by combining boating with walking. The narrows before we reach Kyle Akin, present during their windings a continuous succession of new and surprisingly beautiful prospects.

The visitor may either land at Kyle Akin or at Broadford or proceed to Portree. As the steamer usually arrives at nightfall at Kyle Akin, it is worth while remaining there all night, for the sake of enjoying the beautiful outlook towards Ross; and although the road between Kyle Akin and Broadford skirts a desolate looking moorland, good views are obtained on the way thither of the rounded Red Hills, which contrast strikingly with the rocky mass of Blaven, and the serrated peaks of the more distant Cuchullins. A good many years ago, the present writer made the journey between Kyle Akin and Portree on the mail gig, in a frosty moonlight winter night, with the moon frequently overshadowed by clouds, from which descended pelting snow showers. There was some discomfort from the Arctic showers, mostly from an oblique direction, but it was an exhilarating and weirdly delightful drive, the emergence of the mountains out of the surrounding darkness being sometimes startlingly impressive; and whether it faired or showered, lightened or darkened the horses kept steadily dragging us on

SKYE FROM LOCH ALSH

through the cold, blustering night; until with welcome stoppages for refreshments at Broadford and Sligichan, we reached Portree, after a ride of twelve hours, about four in the morning. On a clear winter day there is from the heights north of Portree a magnificent prospect of the snow-clad mountains of Ross, the diversified shapes of which are then more distinctly outlined than at other times.

Loch Coruisk—the most remarkable loch in Britain—is best visited by boat from Torrin, by Loch Slapin and Loch Scavaig; or the peninsula may be crossed by Kilmaree to Camasunary; but by the latter route we miss the magnificent prospect afforded by the sail up Loch Scavaig, the characteristics of which are well described by Alexander Smith: "Slowly rounding the rocky buttress, which on stormy days the Atlantic fillips with its spray, another headland, darker still and drearier, drew slowly out to sea, and in a quarter of an hour we had passed from the main ocean into Loch Scavaig, and every pull of the oars revealed another ridge of the Cuchullins. Between these mountain ramparts we sailed, silent as a boatful of souls being conveyed to some Norse hades. The Cuchullins were entirely visible now; and the sight midway up Loch Scavaig is more impressive even than when you stand on the ruined shore of Loch Coruisk itself —for the reason, perhaps, that, sailing midway, the mountain forms have a startling unexpectedness, while by the time you have pulled the whole way up, you have had time to master them to some extent, and familiarity has begun to chill the impression." The main characteristics of Loch Coruisk are those of savage and desolate grandeur; and in this respect it has an individuality that is all its own. The view from the pass beyond Camasunary is thus referred to, and in no exaggerated terms, by Dr Norman Macleod: "Around me were vast masses of hypasthene, and the ridge on which I stood so broken and precipitous

that I could not follow its descent to the valley. [It can however be done.] At my foot lay the lake, silent and dark, and round it a vast amphitheatre of precipices. The whole Cuchullins seemed gathered in a semicircle round the lake, and from their summits to their base not a blade of verdure—but one bare, black precipice, cut into the dark chasms by innumerable torrents, and having their bases covered by *debris* and fallen rocks. Nothing could exceed the infinite variety of outline—peaks, points, teeth, pillars, rocks, ridges, edges, steps of stairs, niches—utter wildness and sterility. From this range there are gigantic projections standing out, and connected with the main body. And there lay the lake, a part hidden from our view, behind a huge rock. There it lay still and calm, its green island, like a green monster floating on its surface. I sat and gazed, "My spirit drank the spectacle." I never felt the same feeling of the horribly wild—no never; not even in the Tyrolese Alps."

From Coruisk a pathway by Loch Dhu and the east of the hill of Drumhain—from the top of which there is a fine view of the lake and the mountains—leads by Glen Sligachan—whence there is a magnificent view up Hart o' Corry into a recess of the Cuchullins—to Sligachan inn. The view up the recess, Corry-na-Creich, a little to the west of Sligachan is almost equally striking. The ascent of the Cuchullins is difficult, and in some cases very dangerous. Scuir-na-gillean, may on a clear day be ascended with patient effort by the average climber; though from the Storr Rock to the north of Portree the prospect is much more picturesque, owing to a quite different grouping of the island and inlets; indeed the views of the Ross-shire coast with its indented shores and its towering mountains and of the southern hills of Skye, with the surrounding sea and the far away Hebrides make up a panorama of almost bewildering grandeur.

It is customary for strangers to visit by boat the so-

LOCH CORUISK, SKYE

called Prince Charlie's cave which is about five miles north of Portree; but the cave is hardly worth visiting for its own sake, and the tradition that Prince Charlie spent the night in it or indeed ever saw it, is quite erroneous. On the contrary his landing place, on his second visit to Skye was at Lag na Bachagh about two miles south of the cave, and here he found refuge in a cow byre, where he spent the night and the remainder of the next day until evening. In the character of Lewie Law, a servant of Malcolm Macleod of Raasay, he then journeyed during the night and early morning as far south as Elgol where he met the chiefs of the Mackinnons; and on the following night he was rowed by the Mackinnons to Mallaig on Loch Nevis, whence after various hairbreadth escapes and exciting episodes, he found refuge in the cave in Glenmoriston. On the first occasion the Prince, who personated an Irish woman, answering to the name of Betty Burke, accompanied Flora Macdonald from North Uist, the landing taking place at Alt a Chinain on the north-west coast of Skye, a little to the north of Kilbride and a little south of Monkstat House. Lady Margaret Macdonald wife of Sir Alexander Macdonald did not venture to receive him, but sent to him her factor who conducted him to his house at Kingsburgh, where he passed the night. As every one knows, Dr Samuel Johnson was, in 1773, entertained there by the heroic Flora and had the privilege of sleeping in Prince Charlie's bed; but every vestige of the house has now disappeared, only the site of the garden being marked by some old trees. Late next day the Prince, accompanied by Flora Macdonald, Neil MacEachin who had skipped the boat from the Hebrides, and a boy to act as guide, set out for Portree—the Prince changing his female dress, which by no means suited him, in a wood for a Highland one. The two men and the boy traversed the fields near the highway, Flora gallantly patrolling the highway on horseback to give warning of danger. In the small hours of

the morning they reached a public-house at Portree, and after spending two hours there in a room, which is included in the older portion of the Royal Hotel, started at daybreak by boat for Raasay Island, Flora parting from the Prince at Portree. The Prince carried with him "four shirts, a bottle of brandy tied to one side of his belt, a bottle of whisky tied to the other, and a cold fowl done up in a pocket-handkerchief." The Prince's love of liquor and capacity of standing it powerfully attracted towards him the hearts of his Highland hosts. Drink was also his chief comfort during the long hours of loneliness in his hiding-places; and the dominance it obtained over him in his later years was probably due to habits created by almost unbearable solitude.

We pass Kingsburgh on the way from Portree to Quirang, and after reaching the hamlet of Uig, we may make a detour to visit Flora Macdonald's grave at Kilmuir, and Duntulm Castle, the ruined stronghold of the Macdonalds. The Quirang is a kind of crater, or hollow, on the summit of a hill, surrounded by fantastically shaped rocks of amygdaloidal trap. "The Quirang," writes Alexander Smith, with a slight touch of poetic exaggeration, "is a nightmare of nature; it resembles one of Nat Lee's mad tragedies; it might be the scene of a Walpurgis night; on it might be held a Norway witch Sabbath. Architecture is frozen music it is said; the Quirang is frozen terror and superstition. 'Tis a huge spire or cathedral of rock some thousand feet in length with rocky spires or needles sticking out of it. Macbeth's weird sisters stand on the blasted heath, and Quirang stands in a region as wild as itself. The country around is strange and abnormal, rising into rocky ridges here, like the spine of some huge animal, sinking into hollows there, with pools in the hollows—glimmering almost always through drifts of misty rain." The "almost always" is of course hyperbole. It was "almost always" on that particular day, but Smith saw it on another, when

the "almost always" of misty rain was absent. "On the present occasion," he writes, "we saw it in fair sunlight; and what the basalt columns, the shattered precipices, the projecting spiry rocks lost in terror they gained in beauty. Reclining on the soft green grass—strange to find grass so girdled by fantastic crags—we had through fissures and the rents of ancient earthquake, the loveliest peeps of the map-like under world swathed in faint sea azure."

In Western Sky the chief object of interest is Dunvegan Castle, the ancient seat of the Macleods, still retaining the characteristics of an ancient fortress, and situated on a rocky headland, approached by a draw-bridge. The oldest portion of the castle is of very ancient date; and in it are preserved a "fairy flag," said to have been captured by one of the Macleods during the Crusades, though what the fairies were doing there is beyond conjecture. Another, a more earthly, relic is Rory More's horn, which, though it holds nearly two quarts of wine, every heir of the Macleods had to drain on reaching his majority. Round this coast there is also some fine cliff scenery; at the south of Duirinish three lofty pyramidal rocks, termed Macleod's Maidens, rise high above the tumbling waters; inland there are the curious flat summitted hills termed Macleod's Tables; and the coast-line is broken by jutting cliffs, and arches and crevices and caves.

The scenery of the Outer Hebrides is for the most part tame and monotonous. The main object of interest in Lewis are the Stones of Callernish about 15 miles west of Stornoway, seemingly intended to form a sun-temple. For the characteristics of Uist—specially associated with the wanderings of Prince Charlie—the reader will consult Mr Neil Munro's fascinating *Children of Tempest* rather than the gaudy descriptions of the Hebrides in the romances of William Black. Stornoway is an extremely busy place for its size, and is now and again almost buried in fish. Owing to improvements in fishing

and agriculture, and aristocratic patronage of Harris tweeds, the crofters are generally in fairly comfortable circumstances. While the Hebrides appear fairer and more picturesque at a distance than near at hand, the voyage from Portree to Stornoway is well worth making, on account of the magnificent prospects that are obtained, especially when the western shore of the mainland is hugged as far as Ullapool and Lochinver. The lonely St Kilda group of islands—famous for their precipitous cliffs, and the sea-birds who tenant them—are visited periodically by steamer from Glasgow. The capture of sea-birds is the main occupation of the islanders; and in this pursuit they manifest astonishing nerve and daring.

From Stornoway the Orkney and Shetland Islands may be reached by steamer, but the general route is by Thurso or Aberdeen. Lerwick the capital of the Shetland islands has a coat of arms of no great antiquity we fear, with a raven, a dragon ship, oars, seas and other suitable properties, the motto being *Dispecta est Thule.* The phrase is from one of the most impressive passages of Tacitus, always an impressive writer. In the *Agricola* he tells us how the Roman fleet, in the first year of our era, sailed round Britain and thus found it to be an island; they discovered and conquered the Orkney Islands. Both discovery and conquest were of a very partial nature; "and there," he says, "far beyond, *Thule* dimly gloomed on them, *Thule* which hitherto snow and tempest had concealed." Such is the charm of good letters that we feel, even through all the centuries, the eerie shuddering curiosity in the stout Roman hearts, as there loomed on them through storm and tempest those ocean rocks which they firmly believed to be the end of the world. Nay, in that very *Agricola*, Tacitus puts into the mouth of Galgacus, just before the battle of the Grampians, which was to make Rome superior over Britain, words which explain and comment on the above: "What mad

lust of conquest is it," exclaimed the Barbarian chief, "that has brought the Romans thither? This is the end of the world; there is nothing beyond but rocks and floods."

The Orkney and Shetland islands, though never under the Romans, fell under the dominion of the Norse rovers; and they came into the possession of Scotland by being pledged for the payment of the dowry of Margaret of Norway when she was married to James III. Among the notable episodes of their later history was their occupation by Bothwell—to whom, with the title of Duke of Orkney, they were gifted by Mary Stuart—after his flight from Scotland, and the chase of his pirate ships by Kirkcaldy of Grange. Bothwell succeeded in outsailing him and escaped to Denmark. In later years the affairs of the islanders were rather troubled and chequered, the people being subjected to much grievous oppression by their superiors until the abolition of Hereditary Jurisdictions in 1747. Lack of communication with the mainland greatly interfered, also, with their prosperity and their progress in the arts of civilised life; but during the last eighty years a great change has come over their condition; while the publication of Scott's *Pirate* began an annual flow towards them of tourists, which goes on increasing rather than diminishing. Nor though, compared with Skye and other Western islands, their scenery appears rather tame, are they without features of considerable attraction to a stranger. Even their northern situation renders the Shetlands well worth a visit in mid-summer, if only for the sake of the charm of the long twilight, which virtually continues throughout the night. The sun sets for so short a time that you can read small print even at midnight; and the gradations of shade on the hills and the sea, and the changing colours of the sky as the day slowly, oh so slowly! dies, and then almost immediately begins to awaken again, lure one irresistibly to linger in the fresh night air until the sun shows his red disk above the glimmering waters.

The Orkneys are much flatter than the rocky Shetlands. Indeed seen from Caithness, or from the steamers, the majority of the Orkney group present in winter, or until the early summer begins to clothe them with greenness, the appearance of enormous low mole hills. These low mounded islands are however very fertile; and many of the farms are now let to enterprising agriculturists from Aberdeenshire, who have effected quite a revolution in the agricultural methods of the islands. The natives are engaged mainly in fishing.

The "scenery" of the Orkneys is included chiefly in Hoy and the neighbourhood of Stromness. An excellent view of the islands is obtained from the Ward Hill of Hoy which has an elevation of over 1500 feet. From near the fine natural harbour termed the Long Hope, separated from the western ocean by a narrow neck of land, nearly all the west coast presents to the sea a vast wall of precipitous cliffs; while the action of the waves has, in the course of ages gradually shaped a gigantic isolated pillar known as the Old Man of Hoy. After the intervention of the sea-strait of Hoy Mouth, the wall of rocks is continued along the western shores of Pomona, at a lesser height than in Hoy, but with much fantastic variety of cliff and crevice. Kirkwall is mainly notable for its Cathedral in which are also a number of interesting old tombs. In the fine banquetting hall of the Earl's Palace, Scott places the scene of Bunce's interview with Cleveland. Of the Bishop's Palace in which after his retreat from Largs King Haco died of a broken heart, and where his body lay for a time in state, the chief portion now remaining is the round tower built as late as 1550. In the neighbourhood of Kirkwall and elsewhere on the "mainland" are specimens of "brochs" and of different forms of the structures known as "Picts' houses." Among different theories of their origin one of the latest is that they were the dwellings of an ancient dwarfish race, the memory

THE OLD MAN OF HOY

of which gradually gave rise to the traditions regarding the small but wonderful people known as the fairies.

Near the beautiful Loch of Stennis are the famous "Standing Stones of Stennis," regarding which we may, quote Scott's description from *The Pirate*: "When Cleveland awoke the grey dawn was already mingling with the twilight of the Orcadian night. He found himself on the verge of a beautiful sheet of water, which, close by the place where he had rested, was nearly divided by two tongues of land that approach each other from the opposing sides of the lake, and are in some degree united by the Bridge of Brodegar, a huge causeway containing openings to permit the flow and reflux of the tide. Behind him and pointing to the bridge stood that remarkable semicircle of upright stones which has no rival in Britain save that inimitable monument at Stonehenge. These immense blocks of stone, all of them above twelve feet, and several being even fourteen or fifteen feet in length, stood round the pirate in the grey light of the dawning, like the phantom forms of antediluvian giants, who, shrouded in the habiliments of the dead, came to revisit by this pale light, the earth which they had plagued by their oppression, and polluted by their sins, till they brought down upon it the vengeance of long-suffering Heaven." Near the head of the upper Loch of Stennis is also a large conical tumulus known as Maeshowe or "the Maiden's Mound," in the side of which is a passage leading to a vaulted chamber on the stones of which are various Runic inscriptions.

On the way to the Shetlands we pass Fair Isle, where the flag-ship of the Duke de Medina Sidonia, the admiral of the Spanish Armada, was wrecked in 1588. The dark eyes of some of the present inhabitants are ascribed, not without plausibility, to their descent from the wrecked Spanish sailors; and the tradition, also probable, is that the sailors instructed the natives in the use of natural dyes and in

the art of knitting the peculiar patterned socks and other woollen goods which, along with the knitted shawls of the Shetlanders, may be bought in Lerwick and in certain Aberdeen and Edinburgh warehouses.

Lerwick the capital of the Shetlands is only some three centuries old. The houses have an odd jumbled appearance as if they had floated in from the sea, and had been left in their present position by the receding tide. The reason is that here, as in the case of many Scots fishing villages, the custom has been to build the houses close to the sea and to follow somewhat the curvings of the shore, while it was also deemed a matter of entire indifference whether the gable or the front of the house abutted on the street, or indeed whether there was much of a street or highway at all. For the rest, Shetland is very much another Orkney with a difference. While equally treeless and shrubless, except where scrubby bushes are protected by a high wall, it is more uniformly rocky, and owing to the wilder rush of the tides in this region the shore is still more broken and irregular, being almost everywhere pierced with caves and apertures, strewn with immense boulders, sculptured into wild precipices with fantastically jutting cliffs, and here and there bordered by columnar stacks and pinnacles which mark the immense encroachments made by the ocean in the course of centuries. For the same reason, while there are not so many large islands as at Orkney, there are an immense number of small ones, and the coast is indented by a constant succession of narrow inlets or voes. The methods of agriculture, and the modes of living are more primitive than in the Orkneys; and there is a special breed of long-haired sheep, of ponies, and of small cattle. The women in the Shetlands very much outnumber the men for many of the men are sailors, or for the most part of the year are engaged in distant fishing expeditions. For this reason the women do most of the outdoor work including even rowing, in ferrying passengers

or in bringing provisions from the small villages at the head of the voes. The women—extremely courteous in manner—are indeed marvels of industry. Indoors they are constantly spinning or knitting; and even when engaged in such outdoor work as carrying peats in baskets strapped on their backs, their bent figures are busy with their needles.

The sheep, cattle and ponies, browsing everywhere over the rocky heights, and the constant wheeling of sea-birds round the cliffs confer an animated charm even on the more solitary regions; in summer the wild flowers and mosses, and in early autumn the heather, crown the hills with colour; and we are nearly always within sight of the indented rocky sea shore, and within hearing of the sounding sea, the majestic might of whose waves in a full gale, is here manifested with awesome impressiveness. We never call to remembrance this *Ultima Thule*, but the words of Margarete's song in Faust, *Es war ein König in Thule*, seem to wed themselves to music and mingle with our memories. It is one of those songs, strangely romantic and touching, and suggestive of much that cannot be definitely expressed. It appeals to the peculiar emotions awakened by thoughts of the ghostly vanished past in much the same way as Scott's *Lochaber No More*, or W. E. Henley's *King in Babylon*. It is no mere affectation to say that such things are scarcely translatable, and though Mr Bayard Taylor has turned it very prettily, he has permitted some of the virtue to go out of it. The reader must however either turn to his Bayard Taylor for the rendering, or to his *Faust* for the original: we shall not copy it out here.

CHAPTER XXIV

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

Field sports in the olden times—Deer stalking—Grouse shooting—Modern game preserving — Fishing — Scottish prominence in games — Hockey—Camanachd — Athletic sports — Bowls — Curling — Golf — Rugby football—Association football — Football professionalism — Relative merit in football of the different countries—Cricket.

IN ancient times Scotland afforded exceptional scope for field sports and it does so still. Wild boars in large numbers haunted both the Highland and the Lowland moorish districts; and as late as the seventeenth century wolves were quite common in the Highland regions. Sir Ewan Cameron is supposed to have killed the last in his district of the Highlands in 1680; but they were subsequently killed in other districts, in one instance as late as 1743; and it may be that the last wolf died of old age. The Caledonian forest was tenanted by a breed of wild white cattle of which specimens preserved by the Duke of Hamilton in Cadzow forest still retain their wild characteristics. The dangerous sport of hunting them was largely indulged in in the earlier centuries; and from time immemorial until the seventeenth century deer hunting by hounds was a favourite sport of the king and nobles, one of the chief royal forests being that in the neighbourhood of Falkland Palace. In the Highlands the method of deer hunting was that termed the *tainchel*—an immense circumference of mountainous country being surrounded by a great multitude of beaters who gradually drove the deer and other game into a selected narrow valley, where they were slain at close quarters. Deer stalking, it need hardly be said, is the most fascinating

sport to be had in Britain ; and this being so the turning of many Highland sheep runs into deer forests was inevitable, for the simple reason that in this way a bigger rent was to be had for the land. In the Scottish Highlands are also by far the most extensive grouse moors in Britain, and the fascination of the sport there is greatly enhanced by the exceptional charms of the scenery. Lowland game is not generally so plentiful as in many parts of England. Pheasant preserving is but rarely carried to the same extreme extent ; and the haunts of wild fowl are hardly so plentiful and extensive. Hare coursing is not so common. Fox-hunting was introduced about the end of the eighteenth century into Fife, where lately was the home of that mighty hunter, Colonel Anstruther Thomson. Now the sport is also indulged in in every available nook and corner south of the Forth and Clyde.

The beautiful streams and rivers of Scotland, which have nearly all a channelly bed, are, most of them, well stocked with trout, while many of them contain quite ideal salmon pools. Many of the Lowland lochs have been drained. The great resort of the city fishing clubs is Loch Leven ; but there is good fishing in several of the southern lochs ; and on most of the Highland lochs, fishing may be enjoyed by the visitors to the hotels. Recently there has been a disposition more and more to prohibit promiscuous free fishing in the rivers and streams, notwithstanding the immemorial enjoyment of these privileges—one reason for the prohibition being the increasing custom of landowners to let both their fishings and their shootings.

It is rather curious that Scotland, notwithstanding her Puritan history, should, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, have surpassed England in the variety of her pastimes. England though the home of cricket is hardly the home of any other of the great games, for football was,

in earlier times probably played both more generally and more skilfully in Scotland than in England. For hockey, Scotland had her *camanachd* as it is called in the Highlands, or shinty as it is called in the Lowlands, a game probably of Celtic origin, since it very closely resembles the Irish *hurly*. Then what are called athletic sports are more of Highland than of English origin. Putting the stone, throwing the hammer and tossing the caber are all peculiarly Highland or Scots, and various forms of leaping are more practised in Scotland generally than in England. England, like Scotland, has her university and school athletic sports, and her amateur athletic meetings; but athletic sports are not practised among the people as they are in Scotland. In most of the Scots towns and in many villages there are annual athletic meetings, where, besides events confined to local talent, there are others which attract the professional athletes of the country. In the mining and agricultural districts the game of quoits is also very popular. Scotland owes to England the modern introduction of Rugby and Association football, and on the other hand England is indebted to Scotland for curling and golf and the modern revival of the game of bowls.

At one time the game of bowls, a favourite pastime of the monks, was common in England but it was practically discontinued until modern times after its prohibition by Henry VIII. Its partial revival in England is due to its introduction there by Scots settlers. There are bowling greens in every considerable Scots town or village; and it is a favourite recreation of elderly business men on summer evenings. In Glasgow and Edinburgh public bowling greens have been opened by the Corporations; and in this particular matter Edinburgh was about forty years ahead of the Western city, the first public bowling green in Glasgow, where, as yet, there are only four, having been opened only a year or two ago. In Edinburgh the charge is a penny each, in Glasgow

four players are charged threepence each and eight twopence each. Glasgow thus seems to be, in this matter, unnecessarily greedy, and at the price charged the greens cannot be so largely used by working men, the class for which they are mainly intended. However, both in Glasgow and Edinburgh they are fully taken advantage of, the average number of players at a single green during a season being over 20,000; and the greens more than pay expenses. If Glasgow could find it possible to establish a number of greens in the more crowded districts of the city, there can hardly be a doubt that they would be well patronised; and the opening of them on fair and other summer holidays, would do more to promote the sobriety of the Glasgow working man than the arrangement of open teashops and shut public-houses.

For curling, the winter game corresponding to that of bowls, Scotland may have been indebted to Holland. There is no mention of it by any Scots writer or in any national document previous to 1600, although stones of an earlier date have been discovered in some of the lochs. But if Scotland borrowed the idea from Holland, the use of the round stone, introduced about the middle of the eighteenth century, is a Scots invention; and all the subsequent modern improvements of the game are Scots. It is a much more rousing and exciting game than that of bowls—a "roaring" game not merely as regards the stones but as regards the players, whose frantic shouts and exertions with the brooms could not be continued in a less exhilarating air than that which provides the icy surface for the sport. One of the notable features is, also, that all classes here meet on a footing, of amiable intimacy, that dissolves, for the nonce, their social inequalities. The laird may be skipped by his own gamekeeper if the latter have the better head for the game, or the farmer by one of his labourers;

and laird, gamekeeper, farmer, clergyman, doctor, shopkeeper or labourer, shout at one another, during the critical moments with all the excited familiarity of brothers. For curling, England is rather at a disadvantage compared with Scotland, for the temperature in the latter country is usually rather lower, and frost is both more severe and holds often a good while longer. But again the Scots winter cannot compare in this respect with that of Canada; and the Caledonian representatives of the game, when they lately visited the Dominion, found that the Canadians, through longer opportunities for practice had become their masters. The great curling *fête* of Scotland, is what is called the annual *Bonspiel* between representatives of clubs north and clubs south of the Forth.

Whether the developed game of golf had a Scots or a Dutch origin is a matter that can hardly be definitely decided. The old Dutch game of *kolf* was played indoors, but later a somewhat similar game to modern golf was played by the Dutch on the ice; and a land variety was long played in Belgium and North France. That golf balls were exported from Holland in the reign of James VI. is hardly presumptive proof as to the priority of the game there; for golf must have been quite common in Scotland before 1457, when with football, it was cried down on account of its interference with the practice of archery. Golf could hardly have been practised for generations as a common game in Scotland without the Scots being able to make golf balls for themselves, though the crying down of the game must, for a time, have interfered with the industry. In any case the introduction of golf balls from Holland is no proof that the game was played in the same fashion there as in Scotland; and undoubtedly the modern fashion of playing golf, the modern improvements of the game, the special characteristics that have made it the fascinating pastime that it is—all this is of Scots origin. For centuries the game

CURLING

had been played in Scotland by all classes of the people, from the King on the throne to the meanest of his subjects, before it had made any progress in England. How long golf has been played at Blackheath no one can exactly tell, but until well on in the nineteenth century it was played there mainly by Scots. To English strangers visiting St Andrews even in the sixties, the sight of redcoated elderly gentlemen gravely hitting small white balls along the links with sticks, was a subject for mingled mirth and wonder—it was looked upon as one of the funny antics of the unaccountable Scot. Gradually, however, the Englishman came to recognise that there was both science and fascination in the game, and from the time of the establishment of a golf club at Westward Ho in 1864, it began to make rapid progress, though the modern *furore* for it did not begin until it was known to be the favourite game of Mr Arthur Balfour, who, as Irish secretary, was then very popular. Since then its fame has gone forth to the ends of the earth; golf-makers who were barely making a living at their trade, in a few years made very comfortable fortunes. Golf courses rapidly multiplied in Scotland both inland and along the shore; soon there were many, public and private, courses in nearly every English county; the infection spread rapidly over America, the Colonies and the Continent; old men in their fifties or sixties, sometimes even in their seventies, became as ardent devotees of the game as lads in their teens; the ladies also caught the infection, and after some years of obscure dawdling at the short holes, began boldly to ape the full drive swing of the masculine golfer; and probably the next golf development will be an amateur championship open to men and women.

The first open championship match was played in 1860, the first amateur championship match in 1886, and the first lady championship match in 1893. The question has been raised whether the best golfers of the *ante-*

furore period are surpassed by the best golfers of the present day—by Harry Vardon, James Braid, or J. H. Taylor. The towering Scotsman, Braid, a kind of golfing engine, gets oftener into difficulties than the other two, but is unequalled in getting out of them. Vardon, his great friend and rival, is graceful and accomplished. Taylor, modest, eager, not so gifted physically as the other two, is a master in approaching. But whatever the individual merits of the great triumvirate, they are almost in a class by themselves, for Herd and Rowland Jones, who run them hardest, lack their perfect consistency, their almost constant command of their best abilities. In comparing, however, their powers with those of past golfers, the spur of more constant competition and of greater rewards must be taken into consideration. Even supposing they have attained to a more absolute command of their powers and to a more machine-like accuracy than any previous golfers, it does not follow that the best of the older golfers would not, under modern conditions, have become their equals or superiors. Golfers who have witnessed the play of Allan Robertson and young Tom Morris, affirm that in ability they were quite the equals of the modern champions, that their knowledge of all the subtleties of the game was perfect, and that they handled their clubs with a mastery that could hardly be surpassed. As for Allan Robertson, we have now no adequate criterion for exactly gauging his achievements, though he was in a class by himself when old Tom Morris was at his best; but the recorded achievements of young Tom Morris in the open championship competition, then played at Prestwick, speak for themselves. His figures when he won the championship at Prestwick three times running were 154, 157 and 149 for two rounds. The 149 figures are remarkable when we consider the modern improvement in greens, clubs and balls. When Vardon first won the championship at Prestwick he took 307 for the four rounds. If we add

the 154 and the 157 of Morris we get 311; but if we add the 157 and the 149 we get only 306, if we add 154 and 149 we get only 303, and if we double 149 we get only 298. Moreover his 149 was 11 less than any figures for the two rounds by any other two round championship winner than himself, and including young Willie Park, who, after he was past his best, ran Vardon to a stroke or two for the four round championship at Prestwick.

For both Rugby and Association football Scotland is indebted to England. The English Rugby Union was founded in 1871, and the first Rugby international match was played the same year. The game was, however, still a rather unscientific, rough-and-tumble affair. With twenty players on each side it could hardly be aught else than a kind of scramble, with occasional bursts of running. Moreover, hacking and tripping were allowed. Indeed the usual method of stopping a runner who had got fairly off with the ball was not tackling, but tripping, and tripping usually from behind. Back play was not developed in the same manner as it is now. With twenty players on each side there was hardly a possibility of its proper development; but in 1876, at the request of Scotland, the number of players was reduced to fifteen; and very soon the change was adopted by all the Rugby clubs. For some time the back play arrangement was two halves, two three-quarters, and two full backs, but finally one of the backs was removed to the three-quarter position; and later, at the instance of Mr Gould the great Welsh three-quarter, the Welsh clubs adopted the system of four three-quarters, and introduced close hand-to-hand passing between them. This system of play the Welsh practised so successfully that the other nationalities felt constrained to adopt it, though they have not succeeded in mastering it so thoroughly as the Welsh have—partly, it may be, from lack of a sufficient enforcement of club discipline. It may be that in the Welsh clubs—where the forwards

in the scrums act mainly as a kind of machine to pass the ball backwards for the half-backs to pass it to the three-quarters—the system is overdone. Occasionally it breaks badly down when it is met by swift and resolute tackling and rushing forward play; and once a Welsh side feels itself baffled it is very apt to become demoralised; but the importance of subtle combined back play can hardly be exaggerated. In Scotland the general habit is to put the chief dependence on the forwards, who usually make it their aim to outpush or outwheel their opponents in the scrum, and to manœuvre in such a way as to enable them to break it up, and rush through the crowd of their opponents in a well combined body with the ball at their feet. Ireland also adopts somewhat similar tactics, but the Irish rushes, while more headlong, are often lacking in combination. England has lately deteriorated in forward play, through an endeavour to imitate the Welsh method, which she has never thoroughly mastered. The Scots method would be more effective than it is, if it were more combined than it often is with thoroughly efficient back play, and if it were varied by more frequent playing to the backs as occasion seemed to demand, and more particularly within their opponents' 25 yards. It is not an uncommon thing for a Scots team to have all the game and yet to lose from lack of scoring power. Even when the forward play of a team is greatly superior, the scoring power largely depends upon the cleverness and pace of the backs.

The oldest of the Association clubs of Scotland is the Queen's Park Club Glasgow formed in 1867, and now the only first class Association club in Scotland that is wholly amateur. In 1870 an Association match was played between the English and Scots members of London clubs; and in 1872 the first international game, in the proper sense of the term, was played between the two countries, the Northern players being nearly all members of the Queen's Park club, and the match, much to the

surprise of every one ending in a draw. A bad beating for the Scots was their own as well as the English anticipation; for the game had been practised much longer in England than in Scotland; the players in England were much more numerous; and the selected English eleven had not only much more varied experience than the members of the Scots eleven, but they excelled them both in physique and pace. The only reason why the Scots escaped defeat was that the Queen's Park club had discovered the value of the passing artifice, which has made Association football, when played by experts, the delightfully clever game that it is. All the finer points practically depend upon the subtlety and cleverness with which the passing game is played. There is no sport in which quickness and sureness of judgment is more necessary: it is one in which mere strength and swiftness are of no avail without cunning. Passing may be overdone; and is often overdone from excessive anxiety and lack of nerve; but well-timed passing—which depends upon a swift appreciation of the situation—is the essence of the game. Long passing or short passing may be adopted as occasion demands; but the player in parting with the ball has always to consider to whom he ought to send it; even in the case of the backs the proper placing of the ball is as important as the robbing of it from an opposing forward. Individual swiftness, individual cleverness in dribbling, individual power to beat an opponent are all very well; but it was by realising that the effort of each player had to be directed so as to bring the efficiency of the eleven-man machine to the highest pitch of perfection and by mastering the refinements in heading and kicking that were conducive to this, that the Scots international players for some years succeeded in completely bewildering their English opponents, who were, in many cases, superior to them in physique, swiftness and direct dribbling capacity.

It was only gradually that England mastered the Scots methods—of which the Queen's Park club were the first elaborators—and she mastered them mainly through the importation of her "auld enemie's" players. Professionalism was recognised in England in 1885-6, several years before it took root in Scotland. But for its recognition in England, it might not for many years have had a footing in Scotland; its introduction became necessary because Scotland was being quickly denuded of its best players. But Scotland indirectly caused the sanctioning of professionalism in England. It was brought about by the importation, under various pretences, of Scots players to aid the North of England clubs in their competition for the English cup. Among the earlier of the more notable English clubs to introduce Scots professionals were Blackburn Rovers, Preston North End and Aston Villa; and Preston North End, then composed entirely of Scotsmen, was the first club in Britain to adopt the system of three half-backs and four forwards, the previous custom being to have two centre forwards and two half-backs. The new method still further developed the finer points of the passing game, which has never been played with a more admirable combination of cleverness and dash than by the original Preston North End club, except perhaps by the Aston Villa club of some eight seasons or more ago, and the Glasgow Rangers club of a year or two ago.

Recent revelations show that professionalism in England is in a very corrupt state; for the revelations seem to imply that many things happen that are not known. But for this *parlous* state of things, the present regulations of professionalism, rather than professionalism itself, are to blame. To limit the amount that can be paid to the player and at the same time to sanction the buying and selling of players for immense sums of money, not a farthing

of which the player himself is supposed to receive, is radically vicious. It institutes a species of professional slavery, by which the player becomes nominally the chattel of the clubs. The limitation of the acknowledged pay was apparently meant to prevent the richer clubs having an advantage over the poorer ones in the selection of players; but to permit at the same time the counterfeit slave traffic destroys the efficacy of the "limitation" regulation. Not only so, but it tends to secret bribery of the player in question, who naturally wishes to know "where he comes in." Had, at the beginning, a residence qualification been required as in cricket before a professional was allowed to play for a club, the worst evils of professionalism would have been avoided; but no such regulation is now possible. Whether, however, professionalism is itself an evil need not be discussed, for if it is an evil it is an inevitable one. It is inevitable in the case of any game in which those who are in lack of money find they can make money by it. Since skilled Association players attract immense crowds, there seems no reason why they should not share in the money which the crowd is willing to pay for its amusement.

In Rugby football, professionalism does not flourish so much, partly because Rugby is less the game of the working man and partly because the average Rugby game is less interesting and exciting to the spectators. But for the adoption by the Rugby Union of too rigid rules in regard to the payment of expenses to players — rules which made it difficult, if not impossible, for many working men and clerks in the North of England to stand certain expenses — Rugby professionalism would never perhaps have been adopted by North of England clubs. For some years Rugby professionalism has flourished there fairly well; but there are now symptoms that the increasing popularity of professional Association football is causing it to collapse. In Scotland Rugby

professionalism is practically impossible; in the Border towns it would not pay; and nearly all the members of the other principal clubs are Secondary School or University men.

At present Scotland leads the other countries both in Rugby and Association football. In Rugby, Wales has been slowly gaining on Scotland, though she is still five games to the bad; and she has just come abreast of England. Lately Wales has been finding it easier to beat England than Ireland, which country again rarely succeeds in beating Scotland and is more often than not beaten by England. But something seems to depend on the arrangement of the matches. Thus Wales when she plays Scotland has the advantage of the experience gained by playing England. Ireland and Scotland meet on equal terms, the one having already played England and the other Wales; but Ireland plays England at a disadvantage. On the other hand, England and Scotland and Wales and Ireland meet on equal terms, all having already played two countries; and the result in both cases is that honours are comparatively even. In Association football Ireland and Wales have a long leeway to make up as regards both England and Scotland; and although Scotland is still well in advance of England in respect of matches won, the two countries are, now in ability, very much on a footing of equality.

In regard to cricket Scotland compared with England stands nowhere. Indeed cricket even in England is not of much account be-north the Tees. The Saturday afternoon game means chiefly swiping; and really scientific play is impossible without a succession of three-day matches. Attempts to introduce a species of county cricket into Scotland have lately been made; but they have only been partially successful, and they have done little to improve the character of the play. Scotland could hardly support more than two clubs—one in the east playing in Edin-

GOLF AT ST. ANDREWS

burgh and Dundee, one in the west playing in Glasgow —of sufficient strength to engage the first class English counties with any hope of success. Were such clubs organised, it would take years before their proficiency could be sufficiently developed ; and at present there seems no likelihood of any such experiment being attempted. Still it may be noted that a Scot captains Middlesex, and another Scot Surrey, and though there may be as little tincture of Scots' blood in the veins of the great "W. G." as in the veins of the incomparable "Ranji," it may fairly be claimed that the resolute punishing power of the masterly Maclaren has a certain affinity with the heroic swordsmanship of his Celtic ancestors.

CHAPTER XXV

MUSIC, OLD AND NEW

The Catholic Church services—Change at the Reformation—*The Gude and Godly Ballates*—The Psalter—Song-Schools—Puritan deterioration—Psalm tunes—The Precentor—Giving out the Line—Psalm superstition—Paraphrases—Improvement in congregational singing—Choirs—Hymns and Anthems—The Organ and the future—Secular music—Early musical instruments—The bagpipe—The harp—Antiquity of Scots tunes—Musical peculiarities—Burns and Scots song—Other song writers—Lack of advanced music—Rapid spread of taste for music in modern times—Choral music—Orchestral music—Artistes.

THAT with the erection of the collegiate churches and great cathedrals in Scotland an elaborate choral service was introduced might be taken for granted even if there were not a good deal of indirect evidence to this effect; and whatever latterly were the deficiencies of the clergy in learning and morals, there is no reason to suppose that the musical services had fallen into neglect, or that the "song masses" were not as musically effective as they were of old. But at the Reformation the old characteristic ecclesiastical music, associated as it was supposed to have been with an idolatrous worship, was, as a matter of course, placed under a ban; the organs, equally with the sculpture, carvings and paintings of the old "temples of idolatry" were delivered to destruction; and instrumental solos and accompaniments were banished from the sanctuary worship. Some use was at first made of translations of the monastic Latin hymns, borrowed from German translations; but we may well believe that the most popular variety of reformed praise was what was christened *The Gude and Godly Ballates*. These were parodies—sacred in intent but to our modern sense almost grotesquely profane—of the old songs, set to the old popular airs. The idea was probably

borrowed from Luther who had made a similar, though hardly so piquant, use of the old German melodies. They have also their modern analogies in the Salvation Army hymns, and the Moody-and-Sankey minstrelsy, though possessing little of their sweet sentimentality. Many are even decidedly combative, and this in a humorously denunciatory fashion that more than provokes a smile, notwithstanding their evident deadly earnestness of intention. Sung to the effective music that everyone knew, they may well have been as operative in rousing the iconoclastic ardour of the Scots "rascal" multitude, as in later times the Marseillaise was in whetting the blood frenzy of the French Sansculottes.

Later, as the church system became more thoroughly organised, a Psalter or Psalm-book was devised, on the model of the Genevan English Psalmist, and "song-schools," were opened in the chief towns and villages, for teaching the people to sing in parts the solemn and simple Genevan tunes. Other tunes were, in the course of time, added from various sources, so that, latterly, Scotland possessed a considerable variety of psalmodic airs. Still they were nearly all adapted for what is called the "common metre." There was thus monotony in their variety; and it need hardly be added that they represented the most elementary, most limited, and least truly melodious and joyous forms of vocal music.

It is difficult to say to what proficiency the earlier generations attained in singing the simple tunes in harmony. There was doubtless at the beginning a good deal of musical taste and culture in the country. Reminiscences of the magnificent music of the old cathedrals must have continued for some time to haunt the people's memories, and we may well believe that the song-schools were at first attended by many willing disciples. But with the development of full blown Puritanism the musical accomplishments of the people were bound to deteriorate.

The *repertoire* of most congregations became limited to some half dozen tunes, generally of the minor or melancholy type, while the singing was often a very painful and difficult task, and more fitted to depress than exhilarate either those who were silent or those who made a show of taking part. In a rather false burst of sentimental ardour, Burns wrote of "Scotia's holy lays,"

"Compared with these Italian trills are tame";

but whatever may be said for the "lays," and the good intentions of those who attempted to sing "their simple notes," the actual performance could but rarely be termed musical, without a gross abuse of words.

For many generations there were in the Scottish churches neither choirs nor musical instruments. The singing was led by a layman—most commonly the parish schoolmaster—who occupied a minor pulpit below that of the clergyman, and was termed the precentor. In leading the praise he stood, he alone of the congregation; for to avoid conformity to the old Papistical fashions, the congregation sat when at praise and stood—instead of kneeling—at prayer. In accordance with the recommendation of the Westminster Assembly, the precentor was also accustomed to read out each line of the psalm before singing it, the congregation joining in chorus with more earnestness than art. Truth to tell, this method of chanting "the holy lays," however devout in intention, resulted generally in a most melancholy exhibition of musical mangling—all the more that the precentor was often but barely able to discharge his part of the performance. But the discontinuance of the custom of, as it was called, "giving out the line" was naturally resented by the more "unco" sticklers for use and wont, many of whom joined seceding congregations, where they could chant their "artless lays" in the old disconnected fashion. Similarly when tuning-forks began to come into use, they were resented by some as the

thin end of the wedge that would bring in the old "idolatrous" instrumental aids to worship. As a matter of fact, the tuning-fork became more necessary after the precentor had to sing continuously through three or four verses. Starting on a wrong key often led to dire catastrophes which quite upset his equanimity and that of the congregation, and even with the aid of the fork, he occasionally found himself, somehow, astray in his notes, and had to make a new start.

Naturally, the constant and sole use of the metrical psalms, gradually begat the superstition that any other songs of praise than those "inspired" ones, were unlawful —this although the psalms were not, in the strict sense, Christian productions. The decision, therefore, of the General Assembly of the Church in 1745, and more particularly in 1781, to introduce into the services "Translations and Paraphrases in verse of several passages of Sacred Scripture," was—even though they could be sung to the old tunes—not universally taken advantage of, and as a rule the paraphrases were, and still are, ignored by the Highland congregations.

With the spread—from the sixties onwards—of the admirable Tonic Sol-Fa system of reading music, a marvellous change for the better rapidly took place in congregational singing, and the aptitude to read music and sing with some degree of taste and expression, soon begat a desire for greater variety in the musical services. The precentor was generally superseded by a choir which he trained and conducted; and hymns, chants and anthems began largely to usurp the place of the time-honoured psalms. These innovations of course, did not, meet with universal acceptance. Some even city congregations—as the superior Free St George's, Edinburgh—sternly retained the old precentor arrangement; others adopted choirs but not hymns; and where hymns were adopted it was sometimes at the cost of secessions, though some conscientious,

yet placable, old ladies satisfied their conscience by joining their voices in psalms and tunes of their own selection to those of the rest of the congregation uplifted in the hymns.

But a much greater cause of heart searching to many was the actual introduction of the old idolatrous organ. In view of the promptness with which Scots congregations have accepted the offers of Mr Carnegie to assist them in setting up the

> "Kist fu' o' whistles
> That mak sic a cleiro,"

it is hard to credit that less than fifty years ago the proposal of the fashionable Claremont U.P. congregation Glasgow to build an organ in their new church caused a thrill of horror throughout the denomination, and that the endeavours of the late Dr Lee of Greyfriars Church Edinburgh to remodel the bare and cold Presbyterian services of his congregation by this and other innovations, exposed him to a series of church prosecutions which embittered his life and shortened his days.

Scotland has gone so far within the last fifty years that it is difficult to assign a limit to its progress within the next fifty. Will the movement set on foot by the Church Service Society end in a musical service as elaborately beautiful as that of the Church of Rome, or will the congregational Sunday concerts, with the "Bible Story" cantata as their *pièce de resistance*, result in the partial superseding of the clergyman by the musical conductor and the magic-lantern lecturer, or will the clergyman adopt a mode of address more and more accordant with modern enlightenment, or will the advocates of "Sunday freedom" yet succeed—on behalf of orchestral concerts and literary and science lectures—in largely usurping the present monopoly of Sunday by the churches?

Enough of Sunday conjecture! There are now in Scotland six days of the week with no bar on the performance

of any kind of music; and Scotland can be as musical and merry on these evenings as she was in the olden time.

In early ages the Celts were in advance of the Saxons as musicians; and we learn from Giraldus Cambrensis that the Celts of Scotland were supposed to excel the other Celts of the now United Kingdom in musical skill. Their musical instruments were the harp, the tabor and the bagpipe; and, according to Giraldus, it was the opinion of many that Scotland then not only equalled but far excelled her mistress Ireland in musical skill, so that "good judges are accustomed to consider that country as the fountainhead of the art." But we have no further information about Scots music up to the time of the Reformation, beyond the references to popular airs and dances in the curious poem, *Cockelbie's Sow*, and the early prose work, *The Complainte of Scotland*, and occasional mention of harpers, fiddlers and pipers in the Lord High Treasurer's Accounts.

The Scots bagpipe—the oldest form of the instrument now in use—was, until some time after the Reformation, as popular in the Lowlands as it was in the Highlands. Long ago, each town had its official piper, who, as we learn from Semple's *Epitaph of Habbie Simson*, enlivened the merrymakers on feast days with his tunes, played at fairs before the spearsmen when they went in procession through the town, as well as at the pastime of the Bells, at "Clark-plays" (accompanied by the drum) and at weddings, where he led the bridal procession round the church. The bagpipe was, and is, more especially used for dance music, marches and coronachs or laments for the dead. On account of its association with dancing it was for a time banished from the Lowlands, and latterly its place was taken by the "wee sinfu' fiddle."

The harp, on the other hand, was the special instrument of the wandering minstrel, and what of the old Scots song-music survives, was doubtless the composition of the

harpers. There is in fact no such music as folk-music in the sense dreamt of by some enthusiasts, for the simple reason that of old, as now, genius or high ability was the gift of the individual and not of the community. Folk-music is folk-music only in the sense that it is appreciated by the folk, or in the sense that it has been corrupted by the folk's lack of musical taste and correct musical memory. That in Scotland this is so is, indeed, sufficiently proved by the Skene MS., which contains a much purer form of many airs than that handed down by tradition.

The authenticity and antiquity of individual Scots tunes cannot be discussed here. The late Mr Chappell has shown that from at least the fifteenth century there was a very close connection between English and Scots popular music, and indeed as soon as there was a common language there was bound in the northern regions to be an interchange of songs and tunes. As for tunes prevalent both in Scotland and Ireland, there is usually no possibility of settling the dispute as to their nationality, for the simple reason that the Scots and the Irish Celts have had intercourse with each other for long generations.

One thing at least may be said, that the Scots have somehow got hold of more fine old tunes than the English or the Irish, and have utilised them to better advantage. Of the actual charm and beauty of this old music, a foreigner is a better judge than a native, to whom it is endeared by associations that are other than musical. Its musical peculiarities have been minutely analysed by that most scientific of Scots musicians, the late Mr Colin Brown of Glasgow, who has illustrated them by examples in his songbook, *The Thistle*. According to him these are first, and above all, their construction on the seven modes on the same principle as the ancient Greek modes and the Gregorian tones; second, that while the change of mode [modulation] is constant, transition, or

change of key is exceedingly rare; third, the preponderance of the minor forms of the scale; fourth, the general absence of the sharpened seventh, which was not in use when the older melodies were composed; and fifth, the number and variety of the cadences.

On the other hand, the old theory that Scots music is pentatonic, or constructed upon five notes only of the scale —the fourth and seventh being omitted—can easily be disposed of by an examination of the versions of the old music in the Skene MS. while the theory of the use of the flat seventh has its origin in an error of notation. As for the "Scottish snap"—a short note preceding a long one on the strong accent—it is a peculiarity of the Strathspey dance music; but of course songs are not unfrequently set to Strathspeys, and the snap borrowed from the Strathspey, has by later writers been made use of for Scots tunes which are not Strathspeys at all. Admirable instances of songs set to Strathspeys are *Roy's Wife of Aldevaloch*, *Loudon's Bonie Woods and Braes* and *The Lass o' Gowrie*, while of tunes with the Strathspey snap it may suffice to mention *Whistle o'er the Lave o't* and *My Hoggie*. But in the Scots collections there are a good many tunes that have no claim to be reckoned Scots; others are corrupt and modified forms; a third variety possess no traceable pedigree; and a fourth are of no great age, even when they are not quite new.

In Scots popular song the predominant personality is Robert Burns. He is predominant as musical editor almost as much as song writer. Many of the old songs, whether touched by him or not, are wedded to airs which he discovered or selected; and his own lyrics—his own either by transformation or original creation—were written for special airs, generally chosen by himself, and thus music and song were wedded by him in an immortal union. But even apart from Burns and the older unknown bards, Scots song, except in its more modern vulgarised

forms, is distinguished by an exceptionally high level of excellence. Some successors of Burns—such as Scott, Hogg and Lady Nairn—were particularly felicitous as song writers, and like Burns they usually wrote their songs for particular tunes. Some comparatively modern songs, written for Highland martial music, are unsurpassable for fire and spirit, as Scott's *Pibroch o' Donal Dhu*, and *Macgregor's Gathering*, Lady Nairn's *Hundred Pipers*, and Miss Campbell's *March of the Cameron Men*.

For almost the same reason that Scotland possesses an exceptionally rich treasury of popular music—both for song and dance—she was until lately curiously lacking in music of a more advanced character. Long deprived by Kirk authority of dramatic performances, she possesses no incidental dramatic music. She has no catches, nor masks nor madrigals, nor operas, nor cantatas, nor glees; and both elaborate part singing and concerted instrumental music were almost unknown until the latter half of the eighteenth century, when the more intelligent classes began to be captivated by the dawn of quite a new world of musical enchantment. Now, owing to the rapid spread among the masses of the ability to read music, and to the great increase of late years of highly skilled teachers of music in its more advanced forms, Scotland hardly lags behind England in musical acquirement. If among the people musical enthusiasm is not so deep and widespread and single-minded, and musical taste not so high as it is in Staffordshire, Yorkshire or Wales, this is more perhaps from misdirection than lack of musical ability. At present ambition too often outstrips performance, and the pride of attainment is not sufficiently tempered by high ideals. Sound musical culture is hindered rather than advanced by the prevailing ambition of every small choral society to scramble in some way through an oratorio. In Yorkshire and Wales they diligently set themselves to acquire proper habits of voice production and more

"NEIL GOW"
BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN

advanced capacities for the expression of light and shade, by a careful study of unaccompanied part songs and madrigals.

Much has been done for the cultivation of higher taste in music by the concerts of the Scottish Orchestra—alas! only a tithe of the members are Scots—now under the exceptionally skilled conductorship of Dr Frederick Cowen. The orchestra plays during the winter season, in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee and Aberdeen; and the quick, intelligent appreciation of the most classical music by the Saturday popular audiences in Glasgow is understood to have gained them the special estimation and respect of the conductor and players. Moreover the aptitude of the Scot for musical culture of the highest kind is becoming more and more manifest, by the increasing number of the country's specially gifted artistes and composers. Through the violin performances of Neil Gow a certain magic ardour was imparted to Highland dance music, when, shortly after the '45, it became the rage both in Edinburgh and London; and he has no mean modern successor in the present Mr Scott Skinner. Such exponents of national song as Wilson, Templeton and Kennedy were also artistes of more than average merit, but within recent years the Scot's musical ambition has become much wider than of old. The proposal to have a thoroughly equipped musical academy for the complete training of artistes is probably too ambitious, for teachers of the very highest class are rare in Britain outside London; but many pupils of the Edinburgh and Glasgow teachers have won distinction in the Royal Academy of Music or the Royal College of Music; and proportionately to her population, Scotland may be said to contribute her fair share to the number of British artistes. If she has produced no composer of great originality, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Mr Hamish MacCunn and Mr William Wallace, to name but these, possess a recognised individuality and distinction. As

for instrumentalists, there are few pianists gifted with finer interpretative powers than Mr Frederick Lamond; and the refined violin playing of Miss Rena Russell-Graham suggests great possibilities. For singers there has been the late Madam Patey-Whytock, a contralto unexcelled in her time in oratorio and ballads; while Madam Macintyre and Mr Durward Lely are artistes of highly accomplished charm, and Mr Andrew Black is equalled by few baritones in vigorous and dramatic execution.

CHAPTER XXVI

SCOTS FOOD

Scots cookery of to-day—French terms in the kitchen and on the *menu*—Variety of old Scots fare—Influence of the Burns clubs—The peculiar note of old Scots cookery—Names of extinct dishes—The *Blythesome Bridal*—Some oldtime facts—Food of the early Scots peasant and of the farm servant of to-day—The Haggis and its legend—Cock-a-leekie, sheepshead, and other Scots dishes—Porridge—"The land o' cakes"—The future of the Scots kitchen.

IS there such a thing to-day as distinctive Scots cookery? You might go north, a stranger, live there a long time, return home and answer "no." When you sit down at meat on great occasions, the dishes are probably prepared by a French *chef*. The *menu* is French, and the courses an attempt after Gallic ideals. At humbler meals—those taken in middle-class houses or at ordinary hotels—you find everything much as it is in England. Nor would so-called Scots dishes be fresh or strange to you. Porridge, for instance, is as common in London as Edinburgh. It has long ago become acclimatized and popular in the south. Nor will you suppose that any *quasi* French dinners you may happen upon in Scotland, are due to the old alliance of the two countries. Before the Union of the Crowns, the French acted upon Scots life in many ways, including, among other things, things culinary. Traces of it still survive in the language; they still talk of a *gigot* of mutton in the north, and the word is obviously French, though in speech the "t" is pronounced. *Ashet* is *assiette*, scarce altered. Some aver, as we shall see presently, that the Haggis is of Gallic origin. A *dresser* (Fr. *dressoir*) is still the indispensable sideboard in a northern kitchen; *tappit-hen* (Fr. *tapette*) yet lingers on for a measure of the

capacity of a quart; *tassie*—"bring it in a siller tassie" sings Burns of "a pint o' wine"—is obviously *tasse*—a cup; and the sweet cake, called *petticoat tail*, is identified by Francisque-Michel with *petit gastel*; more obvious is the *gean* or wild cherry, which is almost the French *guigne*, supposed to be derived from Guines in Artois, whence the tree was transplanted. This town was the last English possession in France. It was retaken on the 20th January 1558. Calais had already fallen on the 8th of that month.

All this is curious enough, but if you get a French dinner in Glasgow or Edinburgh to-day, it is for the same reason that you get it in Vienna, Rome, Madrid or London. The French are—who can doubt it?—the great artists in food of the modern world: they have touched to finer issues the gross business of eating, and for the last 100 years the civilised nations have copied them more and more. English influence has been mainly negative and destructive. Modern England has no distinctive national cookery; it has scarcely anything that the French call a *plat*. It once had; but if mince pies survived the Puritans, so did not plum porridge and venison pasty and a hundred other extinct delights. What dish could you name as peculiarly English? You must inevitably answer "Roast Beef," and as certainly be told that Roast Beef is not a dish, in the artistic sense of the term. It is a simple way of preparing simple food, it is healthy and suitable and nothing more is to be said about it. There was once a Scots kitchen with a whole array of dishes peculiarly and exclusively national. Few survive, fewer still are in daily use. One popular festival makes for this survival—the annual supper whereat every Burns club does honour to the shade of the national poet. For many reasons the fare is as Scots as possible. Burns, who wrote so much about Scots national life, touched upon food among other things; and naturally what he expressed in song, appears yearly at the banquet; yet the *menu* is dis-

"THE PENNY WEDDING"
BY SIR DAVID WILKIE

tinctly archaic, and, between times, it is highly probable the members do not partake of some of the dishes then set before them. And the curious inquirer will find traces of this older kitchen, lingering on in the more conservative families, in the less pretentious country hotels and in the merrymaking of the country district.

Old Scots cookery had this remarkable note: it was a desperate attempt to make savoury dishes from the cheapest material, often from stuff rejected in wealthier countries. Seaweed—dulce or tangle it was called—was eaten in various forms: so were whelks, nettles, mashed cabbage. The feet, the head, the entrails, of animals were prepared with great ingenuity in various ways. We possess in the *Blythesome Bridal* a long list of dishes of which even the names are forgotten. Who could tell, off-hand, the composition of Tarten, Dragen, Brachan, Powsowdie, Drammock, Scadlips? However that is going three centuries back. You note that in all the dishes enumerated, there are no joints of beef, and of mutton there is only the sheep's head. Now in mediæval times, the Scot lived chiefly on the product of the chase with more or less oatmeal. An oft quoted passage in Froissart tells how the Scots made their sallies into England on diminutive hardy ponies. They carried a small iron plate and a bag of oatmeal; on the plate they made themselves hot cakes from time to time. As for flesh, was there not the cattle of the enemy? "and they nother care for pottis nor pannies, for they scath beastis in their own skyns." The diligent have noted here and there a sign of luxury—curious isolated facts of no real importance, as that at the end of the fourteenth century James I. had a French cook and in 1582 the Earl of Athole had a long list of meats and drinks—"elegant hippocras and aquavitæ" and so forth—for his guests.

When the country was brought under cultivation, oatmeal was among the poorer classes the staple article of diet. There was porridge in the morning and porridge at

night, no doubt with some milk to it. For the midday meal, there was brose, that is to say oatmeal again, with hot water poured on it and the mixture stirred round. This was seasoned with salt and sometimes kitchened with butter. Those who were a little better off had their kale-yaird or kitchen garden, though it was pleasure garden also, and occupied a great place in song and story. Kale (colewort) was prepared in many ways: sometimes made with water into a thin soup, called Muslin Kale, but more often, one would hope, boiled with beef and vegetables, onions, nettles, leeks and so forth. Justin M'Carthy, talking of Ireland before the Famine, has said that whole generations lived and died, without ever having tasted butcher meat in the course of their lives. This could hardly be said of Scotland; but such tastings among the poorest classes must have been the rarest of the rare. Wheaten bread, was not much eaten but peasemeal and barley meal bannocks were in great request. The wealth of later days has changed all that. A farm labourer in East Lothian ("hind" he was once usually and is still popularly called, though the name is rejected as opprobrious by the working folk to whom it is applied) gets a good wage—over £1 per week, all told, and a comfortable house to boot. His morning and evening meal consists of tea—cheap, strong, and often boiled, one fears. He eats bread or scones to this, and there may be stray pieces of meat now and again. His dinner will consist of kail, in which meat usually pork has been boiled, and the meat itself. A certain amount of milk and eggs, prepared in various simple ways, will also appear on his table. And what of porridge—"The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food," of which Burns sings in *The Cottar's Saturday Night*? Alas! porridge has well-nigh disappeared from the Scots working-man's—be he of the town or of the country—bill of fare. Over a century ago, when the old *Statistical Accounts* of the ministers of the various parishes

was compiled, many of the writers waxed eloquent on the spread of tea-drinking and the evils it produced among the rural population. Whisky itself came not in for so severe a condemnation. In vain! Tea has nowadays completely driven out porridge as a staple article of food.

You naturally ask what dishes still survive? George Outram (1805-1851), Advocate and Editor of the *Glasgow Herald*, still remembered for his exquisitely humorous *Legal Lyrics*, was a cultured Scot, truly national and well read in the history of his country. On the 22nd July 1844 he, moved you suppose by half humorous half pathetic memories of the past, gave a banquet composed as far as possible of Scots dishes. In a new edition of the *Lyrics*, in 1888, this *menu* is edited with notes by Dr Stoddart, himself a Scots writer of distinction, and the dishes are there treated as still existing. Some of them are notorious, the most famous being the Haggis of which everybody has heard, but that is due to the genius of Burns, and indeed it seems the peculiar property of the Bard and his country. "There is something transcendentally Scotch about a Haggis," says Hill Burton: nay the vulgar have dubbed Scotland "Haggisland" and the French, long ago, called the delicacy the "pain bénit d'Escosse" or consecrated bread of Scotland (brutally translated by Cotgrave as "a sodden sheep's liver"), though in turn some Scot's scholars affirm it of Gaelic origin and derived from the French word "hachis." But, strange to say, Haggis is quite possibly an English dish. You get surprises like these when you begin to poke into the origin of things. In the English provinces, it was well known up to the beginning of the eighteenth century, and the *English Housewife* temp. 1660, is eloquent in its praise: "of whose goodness it is in vain to boast because there is hardly to be found a man that doth not affect them." Moreover the derivation, though the learned Dr Murray is unnecessarily sceptical on the point,

is clearly from the old English verb "Hag"—to hack or mince. In the antique literature of both countries, there is not seldom reference to it. Thus the Poet Dunbar, in 1508, tells a brother bard that "the hangman gapes after thy graceless snout as thou dost for a haggis, thou greedy hawk." You observe, in passing, that the method of literary controversy in those ancient times were decidedly robust, not to say personal, though this is no worse than the scurrilities which Milton hurled at Salmasius—in exceeding choice Latin, it is true—a century and a half afterwards. The dish became quite extinct in England, as it would in Scotland were it not for Burns; and the reason is plain when you know the make up. It is simply the entrails of a sheep, minced with suet and oatmeal, seasoned with salt, pepper and onions, and baked in the very maw of the animal. Mr Henley has called it a "gallimaufry of offal," and you can well imagine the aboriginal Picts and Scots, after a bout of tatooing or woad-staining, stuffing themselves with this mess. It continued a delicacy until people were better off and could eat more choicely ,and you do not see it a common article of diet in modern prosperous Scotland; it is a mere literary survival, due to the magic wand of a great genius, he who with a word could confer immortality. The Haggis, like many another article, had gone to the limbo of things disused or forgotten, had not Burns come in to save it by extolling its mythical virtues, in a little masterpiece, containing a picture of the old Scotland which was even then passing away, taken *sur le vif*. And though many since the only Robin—Christopher North in his own *Noctes* and Robert Chambers and a hundred others—have sung its praises, yet all is but echo or chorus to his master-song, and the dish not merely survives, but such is the power of good letters (or the scoffer would say whisky, usually taken with it "to haud it doun"), becomes yearly more notorious.

To resume our consideration of the *menu*: three soups are

mentioned and first is hotch-potch described by the Shepherd in *Noctes Ambrosianæ* as an emblem of the "haill animal and vegetable creation," consisting as it does of many vegetables, chief being peas and onions with the liquid in which the meat is boiled. Then there is Cock-a-leekie, a leek soup which was a special favourite with James I. and VI., if we are to believe the *Fortunes of Nigel*. There is also some mention of Skink. This is a strong clear soup, made from shin of beef. All these are still in fairly common use, and the first two under their old names; indeed Scots cookery has always been honourably distinguished for the excellence of its soups. There is another variety which, apparently, has its origin in the extreme north of Scotland. This is a fish soup, in which milk and white fish are the chief ingredients; it is flavoured with force meat balls, chiefly compounded of the liver of the fish. It is of so rare an excellence that it is hard to understand why its fame is not spread over the land. The conger soup of Jersey, nay, even the famous *Bouillabaisse*—you remember how charmingly Thackeray has sung its praises—can scarce equal, far less surpass it. Here is a convenient transition to the fish, of which the most seductive given is Loch Leven Trout, of high repute for centuries. Then there are crappit heads. Minced beef, suet, oatmeal chipped up into fine pieces and flavoured with various savory herbs, are mixed up together. Large haddock heads are stuffed with this compound and being baked to a turn—behold your dish! Sheep's head pie follows. The sheep's head is singed not skinned as in the improvident south: much edible matter is saved and indeed, as a famous Scots saying has it, "there is a fine lot o' miscellaneous feedin' in a tup's heid." Sheep's head broth is made from it, and the tongue and brains are esteemed specially toothsome. The singeing of the head preparatory to cooking, is usually entrusted to a blacksmith. White puddings, made of oatmeal and suet,

and black, largely admixtured with pig's blood, are centuries old favourites of the Scots people. Collops is simply minced beef prepared in a peculiar way. Some other dishes are only remarkable for their names. Thus Howtowdie is a barn fowl, the goose is from Orkney, and there is a haunch of venison from the Highlands. The oat-cakes, made from oatmeal and water, were either toasted or baked on a girnal, this last being an ironplate, a well-known and indispensable article in the old Scots household.

Scones, oat-cakes and porridge are so well-known in the south that a word of caution is necessary. Like many other simple dishes, all their virtue lies in the hand of the cook. If time and care and skill, this last being partly natural and partly transmitted through generations, be given to the task, the result might satisfy a Lucullus. From perfection the slope down is rapid ; in such things the corruption of the simplest and best is assuredly the worst. Porridge especially requires a good deal more than the meal and water and salt, its only visible ingredients. To have it at its best, there must be slow and careful preparation. In the not very distant time, before expensive machinery was used, a number of additional hands were required at harvest. These came from the Highlands and from Ireland ; they had porridge in the morning and evening, and a roll of bread called a Shearer's Bap, washed down with the smallest of small beer, at midday. The porridge was prepared in a huge copper, and the "spurtle," or porridge stick, was attached to the machinery of the mill and so driven round. One would think this must have wanted some subtle touch imparted by the hand, but hand labour in such quantity was impossible. At any rate, the result was judged of surpassing excellence by every one who tasted. The mass and the slowness of preparation were thought the causes of this, but one must not forget the appetising conditions under which these harvest meals were eaten. Scotland is traditionally the "land o cakes,"

and though no doubt this means oat-cakes, yet the developments in confectionery have given it a wider signification. Varieties of higher cakes range from shortbread and Pitcaithly bannocks to blackbun, the last described by R. L. Stevenson as "a black substance inimical to life"; but that gifted writer was more queasy than is common in the north. Though something has been said of fish, a special word must be given to two varieties. Salmon is mainly a Scots fish, and was once so plentiful that, according to a well-known story, old-time servants stipulated against it as a too frequent article of diet. Nowadays it, like Scots game, is consumed all over the kingdom, and there is nothing peculiar about its preparation or its care. The Finnan Haddock, in more or less bastard forms, is as well-known as the Yarmouth Bloater. The real, true, original article, caught by line or net and slowly cured over peat fires, was as different from the chemically prepared London specimen as cheese is from chalk. Wherever it is now, it is certainly not in any fish-market.

This is an age of revivals; Gaelic and Irish are springing up afresh, and we are even threatened with a rebirth of Cornish. Will literature or national sentiment ever do for old Scots cookery in general what it has done for the Haggis in particular? Is a revival of these things possible? There is much to be said for it; the dishes cost little, they were extraordinary toothsome and they were all wholesome. It is nothing against them that they tickle national sentiment, and that in some way or other they add a little to the pleasure of existence.

CHAPTER XXVII

SCOTS DRINK

Difficulty of the subject—Development of the Scots Inn—The Scots public-house—Ancient Scots taverns—Whisky, its rise and progress—Burns on Scots drink—The liquor problem in modern Scotland—Progress and regress—The influence of Scots song—Ale—Claret—The conclusion of the matter.

IT is not easy to say the right thing about drink and drinking in Scotland. There is no agreement as to the facts. Statistics seem to prove one thing, actual experience another. On this subject, violent, exaggerated, intemperate statement is common. Yet one cannot leave the thing untouched, for it illustrates a phase of the national life. Let us, at least, be moderate and judicial.

A word as to Inns and Taverns. Since the spread of railways, and we must add nowadays, the introduction of motors and bicycles, and the consequent enormous increase in travelling, the large hotels everywhere have a strong family likeness. They are comfortable and colourless, gigantic in size, and apparently offering everything if you will only pay enough. The elaborate evening dinner, the ubiquitous German waiter, the more or less caricature of French dishes, are as common in the Highlands of Scotland to-day as in the Highlands of the Tyrol. Do not forget that all this is of very recent growth. The Acts of the early James's, providing inns in every town, are quaint enough, and curious enough, but they are not for this page. Even in the eighteenth century, unless travellers' tales are to be taken as more than commonly baseless, the inns of Scotland were atrocious—a melancholy contrast to those of South Britain. Obviously the cause was the poverty of the country.

There were degrees in badness, and the Highland inn was far below the Lowland. The clachan of Aberfoyle, in *Rob Roy*, was probably a fair example of a village inn of the period. Scott has better pictures. There are the "Wallace Arms" at Gandercleuch, in the introduction to the *Tales of My Landlord*, and the "Cleikum Inn," with its delightful landlady, Meg Dods, in *St Ronan's Well*; but Dr Johnson's growls at the general state of the accommodation were amply justified; even in the capital they were poor and mean and dirty, and there was not a great improvement until well into the nineteenth century.

Early in the last reign, Dickens, during a Scots visit, writes of his hotel as a mere collection of out-houses; and the Queen, in *Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands*, describes the inns which they visited in excursions as of the most plain and unpretending kind. It is permissible to believe that the best were picked out by careful attendants. Thus the gigantic hotel, now such a common object in the Highlands, is entirely a modern creation. But such hotels are only for the wealthy, native or foreign, and they do not affect the life of the people.

Let us go to the other extreme, and say a word as to the public-house. However well managed these are—indeed the licensing laws are so strictly administered that nearly all of them are kept by men of excellent character—the fact remains that the public-house in Scotland has a distinctly lower position than in England. In England a clerk or lower middle class citizen generally, will take his wife there without remark; in the north no respectable woman, except of the very lowest class, would enter the place. The internal arrangements are curiously different. An English public-house is divided into three or four "bars," resorted to by different ranks of people, but though the bars are partially separated from one another there is no other division. In Scotland the place is composed of a number of little boxes, very

much of the size and shape of a monastic, or perhaps prison, cell. Each party of customers who enters is placed in one of these and the door shut. Thus the proceedings, be they refreshment or debauch, are in each case carried on in the strictest privacy. Between these two extremes there are numerous places approximating more or less to one or the other type, but all vast improvements on their predecessors of a previous generation. One must here note, though the matter is merely of antiquarian interest, that the Edinburgh Tavern of the eighteenth century was frequented night after night by substantial citizens and professional men of the best repute. One even hears of the presence of ladies, witty and well educated, at those jovial gatherings. They live for us yet in the verse of Allan Ramsay and Fergusson, and in a mass of anecdote and tradition, but they, and their likes in other Scots cities, have not so much suffered change as clean vanished. The class that frequented them, now does its discreet merrymaking in clubs or at home.

Of late years whisky has more and more taken its place as the characteristically national beverage. It has invaded the south even as the royal game of golf!

"Wel cowde he knowe a draughte of Londone ale,"

says Chaucer of the cook among his Pilgrims; but that was in the fourteenth century, and though London ale was famous from the time of Henry III. it seems too heavy for a dyspeptic and nervous geneneration. In our own day it is out of favour with the wealthier classes, and its place has been taken by whisky. Yet in Scotland whisky is not an oldtime liqour. Antiquaries tell us that, as *Aqua vitæ*, it was known to the monks and distilled by them; also, under the name of Usquebagh, it had a long dim life in the Highlands. But till the beginning of the eighteenth century, it was not in common use throughout the country. Poor folks drank ale, the wealthier brandy.

Gradually since then, whisky grew more and more into favour as the common drink of all classes.

It has been suggested that the wars of Montrose, and perhaps the Jacobite risings, made the Lowlanders first acquainted with the potent virtues of the Highland still. An Act of the Scots Parliament, of 1690, gave Duncan Forbes of Culloden full liberty to distil alchohol from grain, at the Brewery (described as ancient) at Ferintosh. The liquor was so widely consumed that Ferintosh become a synonym for whisky itself. In 1785 the privilege was withdrawn, £25,000 being paid in compensation. The measure was not popular; the gaiety of the nation suffered some eclipse:

"Thee, Ferintosh! O sadly lost!
Scotland lament frae coast to coast!
Now colic grips an' barkin' hoast
May kill us a';
For loyal Forbes' charter'd boast
Is ta'en awa',"

sang Burns, here as elsewhere voicing the national sentiment. There are evolutions in a nation's life, which bring about a change in its drinks: people are more nervous, the organisation is finer, the brain is more charged than was the case in slower times, when the forces of nature were not so submissive to human purposes as they now are. It seems that alchohol taken in this form, agrees better than anything else with modern surroundings, and in the north it is comparatively harmless and beneficial—a tonic force against the cold east wind, the gloom that saddens earth and sky, for so many months each year; and it suits the Scot, his hardy nature thaws and expands under its influence. As Burns has it:—

"Food fills the wame, an' keeps us leevin';
Though life's a gift no worth receivin',
When heavy dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin',
But oil'd by thee,
The wheels o' life gae dounhill, scrievin',
Wi' rattlin' glee."

Here is one of the problems of modern Scotland. Statistics show that there is more drunk now per head of the population than formerly, yet the universal testimony of all the older men is that Scotland is less drunken than of yore. Some forms of tippling have gone almost altogether out of fashion; toddy drinking is certainly one of them. Toddy is simply whisky with hot water and sugar. Of this, sixteen to twenty tumblers were consumed on market days by the too bibulous farmer—true he began very early and left off very late. Now there is no such thing, though no doubt whisky and cold water is a favourite beverage. Deductions from the statistics must be drawn with care and reserve. They are kept with a greater accuracy year after year, as the bonds of administration become tighter and tighter. As recently as 1820, half the spirits drunk were supplied by smugglers. In 1857 it was officially reported that smuggling was practically extinct.

The chief factor for consideration is the continued increase in wealth. Of old time a debauch was eagerly seized upon as a means of escaping from gloomy prospects in this world and the next, but then the many were so poor that the chance came with rare frequency. It was impossible to spend money on drink when there was no money to spend. Easy to note an occasional excess, and to forget that it was preceeded and followed by long periods of compulsory sobriety; it is hard to blame those who snatched the fearful joy. Never was the case for a "dram" better put than by Maggie Mucklebackit to the Antiquary. "An ye wanted fire and meat and claes and were deeing o' cauld and had a sair heart—which is worse o' a—and just tuppence in your pouch." She goes on to ask how if that twopence would give forgetfulness of all these things till next morning, could she be blamed for securing it? It is reasonable then to assume that increased wealth bringing increased comfort, has promoted

rational use and diminished excess. Yet we must not be too optimistic. Those who have watched the Glasgow trades holidays, or the last New Year's day in Edinburgh, or the streets of Leith or Falkirk on a Saturday night, will note with sadness the amount of excesses. Here is enormous need for improvement, whilst all who are acquainted with the seamy side of student life at the universities are too well cognizant of the sad fact that some of the very best minds are thus destroyed. To a northern palate there is something irresistibly seductive in the national beverage, and the more genial and amiable a man is, the more apt is he to be caught in the net. And the influence of Scots song here cannot be neglected. No literature has sung the praise of drink better, and here Burns was the greatest sinner as he was the greatest martyr. Alas! that so much rare and choice literature should glorify this downward way. If a debauch be gilt by a classic ode it may seem less gross but is it less dangerous? A strong temperance sentiment exists along with all this in modern Scotland. It is shown in violent denunciation of the drink traffic, in continued efforts to restrict the number of houses and the hours during which they are open. Perhaps, like the vice it combats, it is prone to exaggeration and excess.

Ale at one time was the common Scots tipple. Long before whisky was prominent, it was universally consumed. There were three kinds, the small, the household and the strong, but the second was the most usual—it was the "tuppenny" commemorated in the Act of Union, and sung of by Allan Ramsay and Fergusson and Burns. Even the names of some of them that kept the ale-houses in the Capital still linger, a faint old-world memory. There were Maggie Johnston who had a house of call for Golfers near Bruntsfield Links, and Luckie Wood with her place in the Canongate, to name but these. But in modern times ale has much the same relation to whisky that cigarette

smoking has to the more serious business of the pipe. It is not now, as it is in Germany, the popular liquor of joviality or excess.

Of wines it seems scarce worth while to mention any except claret, and yet how could that ever be a popular drink in the cold north? There are wild legends of its abundance—how for instance Forbes of Culloden had ever a huge hogshead in the hall of his northern mansion, and how it was drained away in pailfuls, with (as you may well believe) almost inconceivable rapidity, for the delectation of all and sundry, or how a smack came from Bordeaux to Leith with her cargo and how hogshead after hogshead was carted along the High Street, and the people rushed out with every kind of vessel, and purchased it, good and cheap, for home consumption. Spite of all this, you can never believe it an ordinary drink among the "general gender." It cannot have been cheap enough or potent enough for a poverty stricken, hard, strong race. No doubt that before the wars of the French Revolution, it was largely drunk among the upper classes; the Gargantuan potations of the Scots Judges of a former generation were possible on claret alone. It even fostered a certain tenderness for the French: "there the folk that brew the braw drink" was urged in their favour, till the excesses of the days of terror silenced their aristocratic supporters and brought everything Gallic into disfavour. English example and English legislation acted in the same direction, so at least Home's well-known lines would have us believe:—

> "Firm and erect the Caledonian stood;
> Sound was his mutton and his Claret good;
> Let him drink Port, the English statesman cried:
> He drank the poison and his spirit died."

Yet Edinburgh still has a well-deserved reputation for its claret, and the cultured Scot, as he sips it, may reflect with pleasure that this agreeable memento of the old French League is still left to him.

The net result of our inquiry may be thus summed up. The upper and all sections of the middle classes in Scotland are more temperate than they ever were at any previous time of the nation's history. Public sentiment is increasingly against undue indulgence. With it all, there is still much more drinking in Scotland than in England. The habits of past centuries, the rough, raw climate, the more passionate nature of the people, the stronger tipple are the chief causes of this. Among the working classes, on the other hand, at no time was so much liquor consumed. They have not stronger desires but they have a great deal more money, and "pleasure" and whisky, still mean to them much the same thing. But they are rapidly increasing in knowledge and culture; and one can only hope that the same forces that have in this respect changed for the better the lives of those above them in the social scale, will also raise theirs.

CHAPTER XXVIII

SCOTS WIT AND HUMOUR

Is the Scot a humorist?—The "surgical operation"—Some examples—Ludicrous effect of quaint expressions—Power of the dialect—Its expressive and pithy words—National characteristics illustrated in anecdotes—Scots proverbs—Stories about ministers, lawyers, and courts—The case of *dochan doris*—The old Scots servants—The humours of mortality.

NEARLY fifty years ago, the late Dean Ramsay published the first series of his *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*. He illustrated his points by stories so racy and telling, that the collection has long since taken rank as the classic jest book. He insisted that in his anecdotes, not intrinsic merit but illustrative effect was what he mainly regarded. Of course from board to board the collection is quite proper. Unfortunately, some of the best Scots stories are not proper, and in them the lewd, witty, dirty, drunken, plain-spoken old Scots life found full expression. Obviously, none of such can be reproduced here, and much that is most characteristic must go unrecorded. But at least we can try to make apt the commentary of jest. But here a dismal previous question must be raised. Have we any subject to discuss, any material to go upon? According to Sydney Smith the Scot as humorist is to seek. "It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding. The only idea of wit which prevails occasionally in the north, and which under the name of 'Wut' is so infinitely distressing to people of good taste, is laughing immoderately at stated intervals." Now Sydney Smith had no aversion to Scotland or its folk. As the context shows the saying is in itself a

jest, marked by that humorous exaggeration which pointed his wit. Yet few shots have gone straiter to the mark. His name were scarce known beyond the border, were it not for this saying; it has ever been a sore point with your Scot; indeed William Chambers, the well-known Edinburgh publisher, wrote a treatise with copious illustrations to refute it. Sydney Smith would not unjustly have considered the work itself a strong testimony for his theory. But the witty Canon would not have seriously denied that there are many good Scots stories of their own kind. The Scot is given to pointed comment. In the north the very air is full of anecdotes; they are mixed up with ordinary conversation, they "kitchen fine" the common places of daily talk; a good saying is remembered and repeated, everybody has his own collection. Yet how to deny a basis of truth in the charge? Save for this, it had never been so resented.

There are points of difference between Scots and English humour, just as there is between English and French; and it is at least worth noting that what Sydney Smith and Charles Lamb have said about the Scots, Guy de Maupassant and Gyp have said about the English. On the whole, English mirth is rather waggish than witty. No doubt it is difficult to draw an exact line between the two, but English humour is broader, milder, gentler and rather rises from the general comicality of the situation, whilst Scots is pointed, terse, not unfrequently savage or cruel, and may contain a great truth put in a striking way. You would expect a nation of beer drinkers to be waggish, whilst those who consume whisky have sayings of more point energy and concentration. To the Scot many English stories seem wanting in point—*wersh*. Thus the well-known tale of one meeting a man carrying a hare and thus addressing him—"Is that your own hair or a wig?" would not "fetch" the Caledonian, nor would a great many of Sydney Smith's jokes; perhaps

not even the comparison of the young curate, distantly related to a Bishop, to the sloth, from the state of suspense in which both live. On the other hand, a genuine Scots story would miss its full point to any but a native, might seem merely coarse or merely bitter to him of the south. This is not all: the lack that Smith pointed at is exactly hit off in a story of Charles Lamb. He had been asked to a party to meet a son of the poet Burns; he arrived before the guest of the evening, and the waiting company fell to discussing the family of the bard. Lamb in the true manner of Elia says, "I wish it had been the father instead of the son," whereupon four Scotsmen present simultaneously exclaimed, "that's impossible for he's dead." Dean Ramsay here remarks that there are dull people everywhere, and that the speakers might have reasonably supposed that Lamb did not know the poet was dead, which seems sufficiently absurd. This species of humour does not appeal to the average Scot. Perhaps if these four Scots had turned the matter over in their minds, they would have appreciated the gentle, pathetically humorous touch, so truly in the manner of its author. Yes. But is not this the surgical operation? Lamb on one other occasion at least, is broad enough and plain enough. He foretold a double woe for the dead and gone Scot, the fire *without* the brimstone! Again, one of Dean Ramsay's best stories is much to this point. Henry Erskine, in the course of a speech before the Court of Session, made some witty allusion which was appreciated by the Bench, but one of them Lord Polkemmett preserved severe silence. Next day, as the same advocate was addressing the same tribunal upon an entirely different matter, Polkemmett suddenly shook with uncontrollable laughter, and it was some time before he got command of himself to splutter out, "O, Hairy, man; Hairy, man I hae ye noo, I hae ye noo." Surely Sydney Smith's phrase is an accurate description of such a state of mind.

Anyone conversant with Scotland must recall similar, if slighter, incidents. Two friends were travelling in a country district the other day, and proposed to send some picture post cards. One was "Hearty greetens frae Drumtochty," and there was the figure of an infant screaming lustily. Now in Scots "greetens" means both greeting and crying, and the joke was sufficiently obvious; but the friends looked at the card solemnly and passed it by; some time after on the road one of them burst into sudden laughter—he had just seen the joke, the other, not so fortunate, required an elaborate explanation! One other story. "Order, order," said Satan angrily, "what's the matter? We don't allow laughter *here*." "O, its only a Scotsman who has just seen a joke he heard on earth"—a broader and not so elegant a caricature as Sydney Smith's.

Beside different ideas as to what is ludicrous, this other fact must go for something. The Scot is eager and concentrated, given to pursue an end without looking to the right or left, and so continually missing what does not lie straight before him. His eye is fixed on one point, and does not rove over the surrounding landscape. However this explains the fact and does not disprove it. Also a number of the best stories are only accidentally comical. The speaker does not mean them to be witty, they are only so to others. An idiot on a Scots farm was humorously complimented by Sir Walter Scott on the perfect felicity of his lot; he admitted that he had nearly everything a human being could desire but he had one terror—"Man," said he, "I'm sair haddin doon by the muckle bubly jock" (turkey). Unconsciously the poor fellow expressed the universal truth that each man has his own trouble, and the saying that every man has his bubly jock is proverbial. This other again is comical merely from the way it is put. A half witted lad, called Rab Hamilton, while listening in the parish church of Ayr to a sermon, fixed his head in the iron rails of the pulpit stairs. Suddenly he bellowed out, "Murder! my head'll hae to

be cuttit aff, Holy minister! congregation! O my head maun be cuttit aff. It's a judgment for leaving my godlie Mr Geddes at the Newton and comin' to hear a paper minister" (namely one who read his sermons). When he is rescued and asked how he got into this position, he answers, "It was jeest to look on wi' anither woman" (read from the same book). In others, the speaker is dimly conscious that he is making a point. A visitor in an asylum asks if the clock is right. "If it wus, dae ye think it wud be here," replied the patient. Again, a minister is much incensed at his congregation sleeping during the sermon but notices that "Jimmie" is paying rapt attention. In angry tones he upbraids his careless people, and points out that only Jimmie the "natural" remains awake. "An I hadna been an idiot I wud hae been asleep tae," was poor Jimmie's unexpected comment, by no means flattered at the direct personal reference.

Another class draw their point from their use of the vernacular. Scots is full of expressive words, in the way of satire, humour, contempt, affection, and above all, condensation. In the universal and ever hastening decay of the language, much of this has gone, but many pointed words remain. Thus a tipsy man going home, staggers from side to side of the road; it is evidently the length and not the breadth that makes his journey long. "Are ye gaun hame?" asks a friend—"Whyles" is the only and quite unsurpassable answer! "Now and again" or "sometimes" would have little point. A drunken master loses his wig on a moor, his servant picks it up, but the master refuses to have it, saying it is not his. "Ony way ye'd better tak it, theres nae wale o' wigs on this muir." "Choice" for "wale" were but a poor word. Again, when the ignorant ploughman, asked by the minister how many commandments there are, replies, "Aiblins a hunner!" he is more comical than if he had said, "Perhaps a hundred." Many so-called Scots stories are but Cockney imitations, meant to

gibe at the fondness of the Scot for whisky, or money, or golf or what not, and written in a sort of spurious Scots—with "mon" for "man," "wut" for "wit," "whusky" for "whisky" and so forth. One of the best of these, is the historic, "Bang went saxpence," but this cannot be considered exaggerated. Dean Ramsay gives us this remark from a Scotsman in London. "When ye get cheenge for a saxpence here, it's soon slippit awa." A number of aprocyphal rhymes, highly indecorous and very silly, ascribed to the national Bard (as if poor Robin had not enough sins of his own!) must of course be rejected. Yet another class consists of those which are common to the two countries, and whose only distinction is their dialect. Some great thinker has urged that there are but twenty primitive jests from which all others are evolved, but identical stories are not evolved, only repeated or translated.

The wit of a nation is reflected in its proverbs: many of the Scots smell of the soil. Thus, "A' Stuarts are nae sib to the king"—every person called Stuart is not of royal descent. It may here be noted, in parenthesis, that not only is the royal name common, but so are the names of nobles, Campbell, Kerr, Hamilton, Scott, Ogilvy, Ramsay, St Clair, and so forth; and in fact there are no exclusively aristocratic names in Scotland. Some Lowland sayings originally reflect on the Highlanders. "Where Allen Gregor fand the tings," obviously at the fireplace, refers to the Highlander's habit of "lifting" anything from his neighbour or anybody else. And again, "it's no sae Hielan'" —meaning not so bad—expresses the ancient contempt for the wild dwellers of the northern mountains. "Like a sow playing on a trump," the trump being a Jew's harp, is incongruous and comical, but is bettered by "Girning like a tup's heid amang the tongs," which refers to the custom of singeing the sheep's head at a forge, before it is prepared for the table. The woebegone, comical expression of the head, smoking from the fire, gives point to

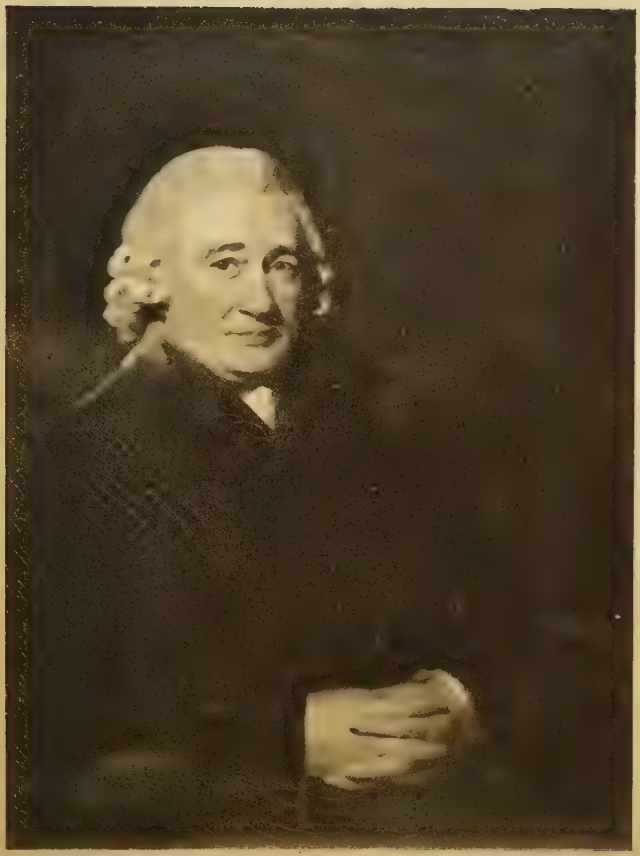
the proverb. "Keep our ain fish guts for our ain sea maws": birds feeding on fish offal is a common object of the seashore. The meaning here is obviously, stand by your own folks, a sentiment which, put thus, has a true smack of the northern fishing village about it. The proverbs relating to women are, on the whole, complimentary. "It's nae mair pity to see a woman greet nor to see a goose gang bairfit," is an exception, an echo as it were from the hard, cruel times of old Scots history; but, "she's better than she's bonnie," is a fine compliment; and so is "a bonnie bride's sune buskit," whilst "marry for love and work for siller" has a cheerful, honest, hopeful ring about it. "He that will to Cupar maun to Cupar," is merely, a wilful man must have his way, with a local touch. "Let that flea stick to the wa'," meaning say no more on a troublesome subject, is snatched from the natural history of a troublesome insect, once, at any rate, too common in the north.

Characteristic examples of Scot wit naturally cluster round the chief features of Scots life. As every one had or affected, an interest in theological topics, we have choice examples of "that blessed word Mesopotamia" type. By the way, a regular toast at a Scots public dinner is "the clergy of all denominations." This would seem strange to many an English churchman. "How can there be denominations of clergy?" he would ask. Two women are discussing their favourite minister, one praises his last discourse highly. "But did you understand it?" said her companion. "Understand it!" cried the other, "I would not presume to understand it!" Again, a preacher is troubled with a draught from every corner of his church; he thunders in his best pulpit manner: "Shut the west door, and shut the east door, and shut the north door, and shut the south door." "A fine sermon," said one to another. "Aye, yes, he was grand on the doors." But the hearers are not often mere blind idolaters, and merciless or bitter criticism of the sermon is common

enough. "If you feel inclined to sleep, take a pinch of snuff," said a pastor to a somnolent member of his congregation. "Wad it no be better to put the snuff into the sermon?" was the other's retort, brief, pointed, pawky and quite admirable. Less just was the answer of the heritor to the demand for a stove to warm the kirk, "John Knox never wanted a stove in *his* kirk." The prejudice against read sermons is strong in the north, and the case against them could not be better put than was once done by an irate listener. "I hae three objections to this sermon —(1) it was read, (2) it wasna weel read, (3) it was no worth reading." The weakness of the modern liberal school is struck at in another anecdote. Here the minister was not supposed to be "sound" on the orthodox doctrine as to the future of the wicked. The attendance fell off, and his "man" gave as a reason the mildness of his discourses, "a kirk without a hell's no worth a dockin." The subject of a sermon was known as its "ground." A somewhat vague preacher was wandering about his theme, "What's his grun?" said one perplexed hearer of an other. "Oh!" was the answer, "the silly body has lost his grun lang syne, he's just soomin'." In one or two cases the divines give sly hits at one another. Thus an Edinburgh minister has got wet in a shower, he is about to ascend the pulpit, but is much concerned that he is not dry. "Just get up and begin," said the other, "and you'll soon be dry nough." Among a people to whom their creed was literature, philosophy and theology at once, perpetual discussion of the points was both a pleasure and a duty. Dr Norman M'Leod used to tell of his first visit to a deaf old woman in his parish; it was explained to her that this was the new minister; she applied her ear trumpet, pointed it at him, and began, "just rin me ower the fundamentals." The answers of children to Biblical questions are often quaint and unexpected. This curious response gains much

from the dialect wherein it is expressed. The question was, "Why did the Israelites make a golden calf?" "Because," said a little girl, "they hadna so muckle siller as wad mak a coo."

To seek a lower range—one readily understands that the stories referring to drink are innumerable. In Scotland of a century, or a century and a half ago, to drink a great deal was almost a virtue, and a five bottle man was a very hero. A famous Edinburgh advocate was seen coming away from dinner at a very early hour, though he looked as if he had tarried at the wine cup. "You've risen early," said a friend. "Aye, but we sat down yesterday," was the unexpected reply. And the clergy were no whit behind the others: even the evangelical Dr Webster, a noted divine of old Edinburgh, was not seldom in his cups; hence he was called Doctor Bonum Magnum. "Aye, and if your kirk session saw ye," said a scandalised acquaintance on one occasion. "Toots, they just wudna believe their een," was the ready and sufficient answer. There is a tradition how Lord Hermand when trying a case thus repelled the plea of intoxication. The prisoner's counsel at his wit's end for argument could only say that his client was drunk. Obviously no system of jurisprudence could admit such an excuse but Lord Hermande treated it as an aggravation of the offence. "Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge in great indignation," if the prisoner could do such a thing when he was drunk, what would he not have done when he was sober." In our own time, when excess is rare except far down the social scale, topers are often hard put to it to find excuses. "It's no the whisky, it's the 'here's t'ye' that dis a' the mischief," urged one in his defence. He meant that it was the company that induced the dissipation. A franker excuse was that of the blacksmith, who asked the reproving divine "Was ye ever drunk, sir?" "Certainly not," was the indignant answer. "I thocht as muckle," cried



"LORD JUSTICE CLERK BRAXFIELD"
BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN

the smith, "for, man, if ye was ever richt drunk, ye wad never like to be sober a' yer days again."

There are many excellent stories about the old Scots counsel and judges, though few of them are peculiarly legal. "I've been at drunken writers' feasts," sings Burns. If ministers were not sober it was little likely lawyers would be. Almost incredible legends survive of circuit journeys. One was called the "Daft Circuit" because judges and counsel were tipsy the whole time. On another round they sat up all night drinking, and went on with their work next day as if nothing had happened. It must be remembered however that the drink was claret; with whisky such proceedings were merely impossible. The following are more intimately concerned with the matter of the law. A Highlander to his profound amazement lost a case though he had relatives on the bench; he banned the whole set as "kinless loons." The Scot always held that bluid was thicker than water, for abstract justice he scarce understood. In many a *mot* of Braxfield, the Lord Justice Clerk on whom Stevenson modelled his *Weir of Hermiston*, we have striking examples of brutally coarse, witty sayings. It was in the days of the sedition trials and the prisoners eloquently and ably defended themselves. "You're a very clever chiel but you'd be nane the war o' a' hanging," was his alleged retort on one, and to another who had urged that Christ himself was a reformer. "Muckle he made o' that," chuckled Braxfield, "he was hangit." Perhaps however the most famous law story in all Scotland is that of the Cow of Forfar. A tub of beer was set before a change house in Forfar to cool; a cow, passing by, drank it up and the owner of the animal was sued for the cost of the beer. The bailies of Forfar however adjudged that this had all the incidents of *dochan doris* or stirrup cup: to wit, it was taken standing outside the inn and on the point of departure, and so could not be charged for. In Scots legal phraseology "the defender was assoilzied."

The old Scots servant was probably a person to be admired at a distance! He must have been, in fact, an unmitigated nuisance in most cases. He was familiar, not to say rude. At a dinner the guests were together calling on one of those specimens: he turned round on them in despair and in bitter irony exclaimed "Cry a' thegither, *that's* the way to be served." One fancies those old servitors as rather fond of a "drappie," yet now and again they deserted the insolent or the fatuous for the sublime. One who died at 75 had been all her life in the same family; her old master when she was dying, tottered into her room to bid her farewell. "Laird," said she, "will ye tell them to bury me where I'll lie across at your feet." This reminds of the devotion of the clansman to his chief, a devotion which lights up the stormy old days of Scots history and assures us that the fierceness and cruelty were balanced by perfect love and devotion. However, for good and for ill, the old time domestic has vanished, and the modern servant in Scotland flits from place to place as frequently as in any other part of the world.

A few illustrative stories may be told of the national vanity, the cracking up Scotland above all other countries. There is the famous, "I hae been in Lunnon, I hae been in Paris, but gie me Peebles for pleesure" the explanation, if it be worth any, being, no doubt that the citizen of the sleepy Scots town got there, among his own cronies, a debauch of raw whisky, which, for pungent bite and maddening effect, could give points to absinthe itself, which last he was not like to come across. Mr Andrew Lang has almost written this ancedote into classic form. Two Scotsmen were travelling through Gujarat in India. It was a long railway journey, in a miserable plain. They stopped at a miserable station and saw written up the name Lal-i-por, or some other word meaning the "city of delight." "This must be the Peebles of Gujarat," quoth, neatly enough, one of the pair.

At least quaint, is the story of the Scotsman at Niagara. Did he ever see anything so grand? He answered, "As for grand, I, may be, never saw onything better, but for queer, man, d'ye ken I ance saw a peacock wi a wooden leg." Another Scot described Niagara as "naething but a perfect waste o' water."

Various Scots tales deal with funeral customs, but the scenes of wild revelry that took place at these are quite things of the past. The odd matter of fact way in which the termination of life was regarded is dismally comical. A man supposed to be dying heard his relatives discuss how the coffin was to be brought down the common stair from the flat where he lived. "Angle me, angle me," he broke in unexpectedly. Another tells of the wife of an old Glasgow shoemaker, who, when dying, besought her husband not to bury her in Glasgow, for she could not rest but in her native place. "Weel, weel, Jenny, my wuman, I'll humour you thus far, we'll pit ye in the Corbals *first*, an' gin ye dinna lie quiet *there*, we'll tak ye te Stra'von sync." An old lady besought the gravedigger that, when her time came, "Ye'll mind and lay me in oor westmost lair." "A' richt," said Jamie, "but there may be others i' the family that wad like the westmost lair as weel as you, so, to save disappointment, ye'll better just hurry up an' tak' possession." Lair, it should be said, is the part of a churchyard appropriated to a person or family.

One word in conclusion. Dean Ramsay and his successors are widely read in Scotland, and those stories are well known to the great body of the reading population. Naturally the most characteristic are most widely known: their repetition will be here pardoned, if it be remembered that their main purpose is illustration.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE SCOT ABROAD AND THE STRANGER IN SCOTLAND

Charlemagne and Achaius—The French League—The Scots Guard—The wars of the continent—The mythical Scots Kings—The present day Scot abroad—His success and its limitations—The Scot in present day France and Germany—The old time strangers in Scotland—Modern conditions—The Jew, the English, the Irish—The tourist.

THE great Emperor Charlemagne being minded to organize education throughout his vast domains cast about where to find the best teachers, He speedily discovered, if he did not know already, that Scotland was by far the most cultured of civilised nations, whereupon he entered into a league with Achaius the then ruler of the ancient kingdom. That monarch presently sent him a sufficient supply of learned men to fulfil the wants of his colleges and schools. Such was the legend, so flattering to Scots pride, that accounted for the beginning of the league with France. That both Scotland and France found England their deadly foe was sufficient reason for a combination between them against a common enemy. The union of north and south Britain put a speedy stop to the other league, though in a sort of nominal fashion there were traces of it in the French Constitution till the old order was overturned in the storm of the revolution.

For centuries the intercourse between Scotland and France was close; crowds of Scotsmen were received by the friendly nation. The famous Scots Guard was the special guardian of the French kings. We have no exact statement of its origin, save the quite mythical one that again traces back to Charlemagne, but we know from *Quentin Durward* what were its history, its position and privileges. All ranks

THE SCOTS GUARD OF OLD FRANCE

benefited by the Emigration. A Hamilton was made Duke of Châtelherault, and a Douglas, Duke of Touraine; a great number of lesser nobles had lesser titles. The fidelity, the courage and the resolution of the Scots enabled them to make their mark everywhere. In the Thirty Years War, indeed in all the great continental conflicts, there were Scots on both sides, as Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty, whose translation of Rabelais is still unequalled, reminds us. In Prussia there were the Keiths, in Russia Gordon and Greig; in Turkey and Scandinavia alike, fortunate Scots adventurers were to be found. In every Continental University there were Scots professors: the Admirable Crichton was only the most brilliant type of a great band of Scots adventurous Scholars, who taught and disputed everywhere. At the Reformation, Scots intercourse with the Continent was at its greatest. Politics in the north were so violent and shifty that at every change the leaders, if they valued their lives, had to leave the kingdom almost as a matter of course. Many never returned, even those who did must have done something to send others away.

At that time the northern kingdom bulked large in the imagination of the civilised world. For centuries, as already noted, a mythical line of Kings was devoutly believed in, not merely by the inhabitants but by all Europe, and so was the romantic legend of which the Stone of Destiny is the centre. It is quite easy to explain why Edward I. took away that "palladium of the Scots monarchy" from Scone; and had he broken it into fragments, his action, however brutal, had been natural enough. That he should place it in Westminster Abbey and that all the English Kings since his time should have been crowned thereon is a well-nigh portentous fact. Even then the legends of the antiquity of the old Scots monarchy must have had decisive weight. At a much later date some Scotsmen had strange adventures

in foreign parts. John Law was no vulgar charlatan, nor was the great Mississippi scheme a fraud. Like William Paterson he was a great financial genius, though the end of many of his plans was unfortunate. However we do not purpose to dwell on the past history of the Scot abroad. In Mr Hill Burton's learned and entertaining volumes, the reader will find all that he will ever care to learn on the subject.

The history of the Scot abroad in modern times is different; the reason is easy. England is open, and the vast British Empire almost seems to call for him. If he go elsewhere, he will of a certainty seek the United States. How could he usefully seek his fortune in France or Italy or Germany of to-day? Indeed John Law and William Paterson mark the parting of the ways. Law was the last great example of the old order, Paterson of the new; a turn of the wheel had kept Law at home, or sent Paterson abroad. Of the Scot in England this is evident, he has sufficient of high offices of State, since the Prime Minister, the Lord Chancellor and, still more strangely, the two Archbishops are for the moment all of his nation. His success is still more remarkable in the large number of comfortable positions he obtains. His natural bent is towards commerce, because in a peaceful age money is the great source of power, and in commerce money is best attained. His well-known characteristics are here shown: he has general information, a certain good level of culture, a determination of purpose, an adaptability and pliability more than you would at first expect; he is ready to put up with shorter commons, he is less self-indulgent than his rivals. Thus, on the whole, he is bound to win. His failures are connected with his successes: he is imaginative and scheming, prone to over-value himself, a daring gambler with the chances of life. "Men mark the hits and not the misses," says Lord Bacon; but there is ample supply of human material, the failures are swept away and those

who hold the post remain. In the Colonies he has ampler opportunities, the material on which to work is more ductile and plastic to his hand, his genius for scheme and combination has more scope, and that is why you will find him so powerful in Canada and Australia. If not the most popular, he is always the most respected of citizens; in truth he has those solid qualities which are useful in the founders of states. Wherever he goes he preserves many memories of his nationality, he clings to some few lines of Burns, to some few phrases in the Scots tongue, to his national games and something of his national food and drink; and, though the change has been in every way an advantage, he still thinks with honourable affection of his native land, and is proud of its long and strenuous record. His history in the United States is much the same as in the Colonies, though it is the "tune o' the time," or perhaps of his position to graft a sprig of republican sentiment on the old tree. Mr Andrew Carnegie is a typical example of this.

To the modern Scot, as to the modern Englishman, the Continent is in the great majority of cases nothing more than a play-ground; he is merely a sojourner for a while and he goes to spend money, not to make it: hence he is not mixed up with the life of the lands through which he passes. Yet one or two points of difference may be noted. The Scot is ever well received in France, the memory of the old league does go for something, there is a subtle flattery in the very mention of it, since this presupposes a certain knowledge of history. It is nearly always spoken of when a Scot and a Frenchman meet for the first time, and is referred to with some generous emotion. Then to the Frenchman and indeed to all the continental peoples, Scotland is the chosen land of romance. Not that the old legends are credited, indeed they are not known; but the potent magic of the Waverley novels has done much, and the romantic scenery and traditions on which they are founded have given a real basis to the sentiment.

Thus there is a certain curiosity about and interest in the inhabitants of this country. Also there are general points of similarity between the French and the Scots, spite of all their superficial differences, that make them take kindly to one another. They are both extravagantly sentimental, in both there are great extremes of character ; but the subject need not be worked further, lest our conclusions seem far fetched. Enough has been said to justify the statement. In Germany again there are also some reasons which make in favour of the Scot. He takes naturally to the guttural sounds of the language, which the Englishman in many cases cannot pronounce. In the higher regions of thought, since the days of Hume and Kant, there has been much communication between Scotland and Germany, and a close union between their Universities. On the other hand the study which Carlyle and other less eminent Scotsmen have given to German history, poetry and romance has been highly appreciated in Germany, and has paved the way for a favourable reception of Scotsmen. All this presupposes a certain education in your German before the difference is made at all, nor can it be truthfully said that in the remoter parts of Europe any line is drawn between the inhabitants of North and South Britain.

This brief note on the Scot abroad in modern times is thus a complimentary one. Yet his career seems tame and humdrum when compared with the distinguished exploits of his predecessor in other days. The Scots statesmen who ruled France, and Prussia and Russia, the Scots soldiers who fought so gallantly and well in the wars of the High and Low Germanie, the Scots scholars who passed teaching and disputing from university to university, nay the very Scots pedlars who tramped sturdily with their wares from one end of Europe to the other, and whose loss when brighter prospects kept him at home, was felt by their former customers till the Jew stepped forward as

a substitute—all have something romantic, gallant, heroic about them. They are attractive figures as compared to sober drab merchants, their successors. Scotland has contributed its share to the great names of the British Empire; yet in the mass the Scot abroad needs must be to-day a less impressive figure than of yore. You can only believe that the changed conditions of modern life, and especially of Scotland's national existence, account for this, and that, if there were occasion, he would to-day exhibit the same qualities that renowned his old-time predecessor.

And now for the stranger in Scotland. Of old time he was a rare figure, and usually appeared in an official position or for some temporary definite purpose, and so Frenchmen and Englishmen and others came and went and, it may be, recorded their impressions under the amusing conviction that what they said was the last word of truth as to the country and its people. But then hardly anybody ever came there of his own accord to make a living. The legend of John o' Groat's house bears witness to one exceptional case, for what on earth was the stranger to do? The country was poverty stricken beyond belief, and how expect him to take a life and death interest in disputes which he could not understand? A well-known legend tells of a Jew attempting a settlement in Aberdeen, but he lost rather than gained, and, in departing, pertinently remarked, "They were a' Jews there." To-day everything is changed, Scotland is wealthy and the pleasures of living are as much in request here as elsewhere; there are large and increasing Jewish colonies—the fact is significant—in Edinburgh, Glasgow and elsewhere, there is a constant immigration of Englishmen from over the Border, who occupy good positions and are well reputed and popular. As has been already noted, the lowest industrial positions are but seldom filled by native Scotsmen. To meet the peculiar demand thus created, there has been an enormous Irish immigration, and in a great

number of towns there is a distinctly Irish quarter. The invaders are not worse treated or worse regarded than they would be anywhere else. This at least is obvious; the change is for their advantage or they would not make it. As to the tourist stream—well, people who spend money are always sought after; but even the ordinary native who is not directly benefited, is very ready to give information, and tourists almost invariably report a civil reception everywhere. The lower class Scot of to-day is increasingly garrulous; his vanity is flattered when appealed to as an authority, and he will talk as long as the stranger will listen. It may be that the lot of the tourist in Scotland is not perceptibly different from that of the tourist in Switzerland or in any other civilised country; but that is only because in the modern world everything tends to the same dead level of uniformity.

INDEX

Abbey Craig, the, 276
Abbeys, 77-8
Abbotsford, 260
Abercrombie, 137
Aberdeen, 28, 288-294
—— St Machar's Cathedral, 77
—— University, 36, 48, 55, 291-2
Aberdour, 134
Aberfoyle, Clachan of, 364
Aberlady, 168
Abernethy, 71, 130
Abington, 193
Achnasheen, 308
Adam, Robert, 135
Advocates, 67
Aikman, William, 86
Airthrey Castle, 276
Ale, 369
Allan, Bridge of, 277
Allan, David, 87
Alloway, 207, 210
Alpin, King, 283
Alvie, 41
Angus, Earls of, 80
Annan, the, 191
Annan's Treat, 241
Anstruther, 137
Appin, 304
Arbroath Abbey, 78
Architecture, 69-83
Argyll, John, Duke of, 271, 275
—— Marquis of, 216
Armour, Jean, 212
Armstrong, Johnie, 257
Arran, 201
Arran, Earl of, 270
Art Galleries, 93-95
—— Schools, 35, 39
Arthur's Seat, 122
Aston Villa Club, 340
Athletic Sports, 332
Atholl, Earl of, 270
Atholl, Forest of, 307
Auchterarder, 278
Aviemore, 307
Awes Water, the, 257
Badenoch, the Wolf of, 72
Bagpipe, the, 349
Bain, Donald, 6
—— Professor Alexander, 100, 292
Balcomie, 137
Balcruivie, 136
Ballachulish, 304
Balnaves, Henry, 37
Bannockburn, 266-8
—— House, 271
Barrie, Mr J. M., 107, 125
Bass, the, 171
Bell, Henry, 199
—— Mr J. J., 109
Bell-the-Cat, 71
Ben Alder, 305
—— Cruachan, 307
—— Lawers, 307
—— Ledi, 307
—— Lomond, 307
—— Macdhui, 307
—— More, 307
—— Nevis, 305, 306
—— Venue, 306
Berwick-on-Tweed, 2
Biggar, 93
Birnie, Patie, 287
Black, William, 105, 323
Black Puddings, 362
Blackbun, 363
Blaven, 318
Boece, Hector, 172
Bogle Hill, 168
Bonar Bridge, 309
Bonnington Linn, 193
Booth, General, 3
Border, the, 247-264
Border Ballads, 259
Bore Stone, the, 267
Borthwick Castle, 81
Boswell, Sir Alexander, 102
Bothwell, 195
—— Earl of, 152, 254, 325
—— Earls of, 80
—— Bridge, 195, 222
—— Castle, 80, 152, 193, 196

Bough, Sam, 92
Bowls, 332
Boyd, A. K. H., 113
Braemar, 307
Braid, James, 136, 336
Braid Scots, 5
Brander, Pass of, 304
Brechin Cathedral, 78
—— Round Tower, 71
Brereton, Sir William, 175
Bridge of Allan, 276
Bright, John, 37
Brodie, Deacon, 61
Brome, James, 175
Broomielaw, the, 196
Brougham, Lord, 67
Brow, 216
Brown, Colin, 350
—— Dr John, 106, 113, 193
—— George Douglas, 108, 246
—— John, 229
—— Professor Hume, 112
—— Thomas, 100
Bruce, Edward, 265
—— Professor A. B., 24
—— Robert, 12, 140, 266
Brude, King, 283
Brythons, the, 10, 12
Buchan, Mr John, 129
Buchanan, George, 37, 98, 129
Burns, Robert, 40, 99, 101, 129, 202-217, 260, 351, 358, 369
Burntisland, 135
Burt, Edward, 176, 295, 297
Burton, John Hill, 112, 386
Byron, Lord, 293

Cadzow Castle, 195, 330
Caerlaverock Castle, 71, 80, 262
Cairngorm Mountains, the, 307
Caird, Mr Edward, 100
Caithness, 310-315
Caithness, the Earl of, 315
Caledonian Canal, the, 308
—— Forest, 330
Caledonii, the, 12
Callender, 306
Callernish, the Stones of, 325
Calton Hill, the, 114, 117
Camanachd, 332
Cambuskenneth Abbey, 78
Cameron, Hugh, 92
—— Richard, 222
—— Sir Ewen, 330
Campbell, Lord Chancellor, 129
Campbell, Mary, 211, 212-3
—— Thomas, 102
Campsie Fells, 197, 276
Canty Bay, 172
Cape Wrath, 309
Carlisle Castle, 259
Carlyle, James, 264
—— Mrs Jane Welsh, 154
—— Thomas, 110, 125, 129, 133, 135, 154, 205, 208, 263, 388
Carlenrig, 258
Carnegie, Mr Andrew, 31, 50, 51, 101, 129, 140, 348, 387
Carterhaugh, 240
Castle Campbell, 81
Castles, 80-2
Cathedrals, 72-8
Celtic Art, 71
Celts, the, 11-16
Chalmers, Dr Thomas, 25, 129, 137
—— Paul, 92
Chambers, William, 373
Chappell, Mr, 350
Charlemagne, the Emperor, 384
Charlie, Prince, 116, 122, 164, 305, 308, 321-2
Charles I., 220
—— II., 21, 226
Chattan, Clan, 279
Chaucer, 366
Claret, 376
Clarinda, 214
Claverhouse, 116, 220, 221, 230, 271, 298
Clyde, the, 191-201
Coalston, 154
Cock-a-Leekie, 361
Cockenzie, 163
Coilsfield, 211
Coldstream, 2
Collegiate Churches, 78
Collops, 362
Columba, Saint, 13
Conon, 308
Cope, Sir John, 164
Corry-na-Creich, 320
Corstorphine, 115
—— Church, 78
Court, Jehan, 84
Court of Session, the, 55, 66
Covenanters, the, 218-234
Cowen, Dr Frederick, 353
Craigmillar Castle, 81
Crail, 137
Crappit Heads, 361

Crawford, 195
Crichton Castle, 81, 157
Cricket, 342
Criffel, 261
Crinan, 317
Crockett, Mr S. R., 108
Cromwell, 271
Crookston Castle, 81
Crossraguel, 78
Cuchullins, the, 317, 318, 319
Culross, 78
Cumnock Hills, the, 211
Cunningham, Alexander, 102
Cupar, 138, 141
Curling, 333

Daer Water, 191
Dalmally, 304
Dalmeny Church, 72
Dalriadic Scots, the, 13
Dalzell House, 195
Dandie Dinmont, 258
Dante, 214
Darnley, Lord, 136, 256
Davidson, Mr John, 102
Dee, the Wells of, 307
Deerhunting, 330
Deeside, 307
Defoe, 136, 171
Devorguila, 264
De Witt, 85, 123
Dickens, Charles, 365
Dingwall, 308
Dirleton, 168
Disruption, the, 42, 278
Dods, Meg, 365
—— Principal Marcus, 24
Donibristle, 134
Doon, the, 208
Dornoch Brow, 258
Douglas, Earl of, 275
—— Gavin, 5, 171
—— Sir William, 254
Doune Castle, 82, 277
Drink, 364-371
Druidism, 17
Drumclog, 221
Drumhain, Hill of, 320
Drummond, James, 91
Dryburgh Abbey, 77
Dryhope Tower, 245
Dumbarton, 12, 197
Dumfries, 1, 207, 215
Dunbar, 173
Dunbar, William, 5, 9, 269, 360
Dunblane, 278
—— Cathedral, 77
Duncan, Jelly, 170
—— Thomas, 91
Dundee, 282-7
Dundrennan, 78
Dunfermline, 129, 130, 139-140
—— Abbey, 77, 140
—— Palace, 82, 139
Dunkeld Cathedral, 78
Dunmyat, 276
Dunnottar Castle, 81
Dunoon, 199, 201
Dunpender, 156
Dunstaffnage, 80, 304
Dunvegan Castle, 323
Durness, 309
Dyce, William, 91
Dysart, 135

Earlsferry, 136
Ecclefechan, 263
Edinburgh, 83, 114-128
—— Art Galleries, 92
—— Castle, 82, 121
—— University, 48, 52
Education, 35-55
Edward III., 266, 291
Edzell Castle, 81
Eigg, 317
Elgin Cathedral, 72, 78, 308
Elie, 136
Eliot, John, 255
Ellisland, 214
Episcopacy, 21
Episcopal Church, the Scots, 31, 42
Erskine, Henry, 374
Erskine of Dun, 37
Esk, the, 257
Established Church, the, 40, 42
Ethelfrith, 12
Evan Water, the, 192
Evolution of the Scot, the, 1-19

Fail, the, 211
Failford Bridge, 211
Fair Isle, 327
Falkland, 129
—— Palace, 82
Fast Castle, 80, 158
Ferguson, Adam, 98
Fergusson, Robert, 99, 124, 128, 366, 369
Ferintosh, 367

Ferrier, Miss, 104
—— Professor, 100
Fife, 129-145
Findhorn Glen, 308
Fine Arts, the, 69
Finlay, Mr Robert, 67
Finnan Haddocks, 290, 363
Fisherrow, 160
Fishing, 331
Flodden Field, 315
Food, 355-363
Football, 337-342
Forbes, Duncan, 367, 370
Forres, 308
Fort William, 305
Forth Bridge, the, 30, 161
Foulis, the Brothers, 87
Foxhunting, 331
Foyers, Fall of, 308
Franck, Richard, 175
Fraser, Alexander, 91, 92
—— Professor, 101
Free Church, the, 21, 25-30
—— St George's, Edinburgh, 347

GAIRLOCH, 308
Galashiels, 249
Galgacus, 324
Gallow Hill, 194
Galloway, the Picts of, 10
Galt, John, 104
Game, 331
Gana Hill, 191
Gardiner, Colonel, 166
Garleton Hills, the, 149
Garry, Bridge of, 305
Geddes, Jenny, 75
Giles, Saint, 74, 116
Gilfillan, George, 287
Gillies Hill, 267
Gilnockie, 257
Gimmer's Mills, 152
Giraldus Cambrensis, 349
Glasgow, 83, 172-190
—— Art Galleries, 93
—— Cathedral, 74, 181
—— Corporation, 183
—— George Square, 183
—— Necropolis, 180
—— School of Painting, 92
—— University, 36, 48, 55, 177
Glen Affrick, 308
Glencroe, 303
Glen Dochart, 306
Glen Etive, 304
Glen Falloch, 306
Glen Lin, 307
Glen Moriston, 308
Glen Ogle, 306
Glen Shiel, 308
Glen Tilt, 307
Goidels, the, 10-16
Golf, 334-6
Goodman's Acre, 159
Gordon, Sir John Watson, 90
Govan, 196
Gow, Neil, 353
Grace, Mr W. G., 343
Graham, Peter, 92
—— Sir Robert, 279
Grahame, David, 233
Graham-Gilbert, 90
Grant, Mrs, 305
—— Sir Francis, 91
Greenock, 83, 197
Gretna Green, 251
"Grey Mare's Tale," 235
Grierson of Lag, 233
Grouse Moors, 331
Gude and Godly Ballates, the, 344
Gullane, 168
Guthrie, Mr James, 116

HADDINGTON, 149
Haggis, 355, 359-60
Hailes Castle, 155
Halbert's Bog, 268
Haldane, Mr R. B., 67, 100
Hallam, A. H., 128
Hamilton, Archbishop, 270
—— Gavin, 86
—— Sir William, 100
—— the Duke of, 330
—— William, 242
Hamilton Palace, 295
Harlaw, 289
Harp, the, 349
Hart o' Corry, 320
Harvey, Sir George, 91
Hawick, 1, 249
Hebrides, the, 323
Henderland, 244
Henley, W. E., 108, 127, 128, 160, 212, 244, 329, 360
Henry, Prince, 270
Henryson, Robert, 140
Herd, Alexander, 330
Hermand, Lord, 380
Hermitage Castle, 81, 251-3
"Highland Host," the, 16

Highland Survey, a, 294-309
Highlanders, the, 8-9, 16-17
Hogg, James, 112, 236, 361
Hollows, the, 257
Holyrood, 82, 122
Hope, Lord Justice-Clerk, 66
Hotchpotch, 361
Hoy, 326
Hume, David, 98, 99-100, 125

Inchkolm, 78, 134
Inchmahone, 269
Inglis, Lord Justice-General, 65
Inns, 364
Inverlochy Castle, 80
Inverness, 83, 368
Inversnaid, 303
Iona, 13, 14, 77, 304, 316
Irving, Edward, 135
Isles, the Lords of, 10

James I., 21, 279, 357
—— II., 268, 275
—— III., 275
—— IV., 268, 312, 315
—— V., 137, 159, 177, 257, 258, 269, 275, 308
—— VI., 133, 167, 170, 220, 269, 275, 279, 361
—— VII., 222, 226
Jamesone, George, 85
Jeffrey, Lord, 112
Johnson, Dr Samuel, 20, 321
John o' Groats, 312-4, 389
Jones, Rowland, 336
Jura, Sound of, 317

Kay, Clan, 279
Keir, 277
Kelso Abbey, 78
Kelvingrove Art Gallery, 93-4
Kenmore, 306
Kentigern, 13, 174
Kilchurn Castle, 87, 303
Kildean, 275
Kildrumy Castle, 71, 80
Killin, 306
Kilwinning, 78
Kinghorn, 135
Kinmont Willie, 259
Kinnoul Hill, 281
Kirk, the, 20-34
Kirkaldy of Grange, 116
Kirk-Alloway, 209
Kirkcaldy, 133, 135
Kirkconnell, 259
Kirkwall, 326
—— Cathedral, 76-7
Kirtle Water, 259
Knox, John, 39, 116, 129, 152
Kyle, 213
Kyle Akin, 313

Lamb, Charles, 373, 374
Lammer Law, 157
Lammermoors, the, 6, 146, 149, 157
Lammond, Mr Frederick, 354
Lanark, 194
Lang, Mr Andrew, 102, 112, 113, 382
L'Angelier, 61-3
Langholm, 257
Largo, 136
Largo Law, 131
Laud, Archbishop, 220
Lauderdale, Duke of, 153
Law, John, 386
Law and the Lawyers, 56-68
Lead Hills, the, 192
Lee, Dr Robert, 348
Leith, 115, 161
Lennox, the Regent, 270
Lennoxlove, 153
Leny, Pass of, 306
Leslie, David, 239
Lethington, 153
Leuchars Church, 72
Leven, 133
Levenhall, 163
Liddesdale, 252
Lincluden, 78
Lindores Abbey, 78
Lindsay, Sir David, 96, 129, 141, 149
Linlithgow Church, 67
—— Palace, 82
Literature, 96-113
Lizars, David, 91
Loch Achray, 293
—— Assynt, 300
—— Awe, 303
—— Coruisk, 319
—— Dhu, 320
—— Etive, 304
—— Hourn, 318
—— Katrine, 293
—— Laggan, 305
—— Leven, 139, 361
—— Lomond, 293
—— Lubnaig, 306
—— Luichart, 308
—— Maree, 308

Loch Nevis, 318
—— Rannoch, 305
—— Scavaig, 319
—— Shin, 309
—— Tay, 306
—— Tummel, 305
Lochearnhead, 306
Lochinver, 258, 309, 324
Lochleven Castle, 80
Lochmaben, 263
Lochnagar, 307
Lockhart, L. W., 105
Lodge, Professor, 18
Logan of Restalrig, 80, 168
Lomond Hills, 131
Longtown, 258
Lord Advocate, the, 57
Loreburn, Lord, 67
Lothian, 146-173
Lowe, Lord, 28
Lowes, Loch of the, 236
Lowlander, 8, 9
Luffness, 168
Lundin, 136
Luther, 345

M'Carthy, Justin, 358
Macaulay, Lord, 296
MacCunn, Mr Hamish, 353
Macdonald, Flora, 321
—— George, 105
—— J. Milne, 92
M'Crie, Dr, 219
Macduffs, Earls of Fife, 130, 141
MacEachin, Neil, 321
Macintyre, Madam, 354
Mackenzie, Sir Alexander, 353
—— Sir George, 124
Mackinnons, the, 321
Maclaren, Mr A. C., 343
"Maclaren, Ian," 108
MacLachlan, Margaret, 232
Macleod, Dr Norman, 182, 319
—— Malcolm of Raasay, 321
Macnab, the, 313
Macnee, Sir Daniel, 90
Macniel, Hector, 102
MacPherson, Cluny, 305
M'Taggart, Mr, 92
Maculloch, Horatio, 92
Mæatæ, the, 12
Maitland, Sir Richard, 96
—— William (the "Secretary"), 37, 153
Malcolm Canmore, 140, 284
Mar, Earl of, 270, 271, 274
Margaret, Queen, 21
Marischal, George, fifth Earl, 291
Martin, David, 87
Mary of Guise, 137
Mary Stuart, 84, 136, 139, 152, 161, 167, 173, 253, 269, 284, 308
Masson, Professor David, 112
Mathieson, Mr Law, 112
Maxwell, House of, 263
May, Isle, 137
Medina, Sir John Baptist, 86
Meldrum, Mr D. S., 109
Melrose Abbey, 78
Melville, James, 137
Miller, Hugh, 113, 317
Milton Bog, 268
Minnoch, Mr, 62
Moderatism, 16
Moffat, 192
Moir, David Macbeth, 106
Moncrieff, Lord Advocate, 65
Montgomerie Castle, 211
Montrose, 116
Montrose, Marquis of, 259, 298
Moray, David, Bishop of, 36
Moray Firth, the, 308
Morier, Thomas, 176
Morris, Tom, 336
Morton, the Regent, 270
—— Castle, 81
Morven, 304
Mount Benger, 245
Mowbray, Sir Philip de, 265
Muckross, 142
Mull, 304, 317
Munro, Mr Neil, 103, 303
Murray, James, 84
Music, 344-354
Musselburgh, 115, 162

Nairne, Lady, 102
Nasmyth, Alexander, 87
—— Patrick, 90
Netherby Hall, 258
Newark, Sir David Leslie, Lord, 137, 239
—— Castle, 136, 239
Newhaven, 160
Ninian, 13
Nisbet, Lord, 168
Nith, the, 214
Norse, the, 11
North Berwick, 169
North Berwick Law, 155

Norwegian Jarls, 11
Nyddry, William, 37

Oatcakes, 362
Oban, 304, 308, 316
Ochils, the, 276
Oliphant, Mrs, 104
Orchardson, W. O., 92
Ord of Caithness, 313
Orkneys, the, 324-7
Outram, George, 67, 359

Painting, 84-95
Paisley Abbey, 77
—— Baptist Church, 79
Paris, the University of, 36
Park, Mungo, 240
Parliament House, 66, 122
Paterson, William, 386
Patey-Whytock, Madam, 354
Patronage Act, the, 21
Peden, Alexander, 224
Peel Tower, the, 249
Pencraik, 156
Perth, 83, 278
Pettie, John, 92
Philip, John, 92
Philiphaugh, 238
Picts, the, 10, 16
Pinkie, Battle of, 163
Pitcaithly bannocks, 363
Pluscardine, 77
Polkemmett, Lord, 374
Porridge, 355, 358
Port Glasgow, 196
Portobello, 161
Portree, 318
Port Seton, 163
Powtrail, the, 191
Precentor, the 346
Presbyterianism, 21
Preston North End Club, 340
Prestonpans, 163, 164-5

Queens Park Football Club, 338
Quirang, the, 321

Raeburn, Sir Henry, 87
Rainy, Dr, 26
Ramsay, Allan (painter), 86
—— Allan (poet), 99, 366, 369
—— Dean, 374, 383
Rannoch, 305
Ravenscraig (Ravensheugh) Castle, 135
Ray, John, 175
Red Hills, the, 318
Reid, Thomas, 160
Renwick, James, 222, 238
Rhys, Professor, 11-12
Roberts, David, 92
Robertson, Allan, 336
Robertson, Mr J. Logie, 102
—— William, 98
Rocheford, Jervoise de, 175
Rossend, 134
Rosslyn Chapel, 78
Rosslyn, Earl of, 67
Rothesay, 199, 201
—— Castle, 80, 201
Rullion Green, 227
Runciman, Alexander, 87
Russell-Graham, Miss Rena, 354

St Andrews, 142-4
—— Cathedral, 71, 72, 143
—— Collegiate Church, 78, 144
—— University, 36, 48, 54, 55
St Margaret's Chapel, Edinburgh, 72
St Mary's Cathedral, 79
St Mary's Loch, 238
St Monans, 136
St Mungo, 174
St Ninian's, the church of, 271
St Regulus, 71
St Serf, 136
Saltoun Hall, 153
Schiehallion, 305
Scone, 280
Scones, 262
Scot, the evolution of, 1-19
Scoto-Pictish Kings, the, 7
Scott, David, 91
—— Sir Michael, 104, 135
—— Sir Walter, 74, 102, 103-4, 121, 125, 166, 218, 259, 300, 327, 329
Scott-Lauder, 91
Scots Guard, the, 384
—— Language, the, 1-6
—— Solicitor, the, 67
Scottish Orchestra, the, 353
Scougall, John, 85
Scuir-na-Gillean, 320
Selkirk, 249
Seton, 167
Sharpe, Archbishop, 221, 226
Sheeps' Head Broth, 361
Sheriffmuir, 276
Sheriffs, 58
Shetlands, the, 328

Shiels, Tibbie, 236
Shirley, 113
Shortbread, 363
Sinclair, House of, 315
Skene MS., the, 350, 357
Skirving, Alexander, 87
Skye, 308, 318-23
Sligachan, 320
Slioch, 309
Smith, Adam, 98, 124, 125, 129, 135
—— Alexander, 113, 128, 319, 322
—— Madeleine, 61-66
—— Professor G. A., 24
—— —— Robertson, 23
Smollett, Dr, 99, 176
Smyth, Sidney, 372
Solway, the, 2, 247, 261
—— Moss, 258
Songs, 351
Soutra Hill, 158
Spean Bridge, 305
Spens, Sir Patrick, 139
Sports and Pastimes, 330-343
Staffa, 304, 316
Stennis, the Standing Stones of, 327
Sterling, Dr Hutchinson, 100
Stevenson, R. A. M., 113
—— R. L., 102, 106, 113, 226, 381
Stewart, Dugald, 100
Stirling, 9, 78, 82, 83, 264-78
Stoddart, Dr, 359
Stonebyres Linn, 194
Stornoway, 324
Strathclyde, 10, 12-13, 15
Strath Oykel, 309
Struthers, Dr, 47
Studium Generale, the, 36
Sunday Observance, 32
"Swan, Annie," 109
Sweetheart Abbey, 78, 262
"Swift, Benjamin," 109

TACITUS, 324
Taexali, the, 12
Tainchel, the, 308, 330
Tannahill, Robert, 102
Tantallon Castle, 82, 171
Tarbet, 303
Tarbolton, 211
Tarras, the, 257
Tarvit Hill, 141
Tassie, James, 87
Taverns, 364
Tay, the, 281
Tay Bridge, the, 161
Taylor, J. H., 336
Teith, the, 278
Tennyson, Alfred, 69, 289
Thackeray, W. M., 361
Thirlestane Castle, 154
Thomson, Colonel Anstruther, 331
—— James, 99
—— John, 90
Threave Castle, 81, 263
Thurso, 310
Tinto, 192
Toddy, 368
Tonic Sol-Fa, 347
Traprain, 156
Traquair, 245
Tucker, Thomas, 175
Tulliallan Castle, 81
Tummel, the, 303
Tweed, the, 91
Tyne, the, 153, 157
Tytler, Patrick Fraser, 112

UDDINGSTON, 196
Uist, 373
United Free Church, the, 29
United Presbyterian Church, the, 26
Urquhart, Sir Thomas, 385

Vacomagi, the, 12
Vardon, Harry, 336
Veitch, Professor, 100
Virgil, 324

WALKER, Patrick, 97
Walkinshaw, Wilhelmina, 271
Wallace, Mr William, 353
—— Professor William, 100
—— Sir William, 8, 9, 194, 275
Watson, George, 90
—— Lord, 65
Webster, Dr, 380
"Wee Frees," the, 16, 28
Welsh Methodists, the, 15
Wemyss Castle, 136
Whigamores, the, 15
Whisky, 366
Whitekirk, 173
White Puddings, 362
Wick, 310, 314
Wilkie, Sir David, 89, 129
William the Lion, 310
Wilson, Gilbert, 332
—— John, of Tarbolton, 40
—— Margaret, 233
—— Professor, 112

Wintoun, 92
Wishart, George, 153, 284
Wit and Humour, 372
Wodrow, Robert, 97, 222, 230
"Wolf's Crag," 81
Wood, Sir Andrew, 136
Wordsworth, Dorothy, 194, 304
—— William, 237
Writer to the Signet, the, 68

YARROW and Traquair, 235-246

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
General Literature,	2-20
Ancient Cities,	20
Antiquary's Books,	20
Arden Shakespeare,	20
Beginner's Books,	21
Business Books,	21
Byzantine Texts,	21
Churchman's Bible,	22
Churchman's Library,	22
Classical Translations,	22
Classics of Art,	23
Commercial Series,	23
Connoisseur's Library,	23
Library of Devotion,	23
Illustrated Pocket Library of Plain and Coloured Books,	24
Junior Examination Series,	25
Junior School-Books,	26
Leaders of Religion,	26
Little Books on Art,	26
Little Galleries,	27
Little Guides,	27
Little Library,	27
Little Quarto Shakespeare,	29
Miniature Library,	29
Oxford Biographies,	29
School Examination Series,	29
School Histories,	30
Textbooks of Science,	30
Simplified French Texts,	30
Standard Library,	30
Textbooks of Technology,	31
Handbooks of Theology,	31
Westminster Commentaries,	32
Fiction,	32-37
The Shilling Novels,	
Books for Boys and Girls,	39
Novels of Alexandre Dumas,	39
Methuen's Sixpenny Books,	39

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